AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NEW ZEALAND $3.00*
JULY 1982 $2.50*

MAD MAX'S WARRIOR WOMAN

THE YEAR IN MOVIES:
A MIXED BAG OF HORSES, PORSCHES, DRUGS & THUGS
PLUS—HOLLYWOOD ROUNDUP:
WHO'S UP WHOM

OUR MAN IN SINAI:
P.D. JACK REPORTS FROM THE FRONT
(WELL, NEAR THE FRONT)

EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL:
US PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

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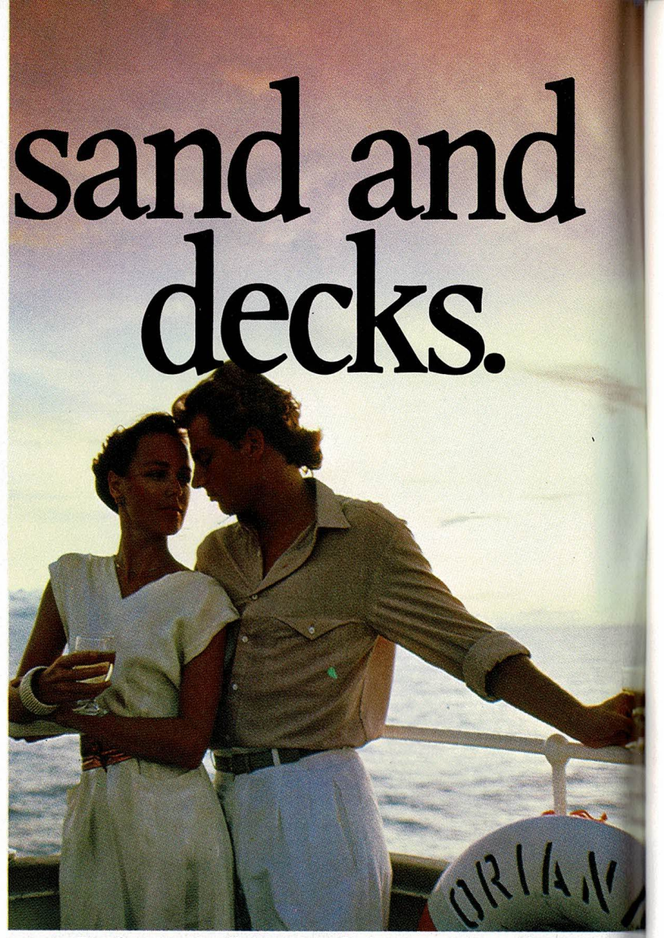
Sun, sea, sand and decks.



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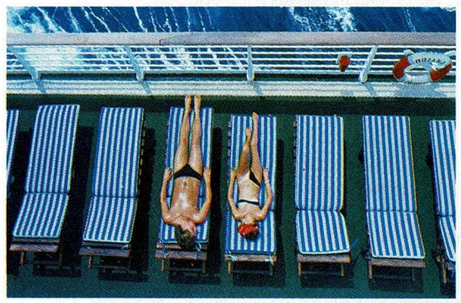

Of course, it's not all sun, sea and decks.

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PLAYBILL

AUSTRALIAN TROOPS on the move. Exciting, isn't it? If you read the papers or watch the news you can't have failed to notice that our boys in khaki are once again trudging the desert sands for God and country. Fortunately for them, and for PLAYBOY features editor **P.D. Jack**, there is currently very little occurring in the way of war. Nevertheless, Australia's part in the Middle East peacekeeping force is our most significant military involvement on the international stage since Vietnam. Let us hope the outcome is happier.

We sent P.D. Jack, whose radio reports from the Middle East and Afghanistan won him several awards two years ago, to Sinai, Gaza and wherever the desert wind blew him for our exclusive series on the Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai, an event which will have a lasting effect on prospects for world peace. It's also not without its humorous side, as you shall see.

Caricaturist **Frants Kantor** is responsible for the portrait of Our Man In Sinai.

Even as we speak thousands of action freaks are pouring into cinemas around the world to see George Miller's *Mad Max II*, the second instalment of the phenomenon of the Australian film renaissance.

With *Max, The Man From Snowy* and *Gallipoli* still fresh in our minds, it seemed an appropriate time to review the year in Australian movies. Regular film reviewer **Robin Ingram** led our team of critics, while staffer **Neil Jameson** asked 20 forthright questions of *Mad Max* star Virginia Hey (also our cover girl) and **Rennie Ellis** interviewed director Fred Schepisi. Schepisi, whose *Devil's Playground* recently attracted rave reviews in the US, seems headed for simultaneous — and equally successful — careers here and in Hollywood.

And while we're on the subject (Hollywood, that is) we take great pride, and not a little dirty mirth, in presenting **Shirley Sealy's** Celebrity Sex Register, The Who's Up Whom history of Tinsel Town, compiled after months of laborious study of those dreadful kiss-and-tell autobiographies that sell like hot cakes.

Prize-winning young author **Tim Winton** makes his PLAYBOY debut this month with The Blues, a moody, fascinating tale. Winton, whose first novel, *An Open Swimmer,* has just been published, is one of the hot new breed of Australian writers whose work we'll be featuring in coming months. As a bonus fiction offering, we give you **Bernard MacLaverty's** Phonefun Limited, a delightful ditty about talking dirty, extracted from the Irish writer's latest collection, *A Time To Dance,* soon to be published by Jonathan Cape.

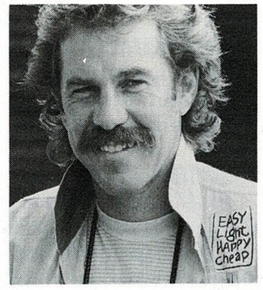
Only now that the Sydney Harbor Bridge has celebrated its 50th birthday can the true story be told. De Groot had ulterior motives. In fact he was riddled with them.

Frightfully busy features editor **Neil Jameson** has uncovered documentary evidence which disproves the official version of what transpired on the day de Groot went bananas on the Bridge. Remember where you read it first.

Elsewhere this month, regular contributor **Steven Schwartz** offers serious advice on joining The Establishment (as Groucho Marx once said: "Any club that would have me as a member I wouldn't want to join."); **Bill Bachman** takes us on a tour of the best skiing spots in Canada; **Lee Green** describes the most gruelling running race in the world; cartoonist **Alex O'Hara** sends a television show up gutless; **Rob Luck** takes the wheel of a $180,000 BMW, and **Jo Durden-Smith** and **Diane deSimone** finally come. Yes folks, Man and Woman reaches a climax. Next month they have a well-earned cigarette.

Pictorially speaking, please enjoy sensational US Playmate of the Year **Shannon Tweed,** photographed by **Richard Fegley,** Playmate of the Month **Kym Malin,** photographed by **Pompeo Posar,** can can dancer **Fifi** in World of PLAYBOY, and curvaceous cop **Barbara Schantz.** We'd blow in her bag any time.

MACLAVERTY



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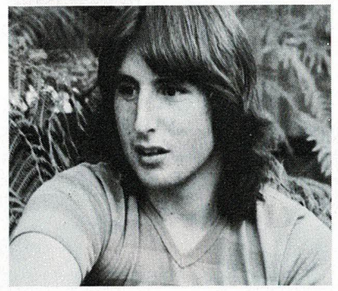

WINTON

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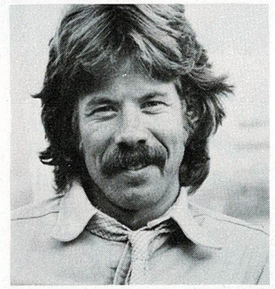
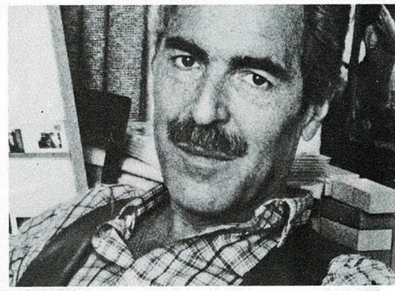


BACHMAN



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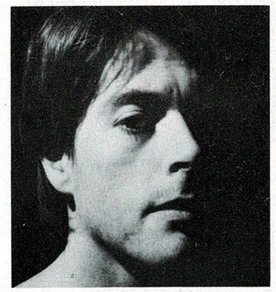
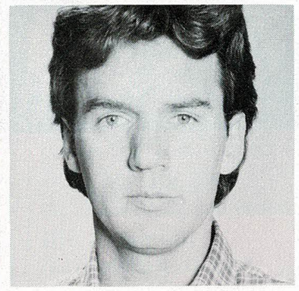
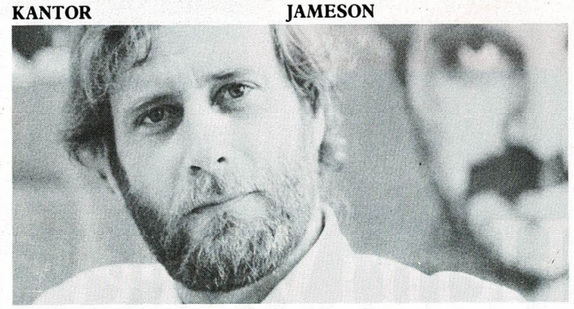


KANTOR



JAMESON



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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JULY 1982

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Photo: Peter McLean

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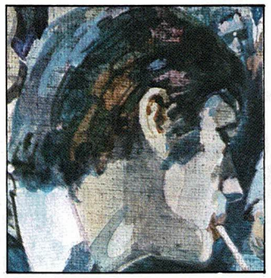

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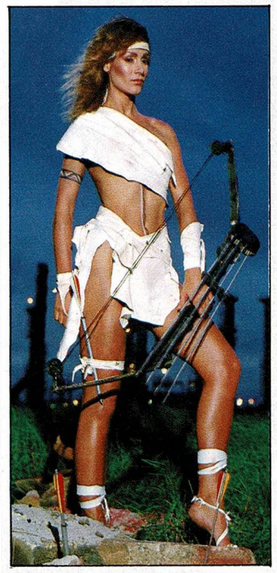

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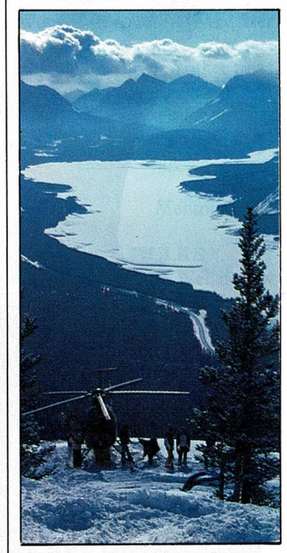

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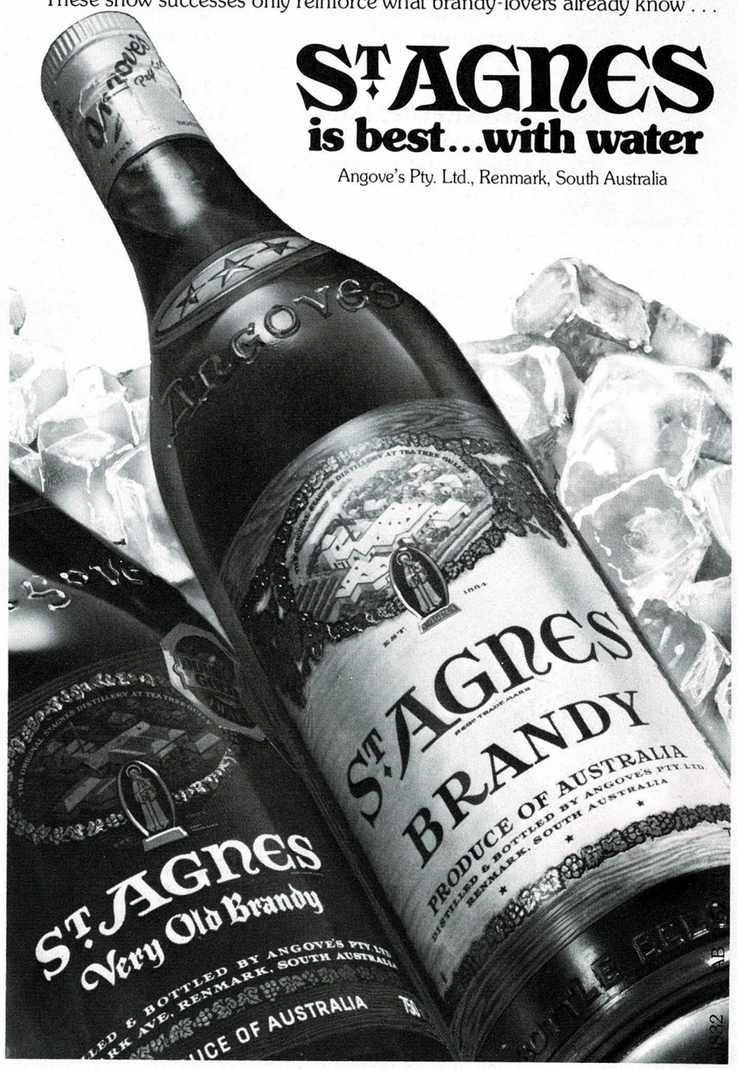

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De Groot (Page 58): Photo courtesy The Sydney Morning Herald. Jumpers (Pages 118-121): Hair, Tony Guthrie; make-up, Alan Diekman. Virginia Hey (cover): Make-up, Alan Diekman; hair, Tony Guthrie; costume designed by Kate Madden.

DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

THE DALLAS DOLL

I have been reading PLAYBOY for quite a long time now and was most impressed with your April issue containing the very lovely Victoria Principal from the television series, *Dallas*.

I think she is the most gorgeous woman on TV and I would be very grateful if you could do a full pictorial on her. After all, the only reason I watch *Dallas* is to see the lovely Victoria.

(Name withheld),
Frankston, Vic.

BO THE MERMAID

Thank you for the wonderful shots of Bo Derek in your February issue. I think she is incredibly lovely but I wonder why John Derek usually insists on photographing her wet?

I hope he dries her off after each photographic session. The world's most perfect 10 out of 10 just wouldn't be the same if she wrinkled up.

Justin Cox,
Nowra, NSW.

QUICK BROWN FOX

How refreshing to see that PLAYBOY can look further than sun-tanned blondes and brunettes (as lovely as they may be) to present readers with someone as perfect and poised as ebony-skinned Anne-Marie Fox (February).

Colored girls are a real turn-on. More please — and fast!

Carl Lawton,
Nedlands, WA.

PIANO MAN

Thank you PLAYBOY for the first-rate interview with Billy Joel in your May issue. I think that all your PLAYBOY interviews provide meaty reading but this one was outstanding.

I'm really pleased that Billy has come out on top of all the jibes made about him in newspapers and music magazines, particularly in the US.

Stay just the way you are, please, Billy!

Melissa Grey,
Gladesville, NSW.

In the interview with Billy Joel in your May issue, he likened devising a melody to having an erection.

I've always suspected that the smooth and smart-arsed Mr Joel was wanking himself in his love ballads. Now I'm positive.

Ivan Petrek,
North Adelaide, SA.

I enjoyed the music emphasis in your May issue and especially the Billy Joel interview. I wonder, however, if it would not have been more appropriate to include an Australian musician as the main interviewee when the other musical content of that issue was dealing with the Australian scene?

Perhaps we can look forward to seeing Aussie stars like Rick Springfield featuring in in-depth interviews in PLAYBOY soon. Meanwhile, the mini-interviews with the Music Awards section were well done, and I'm sure you'll gain lots of favorable reaction about the Billy Joel story from PLAYBOY readers.

Alan Lee-Jones,
Toowoomba, Qld.

SERIOUS STUFF

I'm glad to see that your Man and Woman series takes a scientific approach instead of a purely superficial one. But, in doing so, the authors have retained an easy-to-read style that doesn't attempt to confound readers with scientific jargon and complicated theories.

This is an important series of articles: the sort of meaningful content that I have come to expect from my favorite magazine.

James Kellaway,
Darwin, NT.

HANG-UPS

The feature on telephones of the future in the June edition of PLAYBOY revealed a lot of points about the private telephone equipment industry that are not yet widely known.

I think it would be fantastic if some of these privately-owned companies could beat Telecom at their own game. Why, after all, should we have no choice when it comes to essential services like communications? Perhaps if Australia Post had a bit of competition from private sources, we would get our mail on time as well. Public monopolies have it far too easy and are far too greedy. I would be delighted to see the Telecom fat cats permanently hung up.

"Private Enterprise",
North Sydney, NSW.

DEFINITELY DIFFERENT

I'd always suspected that they were a bit *different* up there but Frank Robson's lively article, Only in Queensland, (May), confirmed my suspicions.

This is a terrific article. I especially liked the segment on Ernie the Fangtastic. Thank God there are a few people left in this country with a complete sense of the ridiculous.

Thanks for the best laugh I've had in ages!

Kevin Lester,
Moree, NSW.

I really enjoyed your story on Queensland's eccentrics (May), but suspect that you only revealed the tip of the iceberg. As an ex-resident I encountered a few odd-balls myself up in the far north.

These included an ageing English Buddhist who lived on a property that was practically submerged by bush because he wouldn't mow the lawns for fear of disturbing the snakes and spiders; a biochemist who lived a hermit-like existence on the local beach and maintained a fully-equipped laboratory built from driftwood, and a bush pilot, whose idea of a quiet Sunday afternoon was taking his Tiger Moth up over the local town, throwing out some toilet rolls, and then cutting them up with the plane's prop.

Maybe you could run another feature on eccentrics throughout the rest of Australia.

Bruce Hawdon,
Manly, NSW.

BEAUTIFUL BABS

I'm just knocked out by Barbara Carrera, featured in World of PLAYBOY in May. Her torrid looks really get my heart beating fast and have a pretty good effect on other parts of me as well.

I'll never stop kicking myself for missing *Masada* when it was shown on TV here. Fingers crossed for the re-run.

F.L.,
Mentone, Vic.

INCREDIBLE HULKS

So real men don't eat quiche. Well if a few more did and laid off beer and steak then maybe Australia wouldn't be world renown as a nation of pot-bellied monstrosities that look like a throw-back to the Neanderthal Age.

As a Californian girl I was amazed by men's physical shape, or lack of it, when I first came to your country late last year. You don't have to be 16 stone to be macho.

Cathy Adair,
Balmoral Beach, NSW.

PATTIE'S NO FLATTIE

My brother and I both thought that Patricia Farinelli (January PLAYBOY) was a real knockout.

However, we think you must be kidding about her bust measuring only 36 inches. My brother's girlfriend is 38 inches and she looks flat-chested in comparison.

How about publishing Patricia's real measurements?

N. Richards,
Sunbury, Vic.

Ms Farinelli is actually only three-feet-six tall — Ed.

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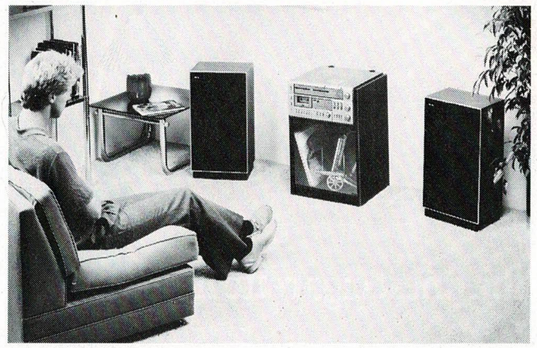

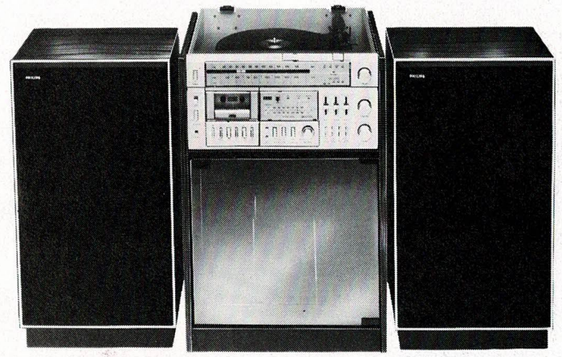

Model S4200 Stereo System. Includes 2-way speakers and general purpose stand with glass doors.

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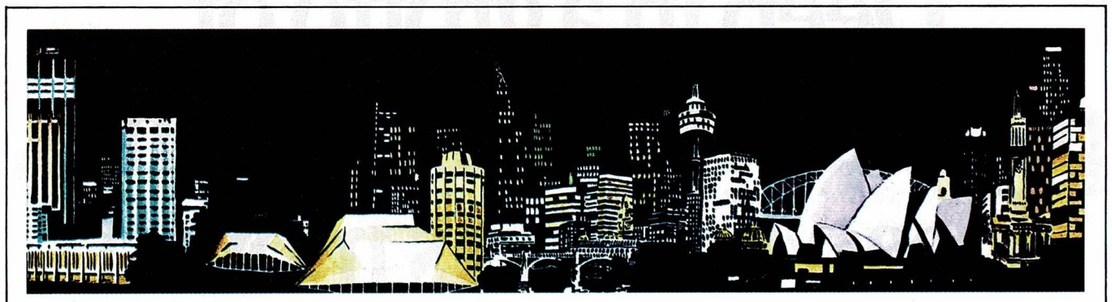


GARBAGE A GO GO

A new approach to garbage collection has been instigated in Johore, Malaysia. Garbage trucks roam the streets playing Lara's Theme from the movie *Doctor Zhivago.*

"We hope that every time the public hears the music, they will come out with their garbage," says Razak Abdullah, deputy president of the town's municipal council.

In the Western world, many rock 'n' roll acts have been soliciting that response in halls and auditoriums for years!

A WEE SHOCK

When Peter Lenz of Nuremberg was called up to do his basic training in the West German Army, he was less than enthusiastic about the whole idea. He persuaded his girlfriend, a diabetic, to provide him with a urine sample which he then took along to his medical examination. A couple of days later, however, he was told to report for duty.

The recruiting sergeant told the surprised 20-year-old: "We would have believed the diabetic bit. . . but not that you are pregnant!"

Peter has started his army training but plans to marry his girlfriend, Angelica, on his first leave.

COMPUTERISED WEIGHT WATCHING

It had to happen. Overweight Americans now have access to a computerised alternative to fat farms and fancy diets. For $45 they can buy a Diet Trac, an electronic wonder weapon which looks a bit like a pocket calculator. Diet Trac is specially designed for those who want to watch their weight with scientific precision. The dieter punches in his or her weight and height and the computer instantly blinks out how much weight needs to come off based on guide-lines set down by the American Diabetes Association.

The computer also orchestrates meals by telling weight-watchers what quantities of certain types of food should be consumed. When the dieter punches in his or her daily intake, a warning light flashes if the prescribed limit has been exceeded.

"But it doesn't deliver a lecture if you go off your diet," is the encouraging message from Mattel Electronics, the Californian-based company which has pioneered this latest electronic gizmo.

GLAND GESTURE

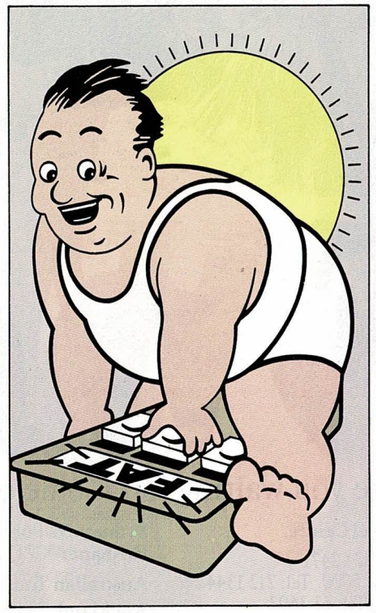
Remember your old science textbooks? A human body was supposed to be worth about one dollar. Well, times have changed. A couple of doctors in the US have been charged with selling human organs obtained during autopsies.

The going rate for a human brain is $150; heart, $100; prostate gland, $25; pancreas, $50; and thyroid glands, $15 each. One of the defendants, Dr Douglas Simay, even rented a freezer in which to keep his inventory, but from time to time he kept a few spare parts in his fridge at home.

Oh darling, have a heart — I don't feel like cooking tonight!

PUSH BUTTON PICTURES

"Just aim and shoot," is the catch phrase for Kodak's new disc photography system. The cameras are based on a completely new compact design using a rotating flat disc of film. The manufacturers claim that the Kodak disc system will reduce by half the chance of under-exposure, while blurred pictures, blank frames and flash failures will also be substantially reduced.



The top three disc camera models (4000, 6000 and 8000) are powered by lithium cells with more energy for operation and flash than most amateur photographers would need for years of camera use. Combined with an electronic "intelligence" this "Ultralife" energy source provides one-and-one-third seconds electronic flash recycling, automatic film advance and fully automatic exposure control.

In simple terms, all this means easier and more efficient photography for anyone who can point a camera and push the button. The new models will be available in Australia around September this year.

DON'T DOODLE WITH YOUR NOODLE

In Thailand, stories which really challenge the imagination are given wide coverage in the popular press. Take the case of the dreaded Vietnamese noodle genital-shrinking disease reported by the English-language *Bangkok Post* a few months ago. The disease is not new. It first appeared about five years ago in the Udon Thani district north-east of Bangkok near Laos, but doctors diagnosed excessively fertile imaginations and the outcry subsided.

Now there are fresh stories of contracting nipples and shrivelling penises and some victims have been admitted to hospital. The consumption of Vietnamese noodles, the smoking of cigarettes purchased from itinerant vendors at open-air cinemas and the eating of certain fruits are all suspected causes of the malady.

Cures have been recorded from victims who ate melons or washed their tiny parts in salt water. One doctor, Thaweesak Chaosakul, was reported to have said that it was all just a rumor and he would eat any kind of noodle or smoke any kind of cigarette to prove his point.

The newspaper did not report just how the good doctor intended to display his proof and his vital statistics were not published.

Deep in a grotto of palm trees and billabongs, Dean Wild was moved by an ancient spirit.

THE WEST

What are you waiting for. Come on over.

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Adelaide: 108 King William Street, S.A. 5000. Tel: 212 1344
Melbourne: 2 Royal Arcade, Vic. 3000. Tel: 63 3692
Sydney: 92 Pitt Street, N.S.W. 2000. Tel: 233 4400
Brisbane: 307 Queen Street, Qld. 4000. Tel: 229 5794
Australian Tourist Commission
Auckland: 29 Customs Street West, Auckland. Tel: 79 9494

Parclem DOT 0106

It had taken two days' hard driving and the best part of a day on foot to find this special place.

A place so old, so undisturbed that it might have been straight from the pages of the Dreamtime.

Where the only evidence of man lay in the worn sandstone on which ancient tribes had sharpened their spears. Where the sun snaked down through fiery red ravines to breathe life and warmth to the creekbed far below.

Like so many things in The West, this place evoked a depth of feeling Dean had rarely experienced.

It had been similar as he watched a crystal clear ocean wash the shores of a 100 kilometre arc of white sand. And stood amid the silence of a 1000 year old karri forest. In fact, his holiday in The West had been filled with moments, places and people he'd carry forever.

Make The West your next holiday and make your next holiday one you'll never forget. Contact your travel agent or the Western Australian Government Travel Centre in your capital city and start planning.

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers.

DUTY-FREE DEBATE

Thank you for your short piece on duty-free shopping (June Pipeline). I go overseas quite often and consider myself to be a fairly seasoned traveller. Despite this, I have been ripped off in numerous duty-free shops, particularly in the East, and I must agree with Mr Schwartz's observations that it's essential to make sure that cameras, watches and suchlike all include international guarantees.

There's one point in the article, however, which I feel requires clarification. Mr Schwartz says, "You can shop duty-free in Australia 48 hours before leaving the country."

You can, in fact, shop duty-free up to 12 months before leaving Australia, (provided you have your airline ticket), but you cannot collect the goods from the duty-free store until two working days prior to your departure.

K.P. Sutherland,
Dapto, NSW.

INSIDE LOOKING OUT

I thought I'd take time out to send you a letter of appreciation from one of many, I'm sure, who enjoy your magazine.

I am a prisoner within the walls of Parramatta Gaol, and unfortunately I'm detained in the notorious circle section. We are only permitted to see a small triangle of daylight for four hours each day so the remaining 20 hours are spent with a mixture of reading, exercising and. . . I leave the rest to your imagination.

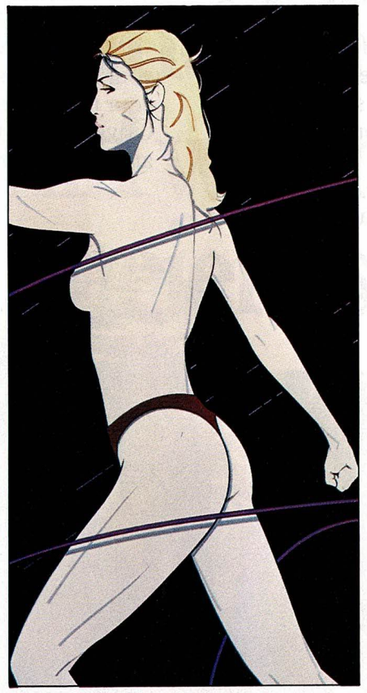
I play several musical instruments although at present I have none, and I've written a collection of poems and songs, one of which I'd like to share with other PLAYBOY readers:

Thoughts
I'm sitting in this prison cell
And man this is some kinda hell,
And I'm looking up through the bars
Way up high I see the stars
And I'm doing it hard.

Well, the day for me to be free
It seems as far away to me
As those stars way up in the sky,
I hope I'm free before I die
And I'm doing it hard.

Oh my wife, she walked out on me
Found herself some other company.
"Fell in love," is what I'd say.
And Lord, what's the price I gotta pay?
And I'm doing it hard.

One day I woke up with no money
Thought I'd rob a bank and get me some,
An' I thought I'd got clean away



'Til friends of mine had had their say
Now they're making me pay so much
That Lord I could die.

Well they've gotta let me go some day,
And that's the only thing that's keeping me
From doing it all in one day. . .

Brian McLaughlin,
Parramatta, NSW.

LAURELS FOR LYNDA

I wish to congratulate PLAYBOY for the fine feature on Lynda Stoner in your May issue. I really admire this young lady for her unswerving commitment to animals and for the dedicated way in which she is pursuing her beliefs.

I think it is absolutely disgusting the way in which harmless animals are subjected to torture in the name of progress. I had no idea, until I read the interview with Lynda, that many cosmetic companies used such barbaric methods to carry on laboratory research.

Lynda should also be congratulated for her stand on the World Cup Rodeo. I have long considered rodeos to be senseless and unnecessarily cruel events and I think it's wonderfully ironic that a young and sensitive lady like Lynda could have campaigned so successfully against such a macho and brutal bunch of people as rodeo promoters.

Kelly Ford,
Perth, WA.

OLDER IS BOLDER

I disagree with Michael Hawkings of Queensland who wrote to your Forum page in the May issue of PLAYBOY. He suggests that teenage girls are more erotic and beautiful than older women.

I find most young girls are too skinny to be considered erotic. Give me a more mature and better-developed woman any time.

Patricia Farinelli from your January issue would do for starters!

J.J.H.,
Bexley, NSW.

If Michael Hawkings thinks that teenage girls are the only ones of their species who are supple and beautiful then he must be walking around with his eyes shut.

There are plenty of more mature women in Australia who are still in great shape and who have the self-confidence and experience to make the most of their assets.

Give me an older and wiser woman any time.

Peter Fox,
Glenelg, SA.

PEOPLE WHO NEED PEOPLE

I'm amazed at the letter from R.A. Lewis of Queensland that you published in May Forum. He makes such absolutely ridiculous remarks as: "The reason for unemployment in Australian industry is that the wogs and poms are flocking out here and over-running the place."

If we didn't have wogs and poms here, then we wouldn't have much industry to worry about. Doesn't he realise that without the mass of immigration that Australia has experienced in the past decades, the country would have come to a standstill with not enough people to run industry and very little consumer demand to support such industries?

This is a big country Mr Lewis, and we *need* people. Unfortunately, the place is so big that we have to accommodate such bigots and narrow-minded jerks as yourself.

Wendy Johnson,
North Sydney, NSW.

UP THE RIVER

James McQueen's article in PLAYBOY (April) on the Franklin River issue was a masterly and persuasive piece of writing. He captured perfectly the voices and personalities of the people interviewed.

Finding such a piece in PLAYBOY was like discovering a rose blooming on the compost heap. I'm looking forward to his book.

Geraldine Brooks,
Glebe, NSW.

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World's largest selling gin.

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AR1150/81
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Things to do with your Gordon's when you don't feel like a Gordon's and tonic.

It's got to be Gordon's.

Gordon's Apple Orchard
delightfully mellow
1½ parts Gordon's, 3 parts apple juice over ice in highball glass, add a sprinkle of cinnamon.

Gordon's and Bitter Lemon
smoothness with a sparkle
Fill highball glass with ice, add 1½ parts Gordon's, squeeze in wedge of lime, fill glass with bitter lemon.

Gordon's Brave Bull
nice n' spicy
1½ parts Gordon's and coffee liqueur over ice in short glass, add a twist of lemon.

Gordon's and Cola
gin with a fizz
1½ parts Gordon's in highball glass over ice, fill with cola, add a slice of lime.

Gordon's Fallen Angel
sweet and sour
2 parts Gordon's, juice of whole lemon, 2 dashes creme de menthe, 1 dash angostura bitters, shake well with ice and strain into cocktail glass.

Gordon's Grapefruit Cooler
summery tang
1½ parts Gordon's over ice in short glass, fill with 3 parts grapefruit juice, add a dash of salt.

Gordon's Grasshopper
cool and creamy
1 part Gordon's, 1 part each green and white creme de menthe, shake well with ice, strain into cocktail glass.

Gordon's Highball
the quencher
1½ parts Gordon's over ice in highball glass, twist in long sliver of lemon peel, pour on ginger ale and stir.

Gordon's and Orange
tropical twist
In highball glass mix 1½ parts Gordon's and 3 parts orange juice with ice, garnish with slice of orange on side of glass.

Gordon's and Lime
cool and refreshing
2 parts Gordon's and 1½ parts lime juice into shaker, add ½ teaspoon of sugar, shake well with ice, strain into cocktail glass.

Gordon's Manhattan
smooth as silk
Into short glass put ice, 2 parts Gordon's, 1 part of sweet vermouth, stir well, add slice of lemon.

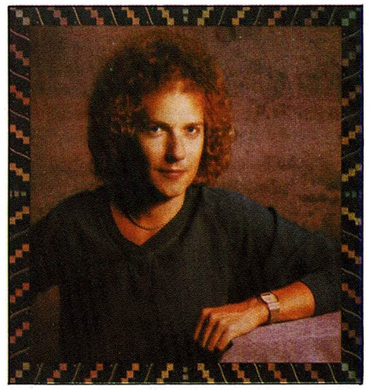
Gordon's On The Rocks

Gordon's and Water
short and satisfying
Pour 2 parts Gordon's over ice in short glass, add 1 part water.

GS5298

MUSIC

Split Enz. . . lacking muscle.



Split Enz' exact strength is the ability to construct the three-minute pop song and deliver it in a style uniquely their own. It worked so well on *True Colors* that the album became one of the most fertile single-producers of Australasian rock history. The Mushroom company's faith in the band and *True Colors* knew no bounds: the latest in laser-digital recording technology, a variety of covers to suit the collector's item concept and a brilliantly produced and performed work.

In the lengthening shadow of the *True Colors* success comes the news that the Enz' latest release, *Time And Tide* (Mushroom) is the band's seventh (yes, seventh) album. The realisation dawns that in amongst those first six albums, the fifth (*True Colors*) was the only shining light. For a multiplicity of reasons, from timing to mediocrity, the others experienced less than rave receptions. On the record of a one-in-six success rating, the odds say that number seven, *Time And Tide* is not a performer. Practice partly confirms the suspicion. Instead of being a smooth combination of the band's talents, musicianship, lyrical input and melodic flair, *Time And Tide* displays the ingredients but is unable to blend them.

Dirty Creature, written by Tim and Neil Finn with Nigel Griggs, depicts lyrical imagery akin to the E.A. Poe school of rock horror. And it's great. Unfortunately, they couldn't find a melody with the snap to match the words. The result? Non contact. Haul Away, an autobiographical song, pedestrian in lyric and music, leaves the impression Tim Finn's creative craft is wedged on a reef and until he hauls himself clear, the band is going nowhere.

From a positive posture, Split Enz and producer Hugh Padgham can take credit for weaving the knots of relevance to complete the *Time And Tide* theme. The ebb and flow mood of departures and arrivals and the concept of life as a series of journeys is very strong.

It is a pity so much of the material lacks the creative muscle to promote an interesting idea.

Guitar lovers with a feel for the loose boundaries which permit jazz to waft through the fringes of other forms will swoop on recent releases from Lee Ritenour and Earl Klugh. *Rio* (Elektra Musician) is a perfect display stand for Ritenour's acoustic playing while Klugh's acoustic leads set the mood for *Crazy For You* (Liberty).

Ritenour's is the more simplistic product, but the standard of musicianship and his selection of theme is faultless. Working with a limited number of studio musicians including outstanding jazz keyboardist Dave Grusin and percussionist Steve Forman, Ritenour chose to record in Rio de Janeiro, New York City and Santa Barbara using local guest musicians to create themes reflecting the locations. Ritenour's talent has been buried in studios and support ratings for too long, and it is reassuring to note his virtuoso career is pushing right along.

An immense orchestral production supports the lead playing of Klugh and guests on *Crazy For You,* as New York's master jazz player mixes power electric themes with latin, funk and fusion. At last it's safe to say, here are two albums worth buying.

●

They must have broken the mould when they made Nick Lowe. Nobody runs close to the dynamic bass player when it comes to putting an articulate twist on the nonsense known as popular music.

Nick The Knife, (Beat) Lowe's latest self-produced album, was written by him (with the exception of a minor contribution by his wife, Carlene Carter) and it promotes his flair for pop energy and self-parody. With long-time buddy and guitarist Billy Bremner interpreting the Lowe mood to perfection, Nick and band escort the listener through the obstacle course of popular music.

You want to hear the Fifties? Well, just listen as these guys carve out a vintage Holly or Everly Brothers riff. Try on his tongue-in-cheek style with Stick It Where The Sun Don't Shine. Nick can rock the romance angle, and when he overstates the love-denied theme it comes across in a mocking reference to his own relish for popular music's much-flogged themes.

●

Most movie soundtracks suffer when transferred from film to vinyl. The obvious reason is a musical score is usually crafted as a backdrop to the visual theme. Taken out of that context and transferred to record, it's not surprising to note the music fails to convey the mood which it embodied in the movie. Not to worry, movie buffs snap them up as lingering reminders of a particularly enjoyable film.

Three albums of different pedigrees, but all sharing the soundtrack title, are Randy Newman's *Ragtime* (Elektra), Jimmy Page's *Death Wish 11* (Swan Song) and *Star Struck* (Mushroom).

Those only marginally familiar with the Newman genius will be surprised at his inspired treatment of the Milos Forman film. Newman is a scholar of early 20th Century American music and his themes superbly capture the pace, energy and confusion of the times as depicted in E.L. Doctorow's novel. See the movie first.

Page's magnum-force musical power is a perfect counterweight for a movie starring Charles Bronson at what Bronson does best. The score overlaps rock electrolysis with powerful orchestral themes and is a suitable outlet for the ex-Led Zeppelin guitarist's reservoir of expression.

Star Struck is a musical which means the album should loosely follow the plot. It does, but here's the rub. This musical is teen-dream and might have been written by an Enid Blyton on amphetamines. The credits are a real casserole of almost everybody, with Mark Moffatt, Mental as Anything, The Swingers, Tim Finn and Ian Meldrum having a finger in the pot.

●

Robyn Archer Sings Brecht (EMI-HMV) is a job description in itself. Supported by the London Sinfonietta, conducted by Dominic Muldowney, Archer has thrown her talents behind the considerable task of interpreting samples of the work of Bertold Brecht, drawn from a period spanning 40 years.

Some challenge. But Archer, star of one-woman shows and a prolific purveyor of works from times past, is one of the very few who could execute the task with the required flair, feel and precision.

Brecht's association with Kurt Weill produced songs of great social and political consequence since the writer and the musician joined forces in 1927. Their popularity gusted and died according to the direction of the political breeze, but more tolerant times have afforded them renewed acceptance. Archer is a very politically and socially motivated performer, and it is her sensitive understanding of the times and pressures under which Brecht and his anti-fascist associates worked that makes her such an expert.

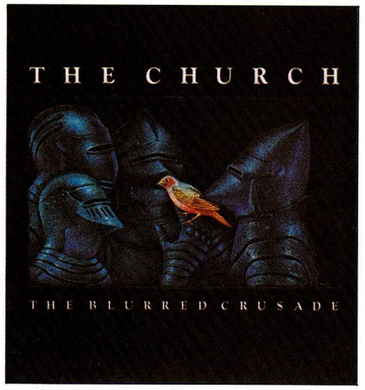
The works of Brecht the playwright and poet are now studied widely in colleges and unis, but few scholars can truly grasp the consequence of the music Brecht made in league with Weil and later Hans Eisler and Paul Dessau. Archer, the Aussie actress, singer, writer and entertainer comes closer than anybody. — NEIL JAMESON

SHORT CUTS

Don McLean Solo (Liberty) is a re-release of a double live album recorded on a 1976 UK tour. With the return of Peter, Paul and Mary and Simon and Garfunkel, the great American folk singers are enjoying better times.

Hazel O'Connor's *Cover Plus* (Albion) again matches one of Britain's best female talents with the producing and arranging skill of Tony Visconti and the expertise of a smart backing outfit. Catchy pop-rock results.

Spirited along by the AM and FM attraction for The Unguarded Moment, Sydney band The Church has found life to be kind since their formation in April, 1980. *Of Skins And Heart* was the debut album to take their distinctive melodic sound (said to bear strong Byrds and Beatles overtones) out of the inner-city venues and into the hearts, minds and dancing appetite of a national audience. *The Blurred Crusade* (EMI) was crafted under the guidance of Bob Clearmountain, the gifted producer who had won the seat for the Stones' *Tattoo You* with a string of US credits.



Like *Skins, The Blurred Crusade* was penned entirely by Church vocalist Steve Kilbey, a pouting, talented ego-maniac whose claim to the title of best songwriter in Australia just might have some merit.

PLAYBOY sent Andrew McMillan in pursuit of Kilbey for this mini-interview.

PLAYBOY: As the band's sole songwriter, do you experience any difficulty coming up with new material?

KILBEY: No, I just have a pool I draw from all the time. I put some songs away and let them mature, think about them for a couple of years before I use them. I reckon I've got a thousand songs, a thousand that I'd ever use. There are other bits and pieces that I probably wouldn't use. But I write four or five songs every week without any trouble.

PLAYBOY: You never experience a writer's block?

KILBEY: No, I don't. I don't think about it. If you think about that sort of thing too much that's when it gets you. For me, writing a song is as natural as drinking a glass of water. They're not all good ones, of course.

PLAYBOY: Despite your live reputation, there have been times when you've appeared to be really ill at ease. The Tanelorn performance, for instance.

KILBEY: Well there was smoke and fumes and dust and leaves and things blowing around on stage which was fairly disconcerting. I kept getting an eyeful of grit all the time and I was worried that the drum kit was going to blow over. It was the first time that I've ever played to that many people [30,000] and I felt I was stretching myself a bit thin by trying to project anything to that many people. I feel far more comfortable in front of a thousand people.

PLAYBOY: What sort of gigs do you prefer?

KILBEY: We haven't done many college and uni gigs, but they're the ones I really like. They're the ones the whole band really likes doing.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer playing to a straight crowd rather than an audience that's bent?

KILBEY: I prefer playing to a crowd that isn't drinking, yeah. I don't drink and I don't really like people who drink all that much. I don't like the way girls get hassled and the whole trip that goes with booze.

PLAYBOY: It's been said crowds that don't drink are far more critical. . .

KILBEY: I'd be prepared to accept that. If we're having a bad night and the crowd unanimously don't care about that. . . it makes you upset. I mean, what's the point if we're playing badly and they're liking it anyway? I'd prefer they let us know if we were playing badly, rather than getting this continual drunken reaction that's always the same no matter if you're good or bad.

PLAYBOY: On that note, how do you find the under-18 shows where booze is obviously restricted?

KILBEY: We've done a couple and they were really quite successful. But there you've got the opposite problem of getting girls, and boys, too, who have probably never seen too many rock bands and the excitement of the occasion overwhelms them and everyone's getting too carried away and screaming.

PLAYBOY: Ideally, which would you prefer — working on stage or in the studio?

KILBEY: I'd rather record, really. That's what I want to do eventually. But it's like playing cricket — you've got to bat and you've got to field; not that I've ever really played cricket. It's just that it seems hard to get out of playing live in Australia.

PLAYBOY: On the live scene, Australia has always catered for the hard rock vein. Did you have trouble coming to grips with that?

KILBEY: At first it was really hard, but now I think it's given us something to hang on to. Obviously there's a lot of people in Australia who don't like that sort of thing but it's only been over the past couple of years that bands doing different kinds of music have arisen. Consequently, I think Australia's a really exciting place to be at the moment. There's some good things happening. I don't really like many of the other bands, but I can certainly see why the people like them. Men At Work is just not my cup of tea — I would never buy it, I would never listen to it, but it is really good pop music and in 10 years people will be able to look back on it. At least bands are doing what they do well these days. They've got a sound.

PLAYBOY: Yours is certainly distinct. How did you arrive at it?

KILBEY: It was just an accident really. People started saying it sounds like The Beatles or The Byrds, and we thought, "Yeah, maybe it is a bit". And we just accentuated it and now it's our trademark. It's really great to have your own thing. It's very comforting.

PLAYBOY: You're not frustrated by such comparisons?

KILBEY: No, I think it's fantastic! I'd be frustrated if people were saying it sounded like The Teardrop Explodes or something like that, but Byrds and Beatles, that's fantastic — they were the best!

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Make your first safe, split-second decision.

Okay film fans, try these on for size. Who said: "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, which doesn't say much for you," and in what film was the line spoken? Or how about: "Get me a bromide, and put some gin in it." Or, "I don't make friends freely." Give up? Of course you do, and when you've finished reading this review you can turn the page upside down and find the answers. But first the review, or, for those of you who couldn't wait —

(please turn page right way up and read the review)

There are thousands of fascinating quotes such as the above to be found in *The Movie Quote Book* (Omnibus Press). The perfect handbook for the budding Bill Collins or the rookie Rex Reed. Did you know, for example, that Mae West never said: "Come up and see me sometime," or that Bogart never uttered the famous line, "Play it again, Sam,"? True.

One complaint — I searched high and low through the cross-index for Mae West's "Is that a gun in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?" and for Jimmy Cagney's "You're the guy that shot my brother." Couldn't find either. Were they also Hollywood myths? All right, you can look at the answers now.

The Hasty Hearn.

Groucho Marx in *Animal Crackers*, Mary Boland in *The Women*, Ronald Reagan in

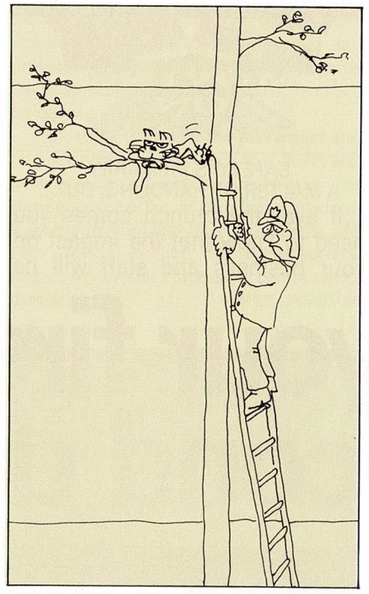
●

In the curious cultural double standard we seem to have developed, Australian journalists are frequently over-protective of Australian films and overly malicious in their criticism of Australian television. This latter tendency is understandable — much that is shown on television is utter crap, and our intrinsic guilt about time spent watching it means instant popularity for the masters of vitriol. Hence the widespread fame of PLAYBOY'S acid-tongued Neal Akerman.

Sandra Hall, however, is a very different TV dinner. As film critic for *The Bulletin* (a news magazine which pretends to be up-market) she is a joy to read — witty, urbane, honest and, at the very core of her crits, quietly taking the piss out of the middle management yobs who read her as a duty.

What a pity then, that in her second book about television, *Turning On Turning Off* (Cassell Australia), she gets somewhat bogged down in a serious analysis of the industry, its woes and its likely future. Oh, I understand the intention. We are, after all, plugging into the video age, and in a decade or so the box may rule us all. But this book is not a primer for the video age.

It is an elegant piss-take accompanied by a rehash of newspaper articles and packaged like an annual report to the shareholders of



If 101 Uses For A Dead Cat *was the answer to B. Kliban's* Cat, *then* The Official Cat's Revenge *(Doubleday) is the cat cartoon book to end them all. The gags have been exhausted, the chain cannot go on. We've been lapping up pussy humor for too long and the milk of human kindness has been all lapped up. No more. Enough. We searched Torbjorn Lundmark's slim volume for one last sample of kitty mirth but we couldn't find one. Suffer the above instead. This, folks, is the state of the art.*

Which is not to dismiss it entirely. Ms Hall's explanations of how programming departments work and how our tastes have changed over the years are informative and entertaining. Her sophisticated bagging of ombudsman-gone-wrong Willesee and the passport-wielding *Sixty Minutes* team is delightful.

Unfortunately, Ms Hall just couldn't work out whether she was addressing the industry or the public, and there is not quite enough meat here to satisfy either camp.

— PHIL JARRATT

●

The credibility of a book which explores the darker zones of international tensions depends very much on timing. As the 1980s blew in another bout of chills to revamp Cold War confrontationism, Craig Thomas has found a perfect time-slot for his latest international espionage thriller, *Sea Leopard* (Sphere).

While NATO and Russian forces stare malevolently at each other over the bundles of barbed wire which divide Europe, Thomas immerses his reader in the sinister intrigue of submarine surveillance and the navy boffins and chess players from East and West who plot their "games" on radar monitors, strategy boards and computer banks.

The elements of *Sea Leopard's* plot are not dissimilar to those Thomas deployed in *Firefox,* his supersonic-paced tale about an attempt to steal Russia's most advanced military aircraft.

In *Sea Leopard,* the seizure of warfare technology is still the design but instead it is the Russians who are doing the stealing from the British.

The prey is a submarine *HMS Proteus,* or more specifically, the revolutionary prototype anti-sonar device it is testing on sea trials.

The high-tech code of modern warfare has just about dismissed the gung-ho hero from the espionage theatre, but Thomas is not yet ready to foresake completely the gospel according to Ian Fleming. Instead he chooses to defray the tradition by farming out the heroes' chores among three principal and four secondary characters.

Ethan Clark is the American naval officer whose final play snatches the prize from the bear's mouth but he departs from centre stage at regular intervals to allow Hyde, an Australian SIS field agent, Aubrey, the Deputy Head of British Intelligence and Lloyd, captain of the sub, to shoulder NATO's struggle.

Like his heroes, Thomas sets himself a difficult task but with knowledge and inventiveness extricates himself from the tightest corners.

The risks of locking the reader in Whitehall strategy rooms or the innards of a sticken submarine border on literary claustrophobia but Thomas is never one to let tedium obliterate tension. With alternate leaps between plot and sub-plot he parallels the drama of the submarine rip-off with Hyde's terra firma attempts to prevent the Russkies kidnapping the inventor of Leopard (the anti-sonar device).

Thomas' essential skill is his flair for unwrapping a racy yarn with the classic instruments of tension, thrills, violence and suspense. He couples this with a thought-fully-researched backdrop of modern military hardware, East-West diplomacy and Cold War strategy. Those elements would sustain most followers of the form but Thomas offers a bonus by injecting the elements of character and theme development which bring the reader to broader conclusions.

Secondary to the outcome of the espionage powerplay is the understanding that circumstance and history are the real villains. Like their NATO counterparts, Thomas' Russians are equally prone to heroism, ambition, nobility and mis-

direction. It is merely the abstract veil of idealism which provides the dividing line.

— NEIL JAMESON

●

Man's fascination with motor cars may only be equalled by his desire to document his obsession. Underscoring that point, one automotive archivist recently claimed there were more than 1000 books already produced about Porsche, a relative juvenile among the ranks of the classics.

What Porsche lacks in age it certainly compensates with in image, and it is precisely this aspect of the marque that has attracted a veritable horde of Euro-journos and international scribes to the Zuffenhausen zoomers.

Let's look at a selection of five books from one Australian distributor, notable in their variety and their ready availability from that energetic little organisation, Dunsterforce Motoring Books, that works out of a post-box (Number 155, PO Willoughby, NSW, 2068).

Because of the relatively limited market, but the exceptional demands for quality made by that market, Porsche books don't come cheaply. At the cheap end of the scale, the *Porsche 911 Turbo, 3 and 3.3 litre, Project No 930* by Michael Cotton (Osprey Auto History series), is marked at $20 for a relatively modest 135-page, compact but glossy journal with few color illustrative pages.

The information contained therein is just not generally available elsewhere.

Osprey has another edition in this vein, *Porsche — 924,928,944 — The New Generation,* which is slightly further up-market at $27.50, and boasts bigga-betta-brighta presentation. Penned by Germany's auto-doyen Jerry Sloniger, this work amazingly covers almost every derivative of the new Porsches described in the more immediate media.

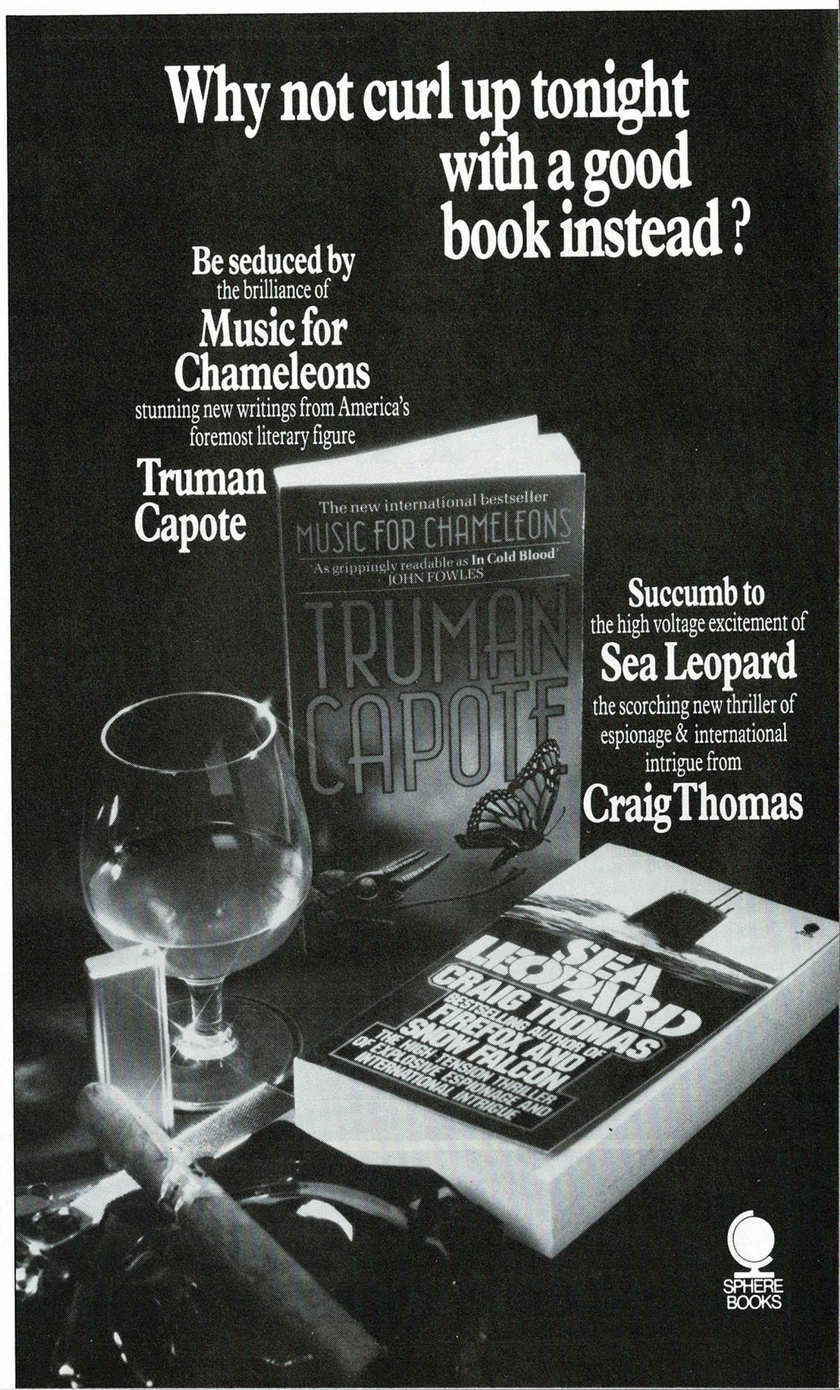
But there has to be a bible, and it's *The Porsche Book.* Forwarded by Dr Ferdy Porsche, prefaced by French Porschephile Paul Frere, and nailed together by Boschen and Barth, it is *the* reference work spanning almost 500 hard-bound pages and every intimate detail of the history from then to now. With the re-emergence of Porsches in local GT racing, their derivative history makes some fascinating study. The production cars are covered right up to the 1980/81 models and it is justifiably priced at $37.50.

Michael Cotton, with a foot in the opposing camp, has produced a general review of *The Porsche 911 & Derivatives* for the Collector's Guide series produced by Motor Racing Publications Ltd. Much in the vein of his Osprey Series production, it offers a slice out of both this manual and *The Porsche Book* for $25.

At first flick through *Porsches for the Road,* one of the Survivor Series produced by Henry Rasmussen, it looks a bit like a whip-round of Porsche brochures padded out with light copy. Most of the photographic work is Rasmussen's own, painstakingly shot for the exercise — the glorious, glossy icing on a feast of more than 300 marvellous illustrations. The text takes a detour from the usual editorial style of such works by relying heavily on anecdotes to spice the history and the facts. *Porsches for the Road* is certainly not cheap at $45, but there are those who could justify the price on the color plates alone.

Th[illegible] Dunsterforce price-tags for the Porsc[illegible] books — part of a massive library — include post and packaging anywhere in Australia and New Zealand.

— ROB LUCK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MOVIES

On Oscar night, Warren Beatty expressed his delight that a film with *Reds'* sympathies could be made and acclaimed in the US. It is probably even more surprising that *Reds* can be followed into the cinemas by *Taps*, a film which makes a statement about the current mood of Reagan's America and then follows it through to a frightening conclusion.

Producer Stanley Jaffe's first film since his award-winning *Kramer vs Kramer, Taps* sounds a warning as to what can happen when right-thinking young Americans exercise their traditional values to the exclusion of commonsense. The film is set in a prestigious military academy with a rich tradition in instilling in its young recruits the tactics of war and the meaning of honor.

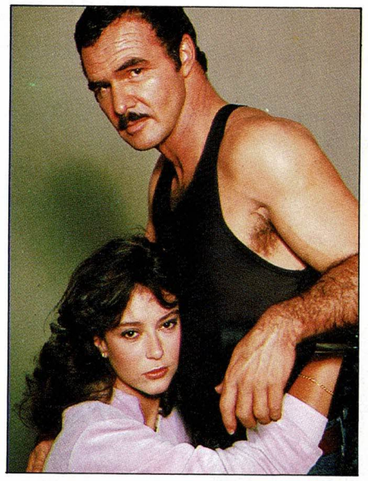
George C. Scott who, as General Bache, stamps his personality on this film the way he does on his cadets, invites more questions from the cinema audience than he does from his classroom. A sympathetic figure, inherently decent, he is nevertheless teaching a blind obedience to honor and duty that inevitably leads to such glories as Gallipoli. "No weapon cuts through a single man's honor," he tells young Cadet Major Moreland (Timothy Hutton from *Ordinary People*). And, it's only when it's too late, that Moreland questions his advice any more than he questions commands. General Bache is a warrior without a war, but the action comes when a property development company buys the academy for real estate subdivision. The cadets, brimming with conservative values and military strategy, put all they have learned in the classroom to practical use. . . in defence of the school's honor, of course.

Taps — which takes its name from the solitary drum played at a military funeral — is a bold film beating out a sorrowful farewell to a code of honor that has died along with all who adhered to it, on countless battlefields. The film is also a tribute to director Harold Becker for his almost unobtrusive contribution and to George C. Scott for his total command. . . he departs the film halfway through but his presence affects every development until the final curtain.

●

It used to be called social realism until society became too unreal, so they're using the term "headline realism" to describe *Christiane F.* which has emerged as the biggest moneymaker in German film history. Herman Weigel's study of the degeneration of a generation, given an uncompromising screen treatment by director Ulrich Edel, stunned German audiences and even stunned Cannes Festival audiences in a year when the predominant themes were incest, divorce, the end of civilisation and drug addiction.

George C. Scott as General Bache, the warrior without a war, in Taps.



Burt Reynolds and Rachel Ward brew up some chemistry in Starky's Machine.

Christiane F. is based on a series of interviews with a 15-year-old Berlin prostitute and heroin addict that first appeared in the news magazine, *Stern,* and then became an international bestseller. It is a harrowing expose of the tragic waste of young lives. . . a story that will ignite parental conscience wherever it is seen.

Here are children who have swapped childhood for hell — kids riding the joyless carousel of selling their bodies, buying their junk, shooting up and, too often, dropping dead. Christiane (Natja Brunkhorst) is a 13-year-old who becomes a prostitute in the shadowy sleaze of Berlin's notorious Zoo railway station in order to finance her heroin habit.

With the chilling irony of a Ron Cobb cartoon, she and others take turns at abusing her own young body before she struggles home to curl up angelically with her kitten at the end of the day.

As she and her boyfriend (Thomas Haustein) spiral to the inevitable depths of degradation, so the movie spirals into a sickening succession of bloody syringes, vomiting, agonising withdrawal and dirty needles plunging into necks, arms, ankles and tongues. But this is the film's point and its power. These are kids far beyond the adrenalin highs that first beckoned them. They've missed getting off at the last stop and they've resigned themselves to going all the way to the end of the line.

Director Edel manages to maintain an almost documentary authority about his film which is clearly the most powerful anti-drug propaganda for adolescents ever screened.

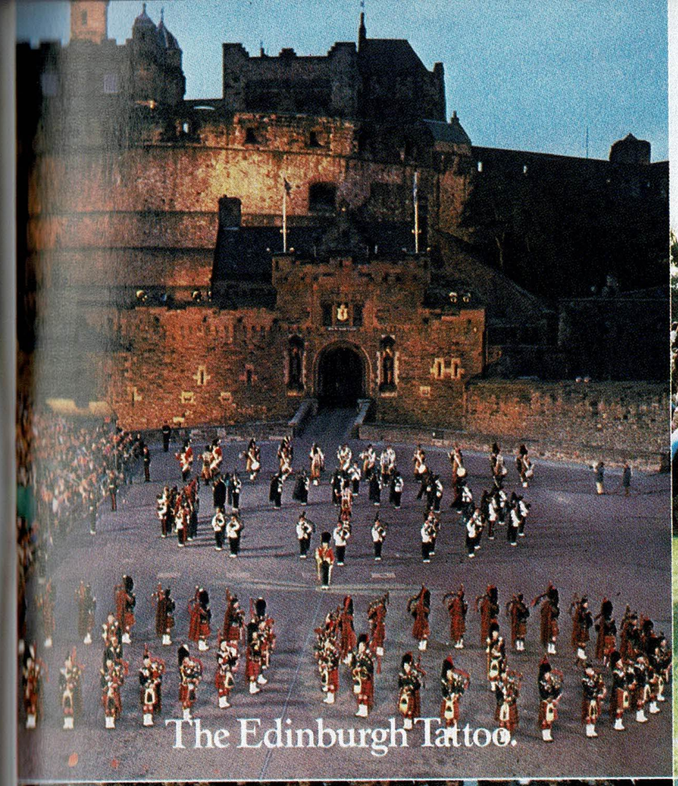
●

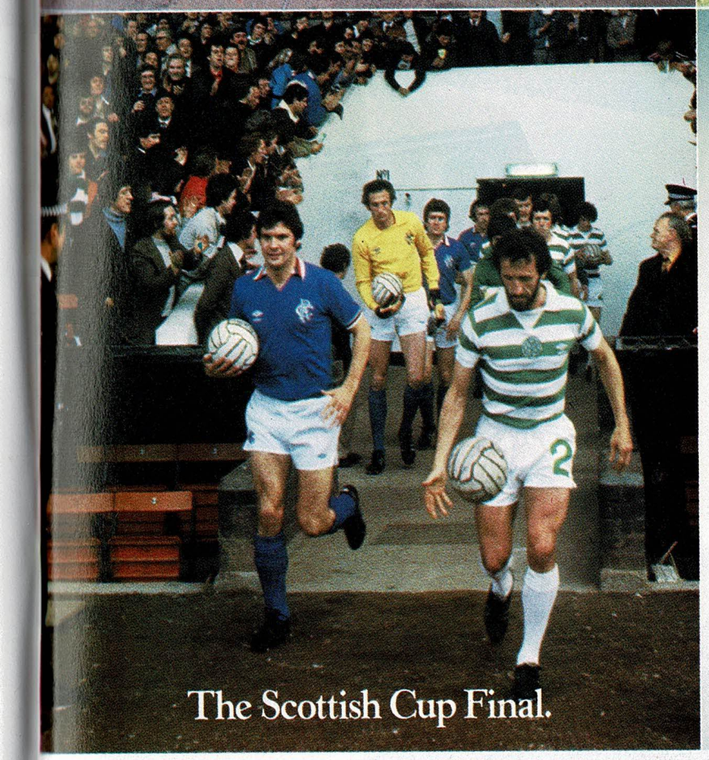
Subtlety has never been the hallmark of Burt Reynolds' screen presence, and he ambles into *Sharky's Machine* as a victim of the same lack of discretion. This time, he's Tom Sharky, an undercover cop who's attracted a bit too much passing attention by blowing away a drug dealer on a crowded bus. This time, he's also director. . . his third directing effort and chosen because *Sharky's Machine* isn't a comedy like the previous two. It's a macho, gruff action drama and Reynolds graduates as a very competent action director. It is a strangely-stylish movie, filmed amid the geometry of Atlanta's urban landscape, and this sense of style provides a weird juxtaposition for the violence which one expects, and gets in bonus proportions, from Reynolds.

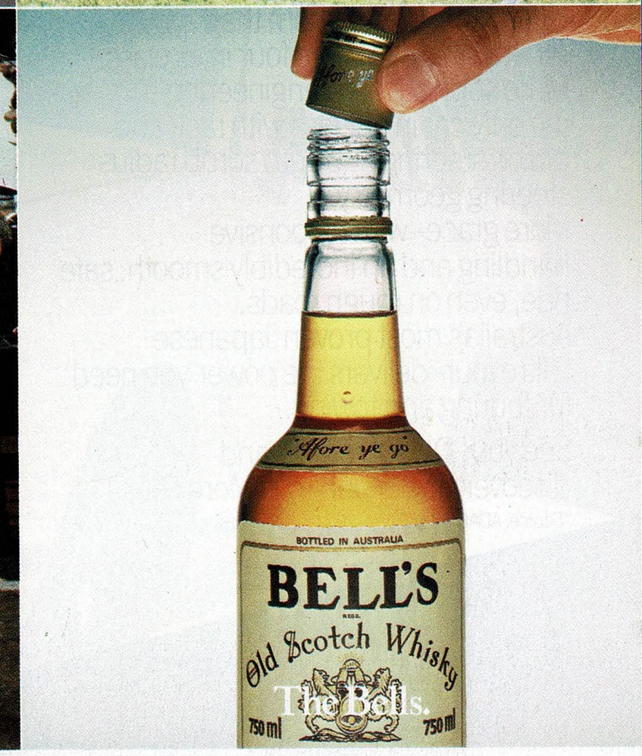
Busted back to the Vice Squad, Sharky lands a surveillance assignment staking out the apartment of a call girl who has some highly-intriguing traffic passing through her portals. There's a candidate for Governor running on a morality platform (Earl Holliman) and there's a ruthless crime boss (Vittorio Gassman) who seems to pay most of the population and call most of the tunes. But for Sharky, the fascination is with the hauntingly-beautiful hooker played by the likely-to-succeed British newcomer Rachel Ward. Reynolds scores here too, critically-speaking, with a nicely-sustained performance of an unseen admirer falling in love with someone who's making love with everyone else.

Novelist William Diehl admits to having Reynolds in mind for the screen version when he wrote his book and, certainly, when Sharky explodes into action after the slow-burn, this is true Reynolds territory with some genuine gratuitous violence for the confirmed enthusiast. Not the least of the clever things Reynolds pulls off with this project, is to enlist the talent of people like Brian Keith, Charles Durning and Gassman but, as both Reynolds and Sharky would agree, Rachel Ward is the real find.

— ROBIN INGRAM







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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

questions about today's lifestyles are answered by our experts

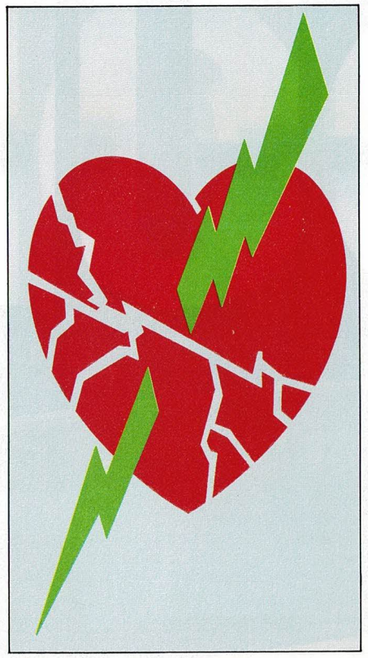
I find myself in a very difficult position because my mother has become involved with a mate of mine. I'm 20, and so is my mate, and my mother is 41. They met when she came to stay at my place and hit it off right away, hardly bothering to come out of the bedroom for the whole weekend. I have no objections to my mother playing around if she wants to, but it does create problems between my father and myself, as he knows that I introduced them, and thinks that I am partly responsible for what happened. My mother has now left him, and he's very hostile about it, and abused me the last time I phoned him. I'd like to visit him, as we have always got on well, but I don't think I dare show my face at the moment. Do you have any suggestions? — T.A., Vic.

About all you can do in a situation like this is wait until things settle down. In your father's eyes you will inevitably suffer some guilt by association, though once the situation begins to cool down he should begin to understand that you were merely an innocent bystander. Don't try apologising for what happened, as you cannot be held responsible for what other people choose to do. You may need to point this out to your father if he still feels bitter towards you after some time has passed. Whether this proves to be a minor crisis in your parents' relationship or a major disaster, it is finally up to them to sort it out.

A while ago, my girlfriend won third place in a local beauty competition, and it seems to have had a terrible effect on her. Before the competition, she was easy-going and down-to-earth, but now, she seems to think she's some kind of superstar and ought to be treated that way. She gets annoyed if I don't compliment her on her looks 10 times in an evening, and she's always criticising other women for their appearance in a really nasty way. She's relatively attractive, but is no Miss World, and I wish I could find a way of bringing her back to her senses so that I can start enjoying our relationship again. Do you have any suggestions? — C.S., WA.

If your girlfriend has really become as obnoxious as you describe, it's difficult to understand what's keeping you both together. A relationship needs a little more than just the memory of old times to make it worth preserving. As one of the people closest to her, you are in a good position to point out how irritating her behavior is becoming. Don't worry about being blunt in expressing your opinion, as she may need a jolt. If she resents your comments and is unable to see what she is doing to herself, that is probably an excellent cue for you to start looking elsewhere.

Please settle a minor disagreement between my girlfriend and I. We have been living together for about seven months and she's a Yank, and I'm a Pom. As far as I'm concerned, going down on a woman is as natural as eating (to coin a phrase) and my lady is all for it. She says however that it is more natural for a European to do this than an American man, and that most of the blokes she's been with over there wouldn't dream of it. Do you have any thoughts on this m-oral subject? — P.E., Qld.



tracing the origin of the heart symbol

To coin another phrase, it is largely a matter of individual taste, and national boundaries don't have a great deal to do with it. Early American studies by Kinsey and others suggest that oral sex has enjoyed a certain following there for quite a while, probably not much less than in Europe. More recent research indicates that oral sex has increased in popularity over the past few years, and particularly so in America. We suspect, therefore, that your girlfriend just encountered the wrong men.

Could you please give me some advice about video recorders? I would like to know which is the better format — Beta or VHS. My friends all have Beta machines, but I have heard that Beta is going to be phased out, or that there will be a shortage of them. I have saved $1400 to buy a video recorder, and wouldn't want to end up with a white elephant. Also could you please give me some advice about what kind of stereo I could buy for around $1500? — K.B., Vic.

While VHS probably has an edge in popularity over the Beta format, there is little danger of the latter type being withdrawn from the market. Manufacturers of the Beta machines continue to introduce improved models, and to promote them vigorously. In terms of picture quality there is little difference. If you are intending to buy pre-recorded video cassettes you may find some difference in availability between the two formats. To obtain a better idea of how this would affect you, consult a catalogue of cassette titles, or look through the stock at your local video dealer. You may find that the particular kinds of films that interest you are better served by one format or the other. As to what sort of stereo you should buy for $1500, the choice is almost limitless, and it would be pointless for us to advise you to buy any particular brand without knowing your own individual tastes and requirements. The choice should be determined by such factors as the size and acoustics of the room in which you intend to use the stereo, your musical preferences, how many different functions you want the equipment to perform, and the kind of styling you prefer.

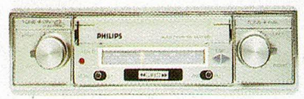
I've had lengthy discussions with my friends about the origin of the shape of the heart used in the Valentine's Day cards. My belief is that it is derived from the underside of the head of the penis. Could you shed some light on the subject? — U.S., SA.

The heart symbol for romance goes back at least as far as the Middle Ages, and its exact origin is therefore impossible to pinpoint. Certainly its resemblance to a real heart is minimal, for the normal human heart is an irregular, unromantic blob shape. There may well be some truth in your rather Freudian theory, as some of those Middle-Ages romantics were pretty raunchy people, and the heart symbol does bear a passing resemblance to the underside of the head of a penis.

Recently while reading a karate magazine, I saw an ad for *Dynamic Tension*, a book on increasing your strength without using weights, etc. The ad says that you use the resistance of the muscles against each other to build strength. How does this work, and does it increase strength? — W.D., NSW.

Dynamic Tension is another name for isometric exercises, which have been used successfully for some time now. The basic principle involves pitting one set of muscles against another. It is a good way of gaining minor increases in strength, and then maintaining fitness. However, as a way of gaining larger increases in strength, and of building muscle size, it is generally not as effective as weight training.

Swing high, sweet chariot.



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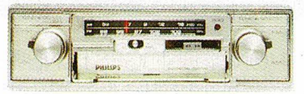

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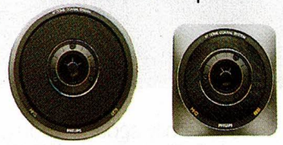

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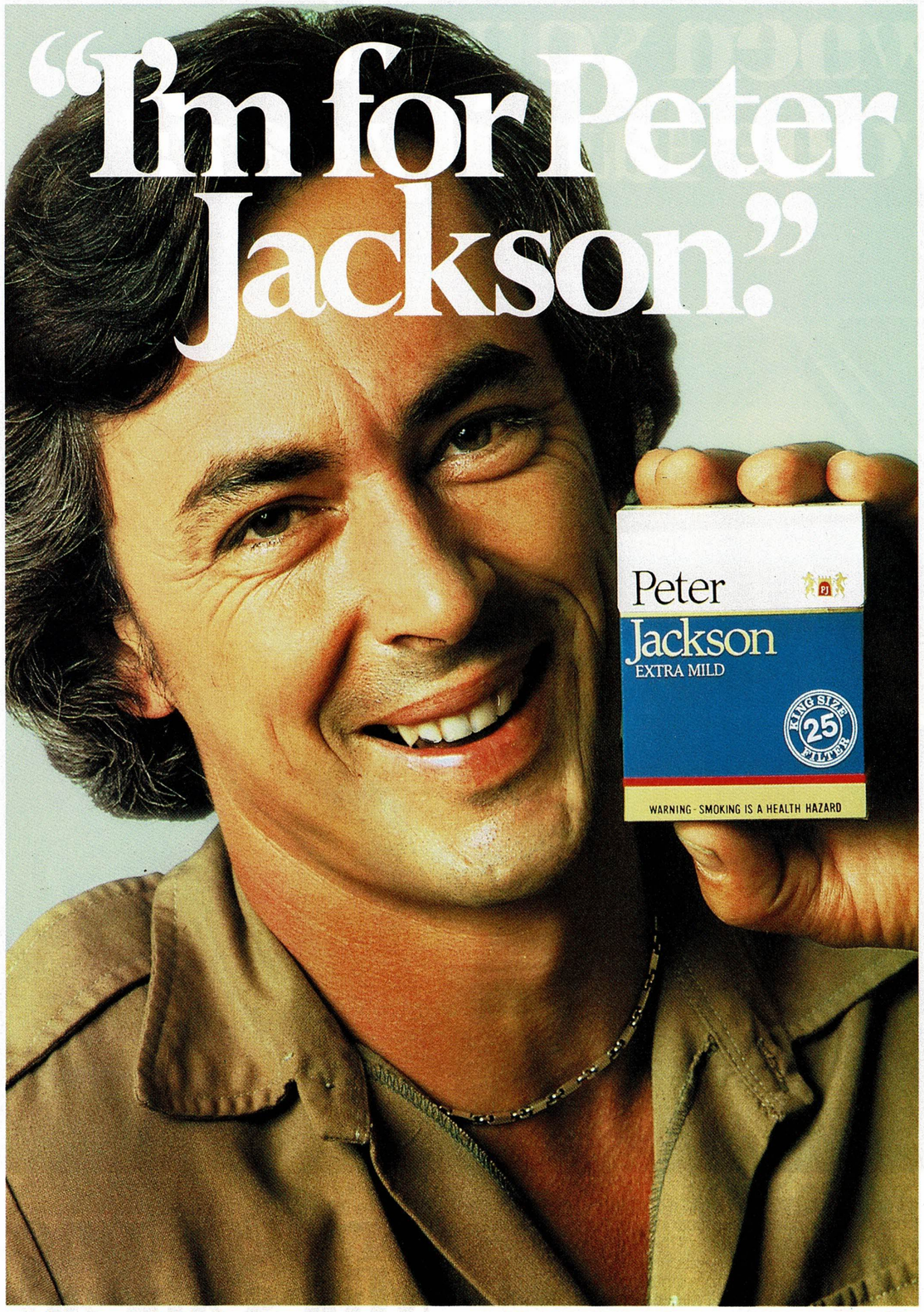

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

FRED SCHEPISI

a candid conversation with the director of devil's playground and the chant of jimmie blacksmith about the future of australian films and of living in hollywood

When Fred Schepisi was in his early twenties and working for a Melbourne advertising agency, he set himself three goals. At 25 years of age, he said, he would be managing director of his own company, at 30 he would have directed his first feature film and at the ripe young age of 35 he would win the open competition at the Cannes Film Festival.

As a friend recollects, "Fred was never one for tip-toeing through the tulips". Schepisi is brash, direct and, at times, boastful in that semi-playful, semi-serious way that one can never quite dismiss as being merely facetious. Behind his boyish chuckle, wide-mouth grin and the loud Aussie banter, is an ambitious and committed writer and director who is determined to expand the frontiers of a film language he first learned making TV commercials in Melbourne.

He was *running his own film production company by the time he was 25, his first feature,* Devil's Playground, *was completed five years beyond his self-appointed deadline and he hasn't won Cannes yet. But, as everyone will tell you, he went damn close in 1978 when his second feature The* Chant Of Jimmie Blacksmith *was the first Australian film accepted as an official entry in the open competition at the world's premier commercial film festival.*

Influential overseas critics who previewed the film before Cannes were unusually generous in their praise, and Schepisi became the dark horse tipped to pull off the big one. He got a standing ovation the night it was shown and the blonde, boisterous boy from Melbourne was the toast of the town. But Jimmie Blacksmith *didn't win the coveted "Palme D'Or".*

"Look," says Schepisi, "there were all sorts of expectations but politically it couldn't win. The prize was being accepted, getting in. . . breaking down a barrier. 'That was enough kudos for the Australians that year,' was the judges' attitude."

Whatever the ramifications of Cannes politics, The Chant Of Jimmie Blacksmith *did signal to the rest of the world that Australian films had something to offer an international audience hungry for a good story told with unusual flair and flavor.*

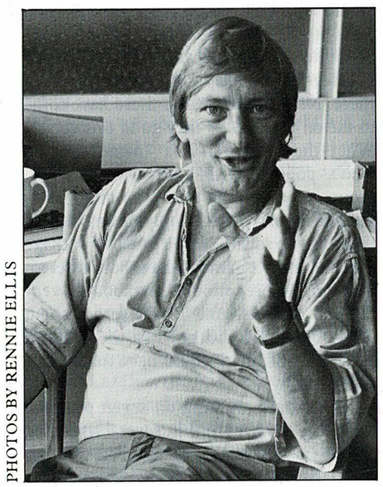
Schepisi, along with Peter Weir, Gill Armstrong, Phil Noyce, George Miller and Bruce Beresford, formed the nucleus of Australia's new wave directors whose films were to have a considerable impact with critics and audiences alike. Australian films had arrived and a lot of the right people were talking about them in very favorable terms. Since its US release, The Chant Of Jimmie Blacksmith *has appeared on several prominent "top 10 of the year" lists. Reviews by critics of the stature and influence of Pauline Kael and John Simon have been excellent.*

In Australia, Jimmie Blacksmith, *set up by an exceptionally effective publicity campaign prior to its release, received mixed reviews. There was an air of disappointment about it and perhaps an element of resentment because of the nature of the subject. Australians are not yet free of their racial prejudices. Based on the novel by Thomas Keneally, which was itself based on the true story of the Aborigine Jimmie Governor, the film examined black/white relationships in Australia's early colonial days when the detribalised black was an easy mark for the white supremist boot.*

When Schepisi made the mandatory trip to Hollywood, it was no cap-in-hand pilgrimage to the celluloid czars but as a highly respected writer/producer/director and at the invitation of 20th-Century Fox.

His decision to move to Los Angeles with his family and make films in America was derided by some misguided Australians as a sell-out. They behaved as if Schepisi had some filial duty to perform in the home country, especially once he was accepted internationally. The way he *saw it was that Hollywood was an international centre for making films and at this particular stage in his career, that was where he wanted to be to expand and hone his talents. Currently he is working in one capacity or another on seven different development projects.*

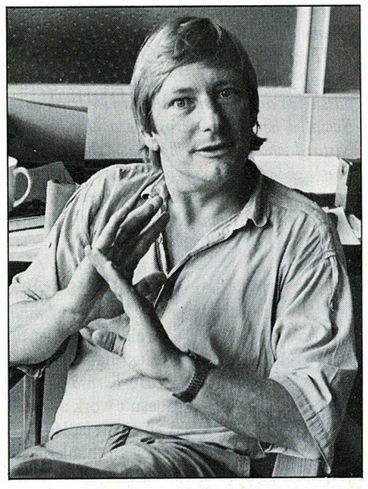
Schepisi's entry into the cut-and-thrust world of the Hollywood money men has had all the implications of a double-edged sword. While he is continually frustrated by their lack of concern for a film's content, and the slick manoeuvres one is obliged to make in order to stay in the game, he is also elated by the completion of his first American film and the



PHOTOS BY RENNIE ELLIS

"You want to pitch yourself against the best in the world for two reasons — to see if you can tune yourself to a finer and better degree and to test your theories and beliefs and give yourself confidence in them."

"I live in an old country-style house up the back of Beverly Hills and I'm alarmed at the rent I pay. It costs me $2100 a month and that's a bargain by their standards. Yet I'm still astounded that I have to pay that much."



"I wanted to go to America firstly because I wanted to get paid good money. Everybody forgets that I put major amounts of money in all my films. . . my company's money. You can't keep doing that."

considerable extension to his film-making knowledge.

"I am a much better director through making Barbarosa," *he volunteers.*

With a $10-million dollar budget — far in excess of any Australian-produced film — he tackled the almost sacred American genre of the western with veteran movie actor Gilbert Roland and country superstar Willie Nelson. As with his two previous films, Barbarosa *is concerned with a character at odds with his fellow man. The theme of the outsider coming to terms with his alienation seems to weave its way through Schepisi's work.*

"Barbarosa *is about a legendary character who takes a young boy under his wing and teaches him how people need people," says Schepisi. "It's also about a vendetta and how men can be united through hatred. Basically it's an adventure story of the Butch Cassidy and Sundance Kid type. It's supposed to be a very different kind of western but it still delivers the basic elements of the genre."*

The film opened in America while Schepisi was on a brief visit to Australia where he still has a major interest in The Film House, the company he started back in 1966. Earlier this year Devil's Playground *received its first US release. This, his first feature, was based on his childhood recollections of life in a Roman Catholic junior seminary. It won several Australian film awards in 1976 and was chosen for Director's Fortnight at Cannes. The April edition of US PLAYBOY gave it an excellent review.*

Barbarosa *also won good reviews from influential critics like Pauline Kael, yet it was taken off by Universal after a very brief southern states run. Says Schepisi: "Universal treated it like an exploitation western, which it isn't. All I want to do now is get it back and show it properly."*

To get the most in-depth interview yet with Schepisi, we sent Melbourne correspondent ***Rennie Ellis,*** *who has worked with the 42-year-old director in the past and has closely followed his career.*

"Fred is Fred," says Ellis, "very much a one-off character — demonstrative, impassioned and a dangerous man to drink with. Socially he comes across as a bloody noisy bastard who enjoys being one of the boys. But that's the veneer. You don't have to dig very deep to find a sensitive and committed bloke who can be disarmingly honest about himself and where he's at."

PLAYBOY: You first went to the US in 1978 just a few months after *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* had been so well received at the Cannes Film Festival. Was that when you set up the deal to shoot *Barbarosa?*

SCHEPISI: No, it just doesn't work as easily as that. I'd established an agent called Sam Cohen — he's the one they all thank on the awards nights — and he arranged for 20th-Century Fox to invite me over to talk about an idea I had for a script called *Bitter Sweet Love.* And on the basis of that idea we made an agreement for me to write, produce and direct that script. I then came back to Australia to write it. But during that time, there were a series of management upheavals at Fox and the people I'd done the deal with got shafted. Escorted off the lot, in fact. It was all very dramatic. Luckily the new president, who I knew from London, wanted me to continue. He gave me two months to finish. But the day I arrived back in the States, hot script in hand ready to talk business, he resigned.

The whole experience was quite traumatic for both sides. But I got an office, did my rewriting and collected my money. And the new management and I agreed to shelve the project for a time. The script was set in the US and by then I knew I needed to get inside the fabric of American society much more. I was beginning to realise that the Americans are as different from us as the French are.

PLAYBOY: So why set an idea you developed in Australia in America — an America you hadn't yet come to grips with?

SCHEPISI: Firstly I wasn't aware at the time that America was so different. And secondly it was an important project to me and I wanted it to speak to a larger group of people and I wanted to do it on a large scale.

I needed to get inside the fabric of American society. I was beginning to realise that Americans are as different from us as the French are.

PLAYBOY: What's it about?

SCHEPISI: It's about a man who's been married twice and is having an affair. It examines relationships in three stages —one that's over, one that time has soured and one that's blooming and new, and it juxtaposes them in a funny kind of way using time jumps and strange overlaps. The thing I loved about it most was that it shows how the idiosyncrasies of a person are frequently the things that attract you, but they're also the first things that drive you nuts.

PLAYBOY: How much did you get paid for taking the script to first rewrite stage?

SCHEPISI: I got 50 grand. My writer's fee for the film was, I think $150,000. And the way you get paid is that you get so much for doing a first draft and a set of revisions, then you get so much for the next draft, then you get a bonus of the remainder of the money if you get the sole screen credit, or a bit less if you share the credit.

But as I was also producing and directing there was the same amount of money available to me again plus I had 15 percent of the profits. But of course it never got to the pay or play stage.

PLAYBOY: Pay or play? What exactly does that mean?

SCHEPISI: They're the secret words. Once the studio makes a commitment to the picture you are "pay or play". This means, even if the film in fact never gets made, the studio still has to pay you the full fee they agreed upon for you to write or direct or whatever.

PLAYBOY: A writer's fee of $150,000. A director's fee of $150,000 to $200,000. This sounds like big money by Australian standards.

SCHEPISI: Not necessarily for directors. I imagine Peter Weir, for instance, got a similar amount of money for *Gallipoli* as I did for *Barbarosa.* In America, the director's contract states that the minimum money you can receive is $50,000 plus five percent of the nett. Of course to define the nett would take 12 pages. If you become a big star like the guy who made *Alien*. . . his next fee was a million dollars.

Look, $150,000 may sound like a lot of money but consider that you're tied up on a project for between one and two years, you lose up to a third with fees to lawyers, agents, business managers, a percentage goes on your industry cards, you lose half of the remainder in tax and then you've got to remember you've set up house with your family in a country where it's very expensive to live. My rent for a pretty ordinary house on the wrong side of Beverly Hills is $2100 a month. The idea is to be involved in several development projects to help out. And then again, it's not so much the fee that's the important thing. It's the percentage you negotiate in the profit returns because if a picture really takes off, that's when you can make big money.

PLAYBOY: I've heard it said that "the deal" is the new art form in Hollywood which suggests that a film's content and form are secondary considerations. Where does this leave you in terms of personal integrity and commitment to the script?

SCHEPISI: Well, that's more or less true. And it leaves you frustrated and disappointed. Without a word of a lie, I've had 120 scripts offered to me since I've been there. Now a good deal of those have come to me on rotation — they go to everybody. What they look for is a "name" person who's popular with studios or financial groups of a specific type who might help finance the movie. It simply means they've come to you so you can be part of a package that may attract money. I have been offered, on a much more serious basis, about 15 very definite projects. And I have turned them down because I did not like the content. And some of them would have made me a lot of money.

I have been working on seven projects. You have to have irons in several fires over there. In Australia, you say, "I want to make that film", and then all your energies go into raising the money and producing that film. In America you need a number of projects. It's extremely hard to make individual pictures in the mainstream because the nature of the business is "show me the poster," "where's the hook?" and "what's the package?" And there, as you said, is where the artform is — the package.

The heads of studios are now ex-agents and ex-lawyers. And they changed the whole business in the Sixties. What they want to see is this scriptwriter, that director, and these two actors. And on these people he can pick up the phone and pre-sell territories around the world and lay-off money here, and set up a specific television sale there. And so the whole thing is done by numbers. They want to know if a certain script is on line at the correct time, the demographics of it etc. It's like advertising — our audience is 25-year-old white females or something or other, and it would seem that the making of the picture is the least important part of the process. And I find that completely frustrating because I don't find any forward vision. I don't find any exciting entrepreneurial attitudes to new and innovative material. However, you have to admit that some extraordinary films get made despite that system.

PLAYBOY: So in order to make it over there as a writer or a director you have to be one helluva wheeler-dealer, as well as an artist, or you get taken to the cleaners?

SCHEPISI: Yeah, and you need to be thick-skinned. And you must have very good agents and lawyers.

PLAYBOY: So, with one project shelved, how did you get to do *Barbarosa?*

SCHEPISI: While I was writing *Bitter Sweet Love* and the management shuffles kept happening, my agent put me in touch with other studios, and in fact I was brought back to America by two companies — Universal Studios and Lorimar Productions. Lorimar fronted for my visa and agreed to pay me an amount of money to supervise the rewrite of a picture called *Partners* which I was subsequently going to direct. Universal was paying my expenses on a verbal agreement to work on a script with Bill Wittliff called *Raggedy Man.* I took that project because I met the writer and I found there was more in the writer's head than he had put in the script and I knew how to get it out. I liked the project also because Sally Field was to star in it. And that meant I could deal with one American star and work that system out.

In actual fact, Sally Field messed around and we had to find another star, and that star turned out to be Sissy Spacek. We were involved in very delicate negotiations with her — she likes to read draft after draft of the script before she makes up her mind. At the same time, my agent recommended me to Paul Lazarus, the producer of *Barbarosa.* Lazarus was shown *Jimmie Blacksmith,* he went crazy and wanted to make me an offer — pay or play with a guarantee of the film being produced within a specific period of time. Now the important thing to do is to make films, not money. You can go pay or play and you can get paid even if the picture doesn't come off. But you're out of circulation for a year or so and you're not

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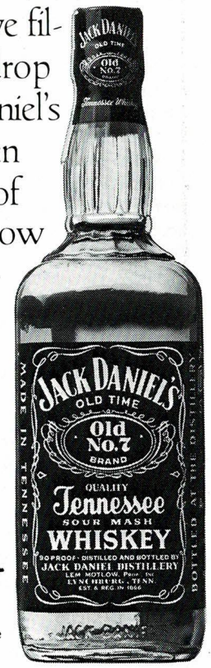

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making films. So the guarantee of making the movie is the important part of the process. So we warned Universal of the situation and gave them the opportunity to sew me up and they started to say, well, negotiations with Sissy Spacek are very delicate. We can't be putting pressure on at this time. I said, it's very simple. If you think I'm to be the director just sign this piece of paper and we'll all believe it. You know, there's a strange thing over there — everyone keeps their options open.

So my agent and my lawyer, who are two of the best in the country, said you must take *Barbarosa,* it's guaranteed. And I say yes, but I've put four months into *Raggedy Man.* I'm emotionally committed to it. I've broken its back. . . I understand it. I know what to do with it, I don't want to leave it. And they said you have to trust us because *Raggedy Man* may never happen, and you can't take that chance when there's a guaranteed film. For once in my life, I listened to the pragmatic view and I signed. This was Friday. On Monday I was told Sissy Spacek's husband, Jack Fisk was signed to direct his first picture "pay or play" on *Raggedy Man.* And she too was signed pay or play. Had I not signed for *Barbarosa,* I would have been out in the cold. Well that's how I got to direct *Barbarosa.* It's a long-winded answer but I think it's important that people understand that in Hollywood it is *that* complicated.

PLAYBOY: What was it that made you want to go to Hollywood in the first place? Was part of it the disenchantment you must have felt because of the poor reception *Jimmie Blacksmith* received from Australian critics, while overseas they raved about it. Were you pissed off with home town reactions?

SCHEPISI: Actually about 70 percent of the critics in Australia liked it. The bad reaction came from columnists rather than film critics, probably the result of over-publicity. But, to answer your question, no it wasn't the reaction to *Jimmie Blacksmith* that made me go to America.

PLAYBOY: Did it contribute to it?

SCHEPISI: No, not at all. Although I should say that I was a little disappointed at one or two fellow film-makers trying to destroy the success of the picture for their own gains. That's when I got cross.

PLAYBOY: How could it be to their gain?

SCHEPISI: I've no idea. There was one man writing under a pseudonym. . . and writing not exactly truthful things about a number of other film-makers: disparaging articles about Peter Weir, Bruce Beresford and me. By putting us down he'd been putting himself up. He was entitled to his opinion but readers ought to know whose opinion it was and where his interests lay. There was another producer in Melbourne who did an interview saying that what happened with *Jimmie Blacksmith* in Cannes was a lie, that people didn't stand up and clap at the end. That it was all publicity hype. What upset me especially was the inability of these people to understand that every Australian film that was successful made it easier for the rest of us. The more we were successful, the greater the aura created around Australian films, the easier it would be for everybody. But I'm digressing. . . the reason I went to America had nothing to do with all this. I wanted to go to America firstly because I wanted to get paid good money. Everybody forgets that I put in major amounts of money in all my films. That is, my company's money. For instance in *Jimmie Blacksmith,* it was more than a quarter of a million dollars. You can't keep doing that.

I wanted to work on a whole series of pictures in a row. I wanted to be able to apply immediately what I'd learnt in one picture to the next. I wanted to work just as a director on great scripts. I wanted to work just as a writer and have somebody else direct. Or just work as a producer. I wanted to hone each skill separately to make sure that I was using them properly in relation to my own work. I had a lot of subjects that were not specifically Australian, and I thought it would be better to make these

I was watching A Town Like Alice *on the box and I got very homesick. I loved that series. I thought it was just spectacular.*

films in a place like America. I wanted to see what the Americans had to offer in skills in all the various departments right through to marketing. I wanted to make a name for myself, to make it easier to market Australian films for myself and. . . well, for a million reasons, not the least being that if you sing opera you want to sing in La Scala and you want to sing at the Met. You play tennis, then it's Wimbledon. Athletics, it's the Olympics. You want to pitch yourself against the best in the world for two reasons — to see if you can tune yourself to a finer and better degree and to test your theories and beliefs and give yourself confidence in them.

PLAYBOY: Some people may disagree with you that the best in the world are to be found in Hollywood.

SCHEPISI: And they would be right. There are other places where top people are working. I don't look at Hollywood as America, but as an international centre for making films. There are Germans and French and Yugoslavs and Poles and Poms — all kinds of people who are often mistakenly thought of as Americans. Hollywood is a pressure cooker. And the films that come out of the place are international as opposed to indigenous type films which is what we should be making in Australia. Films about Australia, our people, attitudes, history, life-styles and so on that are important here but that will also reach out and touch other people. This is especially so when funding is coming from government bodies.

PLAYBOY: Are you committed to Hollywood or do you hope to return to Australia eventually and make films here?

SCHEPISI: A few weeks ago I nearly came back. The frustration in Hollywood mounts up and sometimes it starts to get the better of you.

I was watching *A Town Like Alice* on the box and I just got very homesick. I loved that series. I thought it was just spectacular. So every Sunday I used to pack my bags before I sat down to watch it. Look, there are several projects that I want to do in Australia, not the least of which is the Norman Lindsay story. But I felt that before tackling a project like that I needed more experience.

PLAYBOY: And has the American experience made a perceptible difference to your film making yet?

SCHEPISI: Yes, yes, I am a much improved film-maker since doing *Barbarosa.* I learnt so much. I've just written a screenplay adaption of a novel, a beautiful romance, and it's the best thing I've ever done. And this also fitted one of my criteria for going to America. Of trying to find refined story content and structure and all those things to appeal to large groups of people and to get all the message and feelings and things I have to say in it so it kind of bubbles up through it. In this way I have a top layer that attracts large audiences but beyond that there are layers of meaning and feeling for people to discover depending on their intellect and sensibilities. And I felt the Americans had something to offer in that way. I didn't want to go over there and copy them but to try and combine my attributes with some of their methods and technique — something that would allow me to express myself in an original way, but to large groups of people.

PLAYBOY: Does *Barbarosa* work in this way?

SCHEPISI: *Barbarosa* is an interesting picture in which there are some levels of stuff going on, but it is primarily an entertainment picture. But I would say that having made it, I'm twice the film-maker I was. I learnt so much about story, drive, forward motion, energy centres, people having goals. For instance there's a point where you can no longer introduce new intellectual information into a film, where the physical and emotional attention of the audience is peaking. You must be very aware of these things. You have to know how to satisfy your audience in these areas. There are certain things that have to be brought to climaxes from both a physical and intellectual point of view. There is a point where one takes over from the other and to deny it is to deny your audience a proper appreciation of the film.

PLAYBOY: I'm not sure I understand exactly what you mean here.

SCHEPISI: Somebody said a great line to me the other day — originally it was applied to novels but it's the same for films — "don't lose them". Because the minute you lose them, you lose this wonderfully complicated thing that you've weaved, and all of its intricacies. You lose an audience for a few minutes and you've killed off whole thought patterns and experiences that the film was creating. I've learnt an extraordinary amount in this area.

PLAYBOY: Did you find your own personal film guru, some master who instructed you?

SCHEPISI: No, mostly out of myself. Out of being there and being put under certain pressures which I responded to in my own way, which is not necessarily the Hollywood way. They have certain rules and regulations and beliefs when it comes to picture making — the way scripts are written, the way actors are handled, the way crews work. You know, pictures always take on their own life. No matter what you've written, what you've designed, what your direction is, a picture becomes like a living organism, like a river, and once you're on it you have to go with it. It's no good trying to go to the bank and drill a hole because that's where you want the river to go. You've got to follow its course for the best ride, if you like, and you've got to adapt to it without losing sight of where you're going.

In *Barbarosa* this was especially obvious to me. There are some haunting, involving, mythical things in the picture that in another film would really hold your interest. In this picture, which is about a Butch Cassidy/Sundance Kid type of relationship, there are times when the relationship between the two men has such energy and is so attractive that you just have to stay with it and subjugate certain other textural elements of the picture in order to keep that sudden energy alive. When it's hot you know you've got to go with it. It's an amazing experience. You've got to try and make the film come out the way you want it but at the same time you want to pick up on this energy, this thing that just evolved.

PLAYBOY: Is there a hard and fast dividing line between art and entertainment?

SCHEPISI: No, I don't think so at all. I don't see why there should be a difference.

PLAYBOY: You said *Barbarosa* is basically an entertainment film as if you were excusing something about it.

SCHEPISI: No, I'm not excusing anything about it. I guess I was differentiating between *Barbarosa* and *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith.* While *Jimmie Blacksmith* is a good story, it is also packed with messages and pleas and exposes. It's a very serious statement about what we did to our blacks. *Barbarosa,* on the other hand, is much lighter, it's not meant to carry a heavy message.

PLAYBOY: When does a film stop being just entertainment for the masses and become art? When the critics say so?

SCHEPISI: I think it becomes art if it delivers an experience that uses the full spectrum of the medium. And in an inventive and innovative manner that excites you in a way you haven't experienced before. Or if it's a genre film, like a western, it becomes art when it's so incredibly polished that it achieves the above. And a film is not art just because it is arty or precious or deep or intelligent or. . . there is another thing and that is when the film-maker has made it with passion. When there is something of the person being expressed, a substance beyond the surface gloss.

PLAYBOY: Is it easier to get money for films in the US than it is here in Australia?

SCHEPISI: It's easier to get money for some kinds of films. I would hate to go to America unless I was highly regarded and went in on some sort of star basis. I would not like to be running around town looking for work. I think the circumstances regarding film finance in Australia have changed radically since I left in '79. I'm sure the tax incentive situation has made it much easier to fund a project here now.

I expected to find an expertise in showmanship, in producing knowledge, in those entrepreneurial marketing skills I thought the Americans invented.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel let down in any way by your American experience?

SCHEPISI: I think my biggest disappointment, apart from the frustrations already mentioned, is that I expected to find an expertise in showmanship, in producing knowledge, and in those entrepreneurial marketing skills I thought the Americans invented. I was looking forward to having a really great producer who understood film and its manipulation and has a real commercial sense. And I expected to find writers of great skill. All of this is your illusion of the film industry over there, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: Sure. I always thought the Yanks past masters of all that.

SCHEPISI: Forget it! There are pockets of it, but that's all. And I expected more brain power, more knowledge being used in the selection of production material. What I did find that was great was on the crew level. The crew I worked with were very generous and giving people who had experienced everything.

PLAYBOY: Yet despite your praise of US crews you used Ian Baker from Australia as your director of photography on *Barbarosa.* And I believe you were obliged by the unions to employ an American cameraman even though you never used him.

SCHEPISI: Yes we had to do that. I used Ian because he shot both my films in Australia and we had built up a very special communication. There were basic communications problems with the Americans because of the idiosyncrasies of Australian and American English and because my style of expression and my approach to film-making was to them unconventional and it took time for them to get used to me. But "Bakes" and I have an understanding: we communicate in shorthand and when you're trying to advance your art in an environment you're not familiar with, you need that kind of security. And apart from that, I know of no other cameraman who is better.

PLAYBOY: How did your approach to film-making differ from what the Americans were used to?

SCHEPISI: The conventional way of making pictures is that you shoot a master shot, then you do the medium shots for that scene, then you work the close-ups. In other words you establish the scene in the master shot, you sell the proposition of the scene, the essence of it, in the medium shots then you get into the details with the close-ups. Well, I think that's nonsense. The way I work is that I take the whole film as a canvas and I have different rhythms and textures in each scene. The story content dictates the style.

PLAYBOY: When you direct, how much of it is intuitive and how much is worked out beforehand and carefully structured?

SCHEPISI: It's all very carefully structured but when you're actually shooting, it has to change so much because of all the variables, like the weather, technical and mechanical problems, the dictates and pressures of time and the actors and their moods. So you have to improvise and make decisions on the spot but you must also have a solid base and a direction so you don't lose sight of where you are going.

PLAYBOY: Did you find that working with American actors was any different from working with Australian talent?

SCHEPISI: As a rule, American actors require much more of a director's time. Much, much more than we are used to giving in Australia. American actors are used to it and expect it. It's slower because they tend to want to take the whole discussion process beyond the rehearsals and on to the floor while you're actually shooting. They like strong direction and reassurance. And in America, if a guy is a star then he's used to being treated in a certain way. I think Australian crews don't always understand that. When an American star works in Australia they expect him to be one of the boys, eat and drink with the crew and so on. And if he wants his own motor home on location, and wants to prepare alone and in silence they think he's a snob or something. But he's not there for fun and games, he's there to perform. I've talked with Kirk Douglas since he came back from Australia after filming *The Man From Snowy River* and he had those kinds of

(continued on page 150)

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

OUR MAN IN SINAI

the diggers are back in the middle east, and so is playboy

OFF TO THE bloody Middle East again. It's as though Egypt were just another training camp, another collection of barracks and married quarters and parade grounds on the outside of town, like Puckapunyal, Amberley or Jervis Bay. Every generation, since Kitchener went off to the Sudan last century, we've sent a contingent of Australian soldiers to smarten up the Middle East. So when Malcolm Fraser suggested last year that we *might* be joining the US-inspired,

article by p.d. jack

multi-national observation force in the Sinai Desert no one really believed it wasn't an odds-on bet.

The Middle East! It might be sand hills and oil wells to you and me, but crikey! It's where we cut our military milk-teeth. Half the banners the marchers hold aloft each Anzac Day read like a gazeteer of Islam. Few medieval crusaders ever fought over so much Arab land as have Australian soldiers, nor won so much. Twice this century Australian troops have taken Damascus, a city that was there before even the Bible, and was once the capital of all Islam.

Not that we are "taking" anything this time around, except our malaria tablets. For such are the weird and wonderful twists of geo-politics that while some 2500 military types have gathered for the fray, the whole aim of the thing is that there is to be no fighting. The first zing of bullets and they're off, on the next plane out of town.

It's a peace mission, you see. Now why a peace treaty needs an army of foreign chappies hooning around the place is just another indication of the sort of world we live in, particularly the sort of world that is the Middle East.

Most of us know that M-I-D-D-L-E E-A-S-T is just a newsreaders' way of spelling trouble. Just a mention of the place will conjure up pictures of oil sheikhs and handless thieves, guns and wild mobs, Bedouin raiders and gun-slinging presidents. And, allowing for the media's propensity to concentrate on trouble rather than other, less violent stories from the Middle East, this general idea of the place as a den of disaster is largely correct. The place *is* trouble!

True: there are very few democracies; vast numbers of very poor and small numbers of hugely rich; and there are assassinations and wars aplenty.

But out of the ruck of religious schisms and family feuds one issue stands supreme: Palestine. As one Lebanese friend told me before I went into Islam last time: "Palestine/Israel is the crunch issue — you'll have to take an attitude if you want to make friends — and you can only take one side."

And the crunch starts now: what you call the place indicates where you stand. Talk about Israel and the Arabs will have you pegged as a supporter of the wicked expansionist Zionists; go on too much in the wrong places about Palestine and some of your Jewish friends will mark you down as somebody who supports the killing of innocent school-children and other fun-forms of international terrorism.

Some businessmen who operate in the area just talk about "Dixieland" if they're standing in the Pickwick Bar in Beirut surrounded by locals, most of whom will be packing some sort of shooting iron and you never can pick the ones who aren't afraid to use it. In Baghdad the Government Press (isn't that the only kind?) doesn't use either Palestine or Israel; instead it talks of the "Zionist entity".

The Israelis play this name game too. They like to give every place a biblical name, and if it hasn't got a real one then they make one up.

For starters, the maps have a disconcerting habit of being inaccurate at certain critical points, presumably for the discomfiture of invading armies. And military installations of course are not marked. Which means if you want to go to El Gorah, which is the base the Anzacs are using in their peace treaty role, you've first got to realise that the Israelis call it Eitam, and even then few of them know where it is.

I got there eventually, but only after traversing a thin winding track across the desert, which I note on the army maps makes it way through a huge minefield.

One day in Jerusalem I asked a gang of youths where Derech Shechem was, and nearly caused a riot. I should have asked for Nablus Road, *derech* being Hebrew for road, Shechem the ancient Hebrew name for the Arab town of Nablus, and the youths

If you want to go to El Gorah, which is the base the Anzacs are using, you've first got to realise that the Israelis call it Eitam.

being Arabs. So you have to *think* your way around. The Israelis don't help. Their maps show the street as Derech Shechem, but the street signs, in Hebrew, Arabic and English, call it Nablus Road.

The present tour of duty of the Anzac contingent is about the fourth or fifth to this neck of the woods since World War II, usually to do the same sort of thing —to keep Arabs and Jews apart.

The Middle East is like a bombora in a heavy sea where different currents meet. It's where people who feel strongly about some ism or other can go and shoot guns in support of that ism. Smack bang in the middle is tiny Israel, the nation of the Jews, who, being a whole-hearted people, have managed to incorporate three of the most bellicose isms into their constitution: race, religion and nationalism.

Israel is a country founded either in 1948, or 4000 years ago, depending on your time frame and politics. As the place is infested — obsessed — with history, perhaps we should have a glance at this history, in much the same way as a psychiatrist likes to know a patient's life story before probing his neuroses.

●

In the Beginning was the Word, and the word was not Land; it wasn't Israel, nor was it Palestine. The Word was God, in case you didn't know: the same Bloke worshipped by Christians, Jews and Arabs, although there is some degree of diverse opinion as to the personality and historical behavior of the aforementioned Lord.

The Jews laid claim to Him four millennia ago, when, in what was undoubtedly a clever piece of promotion, He gave them a special deal, and made the children of Abraham His special favorites, His chosen people. And, as long as they circumcised their kids, the deal would include the land of Canaan, which is roughly the area of modern Israel, give or take a disputed territory or two.

Other sub-clauses and codicils and memoranda of understanding were added over the years, but basically, as long as the herdsmen children of Abraham obeyed God, everything would be hunky-dory. Which was a pretty good way of getting these basically Bedouin people to stop pinching each other's goats and wives and devote time to nobler pursuits. The trouble with this special deal was that it set the Hebrews apart from their poor polytheist neighbors, who, of course, thought the Hebrews were putting on airs. And, over the centuries, the grudge grew, so that whenever they got the chance these neighbors would clip the uppity Jews. So when the children of Abraham finally lost their empire, about the time the Romans were the boss cockies, the Jews got clipped good and proper, and most of them had to shoot through.

So off went the Jews to the far corners of the earth. One of the places they went to was the Hijaz, the southern coast of Arabia wherein are two cities called Medina and Mecca. The Jews were also strong in the various trading towns to which Meccan caravans travelled, as were the Christians. So, when a certain Mohammed ibn Abdullah ibn Abdul Muttalib ibn Hashim went on his trading missions for his wealthy wife (his first wife, he had at least nine — er, not including slave-girls and mut'a — er, anyway, when he was a young man and spiritually inclined and with only one wife) he came across some rather interesting stories and ideas.

Adding a handful of Jewish stories to a handful of Christian stories, a good deal of Hijazi Arab tradition, and some revelations of his own, this Mohammed came up with Islam.

Now the Jews around the Hijaz were quite critical of this upstart prophet stealing their copyright, and went so far as to join his enemies in battle against him. Fatal mistake. The Meccans, who had originally been so opposed to Mohammed that they made him scram out of their town, made a deal with him, and joined him. Indeed they took the religion over soon after his death. The Jews, however, were slaughtered or became second-class citizens.

Mohammed set up a political system that, soon after his death in 632 AD, took over nearly all the Middle East and North Africa, and, while the empire may have crumbled, the religion has remained along with its social laws, the unifying force in this huge concatenation of nations. So that today, the whole bottom half of the Mediterranean, and the guts of Asia across to India, are Muslim, and many countries call themselves Arab, although the only thing Arab about them is usually the language, the filthy water and a penchant for dictatorship.

Clinging to a tiny scrap of land in the midst of this Islamic expanse is Israel; a nation that grew out of another set of laws and fairy stories, and an ideal that swept the harassed Jewish tailors and jewellers of Europe late last century. And in this tiny scrap of land — much of it rocky barren hill or dry desert — the Jews replanted a nation, which grew strong.

But with them, the Jews brought that whatever-it-is that makes lesser people want to destroy them. Perhaps it is the arrogance of having a God-given destiny, or maybe just the way some of them dress. Show me where in the Bible it says that God wants his special people to dress like racecourse touts? Does He say I will give unto thee all the lands from Dan to Gaza if you wear a black three-piece suit and a pork-pie hat? Does He say all thy enemies shall be smitten as long as you cut your hair in a crew-cut but leave two long curly locks to hang down in front of your ears?

Not every Jew is so insufferably preoccupied with his whatever-it-is they call Jewishness, but in a nation of Jews, there are enough to try the patience of a saint.

Unlike its neighbors, Israel maintains most of the trappings of a normal democracy, including a most representative parliament, elected by proportional representation, which means every ratbag group gets a guernsey. Governments are thus made up of some half dozen or so parties, and the present Government depends for its majority on two minority religious parties, one madder than the other, although it is hard to tell which one.

Besides the normal free enterprise versus socialism breakdown, the parties are differentiated by personality clashes and ideas about Zionism. Many are virtually one-issue parties, but because they can be necessary to make up government, their wishes are often heeded. Which means crackpot notions get a good run.

As I said, history is an obsession here. So how about the Sabbath, which is as about as historic as you can get, being the commemoration of the creation of the Universe, and God's resting on the seventh day. On Saturday everything closes down, and you're not supposed to even move unless it's a matter of life and death. So in some suburbs you can get stoned for just driving on a Saturday; and the religious parties are screwing a bill through to force the national airline, El Al, to stop flying on Saturdays.

Along with this authoritarian element, and the obsession with the historical boundaries of Israel, is the far more widespread obsession with national security.

The Arabs, of whom there are 120 million living in the lands around Israel, reckon Israel is built on Arab land, and no matter whether the Jews purchased it, resumed it, won it in war, took it over from Arabs who fled and have never come back for it, or just settled on it because no one else seemed to want it, Israel is still Arab land, Palestine, the homeland of the Palestinians.

Pig's arse, say the Israelis. There never was a Palestinian nation and never will be — they hope. It was Jewish land 2000 years ago, long before the Arabs came out of Arabia, and now the Jews have come back to claim their inheritance, the title deed to which is sealed by no less than God. (Which puts title beyond the jurisdiction of your average land court.)

Pig's arse yourself, imperialist thieves, say the Arabs. It may have been a Jewish Kingdom once, but it became an Arab Empire, and all that's history anyway, and

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all they want to do is live in peace and farm the lands their fathers farmed; and what's more, if the Jews can come back and claim what was theirs 2000 years ago, the Arabs are going to come back and claim what was theirs only yesterday.

And the argument goes on and on and on and on. There were Arab demonstrations against Jewish settlement in 1891, and they haven't stopped since.

The battle lines have hardened. There are the Jews, heirs to the intellectual fortune of Europe, much of which they created anyway, with God and Destiny on their side, and an incredible sense of social cohesion; and there are the Arabs, who also claim the support of God, but who are heirs to no fortune other than a depleted agriculture, a wondrous poetry, and a history of feuds and slaughter.

Despite the fact that people tell you there is no fence-sitting in this part of the world, for the outsider it is impossible to take sides. The creation of Israel was an outrageous piece of imperialism whereby the British, in a fit of generosity, decided to give to the Jews of Europe and elsewhere the land of Palestine. The people who already lived there had no say in the matter — not initially anyway.

It was like the settlement of Australia — the Aborigines were never really consulted. It's just that 200 years ago, it was the done thing to plant civilisation amongst savages. The trouble with the creation of Israel was that the "savages" objected strongly, and are still objecting. Now if the Arab was less obstinate, and perhaps a little less murderous; and the Jew less arrogant, and perhaps a little less colonial, the "troubles" here may not be of such a magnitude as to bedevil the whole world. Maybe, but. . . Germans weren't the only anti-Semites. The crusaders killed Jews as well as Moslems when they captured Jerusalem. But when the Allied troops uncovered the ghastliness of Hitler's final solution, the stench of rotting corpses overwhelmed their conscience, and most of us became strongly pro-Israel. (Britain, with a fine understanding of Arab sensitivities, was less so.) And, apart from Russia, which changed its mind for geo-political reasons, we have remained basically committed to Israel.

Although they have these funny religious beliefs, the Jews are essentially like us. Tel Aviv is almost a European city; Damascus is not. Israel is a democracy, and governments change by elections. Throughout the rest of the East, the usual means of changing government is by the gun or knife — there are not too many ex-presidents about, nor leaders of the Opposition.

Thus, although the creation of Israel was an undoubted usurpation of the established society of Palestine (primitive though it may have been), and although it goes against the trend of 20th-Century attitudes towards territorial rights and "self determination", the West sides with Isreal. But not as wholeheartedly as Israel would like. The control of oil by Arab States is no doubt one compelling reason limiting support, but there has been a growing disenchantment with Israel, and a growing concern at the "plight" of the Palestinians. Having won four wars — and won them well — Israel is no longer the underdog, and public sympathies are tending the other way. Israel is now, thanks to conquests of the Gaza Strip, Sinai, the West Bank and the Golan Heights, an occupier of conquered lands, and the Palestinians are either their subjects, or refugees. The Left sees Israel more and more as an imperialist power, and the Palestine Liberation Organisation, which when I was at school was the ultimate in repugnance, is seen as a band of sincere freedom fighters struggling for the downtrodden against the might of fascist Israel and that Great Satan, the United States. (Boo hiss!)

Which absolutely infuriates the Israelis. If there's one thing they are undecided about, it is who's worse, the PLO itself or its young supporters in the West. To Israelis, the PLO is the ever-threatening boogeyman, and Yasser Arafat the chief fiend, who when he's not planning attacks on kindergartens is having it off with little boys or female Western journalists (depending on

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THE BLUES

there might be something happening at power's, but as far as the pianist is concerned, ain't nobody's business. . .

THE SMOKE was rising in Power's, pouring out on to the street with the drunks and the girls who waited. Inside, the pianist jogged through his warm

fiction by tim winton

DAVID DIPNOCK

up set, pacing it out, stretching himself every now and then to open up and flex. Ralph, number one barman, came across and put a beer on the old Wurlitzer.

"Nice one, Jarvis."

"Yeah," Jarvis said, cracking his knuckles and lighting a Camel.

"Can I see you in a second?" Ralph looking furtive, wiping his hands fastidiously on the towel.

"What for?"

"Private."

Jarvis nodded and fell into a Hooker number he found himself improvising when he was bored.

"Never, ne'er — get outta these blues alive," he moaned with a cynical twist of his lips. It appealed to him, this relay of tortured songs, begging little ditties, this music the blues. It was cliche, he knew, but it was money. And he was good. He was the first to admit it.

He sang around the butt of his Camel, breathing in the odor of clove cigarettes, loud talk, the stinging smell of sweet cider. A brusque See-See Rider, and he went over to the bar amid sleeve-tugging, glass-clinking "enthusiasts".

"Well?" he asked Ralph, giving him his glass for a refill.

"Wait." Ralph closed the door that led on to the hall and Davies' office. He pulled Jarvis a beer and wiped the bar in front of the tap. He wasn't big like other barmen, like Bill, who kept to himself. Ralph was confident, polite, middle-aged, and the least memorable component in the well-oiled machine that was Power's. Not so for Jarvis.

"Well?" asked Jarvis.

"How are you off with Davies?"

"An animal."

"Right."

"But he pays good enough for me not to mind."

"Maybe you'll mind."

"Why? He dropping the pay?"

"Something else."

Jarvis leaned on the jarrah bar-rail, squinting at Ralph who was wiping nervously.

"Like what?"

"Like crime."

Jarvis eased into a grin, shaking his head.

"Ralph — "

"Jarvis, you idiot!" Ralph hissed into the sponge, nose almost touching the bar. "This is big. Prostitution."

Jarvis watched Ralph rubbing at the Laminex, rubbing at his own reflection.

"Has anyone ever told you the facts of life?"

"Bugger you, you don't know!"

"Girls don't stand on the footpaths on rainy nights just to get wet."

"Jarvis, you silly bastard."

"I've got another set to do."

"Meet me outside after closing."

"We'll see."

Jarvis shoved his way to the Wurlitzer and wiped the keys with the edge of his sleeve. Just to annoy Ralph, he started with Ain't Nobody's Bizness and let it out long and slow, tickling lasciviously up the top end. It was good, the crowd was good, a warm night, his fingers were supple as he walked it out, secure in his lack of involvement. He'd proved it; you didn't have to be black and syphilitic, and you didn't have to feel bad. Jarvis laughed out loud over the chords.

Someone, a face in the swirling rag of smoke, asked for some B.B. King, and he obliged, hooking together a medley as he went, smiling around his cigarette as he howled "How blue can you get?" At the edge of his vision he saw Davies come out of the office, glide along behind the bar, glance at Ralph (visibly sweating behind the tap), and disappear outside, touching the door-girl on the bare olive skin of her shoulder as he went. She didn't flinch. She might not have even felt it. Jarvis didn't pity her. He knew how she felt, he thought. You could tell she wasn't even there. A good way to be. Something Ralph would never understand.

After the set Jarvis went on to the street for some air. He sat on the bus seat a few

Jarvis sang around the butt of his Camel, breathing in the odor of clove cigarettes, loud talk, the stinging smell of sweet cider.

yards down, feeling neutral-to-good, watching the taxis pass, knowing he would collect big tips from the regulars later in the night. Slick, black, the bitumen reflected the lightning of neon, the bursting reds and oranges from the hanging signs along the shopfronts, the white sear of POWER'S cracking the semi-darkness each few seconds. Rain. Going back in, he noticed the door-girl again. He didn't guess her age. It was none of his business. She was good, this one, good legs, thighs that were firm, slender without being girlish. She opened her mouth slyly. He smiled as he passed. Nothing said.

Rain stopped outside, the roads were steaming. Inside, the bar was full and the steam pervaded the crowd, itched it, made it twitch impatiently. Jarvis got up from his lone seat by the bar and went around and down the quiet of the hallway. Davies passed, broad, suited, well-oiled himself, broad flat fingers brushing something off a lapel.

"Evening, Mister Davies."

Davies went into his office and closed the door. Jarvis knew what Davies thought of him, he was sure. Jarvis went out the back.

The toilet was an outhouse choked over with creepers and vines in a partially-enclosed patio. Mosquitoes sirened across from the trellises of vines into the bare light of the globe that hung from the twisted, wooden beams of the pergola. Under the vines, a young man perched stiffly on a wicker chair.

"G'day," said Jarvis, hoping to be flattered, and to fill in time before the next set.

The young man stared ahead, emitting a tight noise from the back of his throat, bent forwards, holding a hand to his chest.

"You all right?" Jarvis asked idly, flicking a damp grape leaf.

"Asthma," he whispered.

"Yeah," Jarvis replied, knowing it wasn't.

The toilet door slammed and the creepers shivered as Sid came out, hair slicked back wet. He looked happy.

"Wish you'd flush the dunny, Sid."

"It's for shitting in, Jarvis, not eating out of."

"What's wrong with him?"

"Sniffing around the sheilas with no. . . credit. Not good."

His shirt buttons glinted. Sid flexed the muscles of his forearm.

"Have a breather, matie, then go back inside an' enjoy yerself."

The young man stared ahead, whistling the air in, nodded slightly. Jarvis lit another Camel, offered the packet, grinning, to the stricken youth, and without bothering for a response, flicked the pack shut and went inside, following the wide, lolling back of Sid, the bouncer. Davies' door was closed as he passed. As if trying to detect a response or sign from him, Ralph watched as he came in, following him past the bar. Jarvis ignored him, nodded to a few regulars who touched his arm as he passed, rich boys with their carefully trammelled hair, drunks who were just regular drinkers and had forgotten to listen, other musos who smiled deftly, whispering "Hi", only to snarl at his back, hating him for his job, his manner, his ease.

At the Wurlitzer, he put up the two ashtrays, one for the butts, the other for tips. If he smoked two a time all night, he wouldn't fill the ashtray as quickly as the money tray, and he was a heavy, quick smoker. Only a Wednesday night. Weekends, it was half the brackets, twice the money. He broke into Ramblin' On My Mind before he settled into the stool.

He tinkled a few shrill notes while Ralph put the chairs up on the tables. Someone outside was calling "You fucking bastard!" into the quiet night. A girl's voice.

"What's her worry?"

"Geez, Jarvis, you should know."

"I don't know anything," he said, covering his eyes, his ears, then his mouth with both hands, ash flicking down his front.

"Tell me, Ralph," he sighed, putting a foot up on the Wurlitzer as Ralph swept under.

"No," said Ralph, looking around towards Davies' door. "Later."

Jarvis chuckled.

"So?"

They were walking down James Street under the flash-bulb glare of neon that lit their faces like masks as they passed strip clubs, exclusive seafood places, the Salvoes. Ralph was silent. Drunks, black and white, vomited on the display windows of winebars, lingerie shops, delis.

"You know, Ralph, there's a lot of money tied up in this end of town, if you're willing to chase it."

"Depends what you want to do to get your money."

"It's just money."

Ralph turned on him.

"Look at this fucking place, willya?"

"Yeah?"

"Where's the money?" He swept his arm along the direction of the street. "Not here."

"It's around."

"Yeah, an' a couple of blokes 've got it. Everyone else goes bloody hungry."

"They don't try hard enough."

"Bullshit!" Ralph threw his smoke into the gutter. "They're the buggers that try hard for it. They get nothing."

"Davies didn't get his at the Salvoes."

They crossed the street to the disco night-club side where tight-jeaned youths bopped about outside the smoky, strobe-lit doorways.

"Do you know where he gets it from?"

"So he pimps a bit."

"Jarvis, they're kids he's peddling."

Jarvis dragged on his smoke.

"None of my business."

"Listen." He grabbed Jarvis by the arm.

Jarvis backed off and kept walking.

"It's more than that. If you can bloody believe it." He shook his head. Jarvis could tell he wasn't just angry. "Did you hear about that girl? That they were looking for — the cops — last week, or so."

"Who was she?" Jarvis was playing along.

"On the telly, I dunno, she was missing."

"Hmm."

"Them." He jabbed a thumb over his shoulder. "Davies' mob."

"What. . ."

"Jarvis. . ."

Jarvis backed off as Ralph went for his arm again.

"Jarvis, they snuffed her! They did it! God. . ."

"Fair go, Ralph, you can't just. . ."

"Getcha head outta the fucking clouds, mate. I've got kids, I know."

"What?"

"What it'd be like to lose yer daughter. She was only 13."

"Old enough to bleed, old enough to. . ."

"Shut up! Jus' shut up."

They stopped, Jarvis eyeing the hand on his shoulder.

"I've heard you say it, Ralph."

"Yes," Ralph looked at his feet, hating this bastard Jarvis for his smart coldness, wondering whether he'd touch a girl that young. As young as his own girls.

Walking again. Ralph convincing himself that Jarvis was the only chance he had. Ralph had seen the rooms, heard things at the doors, heard talk, as a barman does over the soggy paper coasters, from those who knew (perhaps), and those who speculated.

"They make movies and things."

"So does Harry Butler."

"Not this kind."

"See 'em everywhere."

"Not these, it's kids and. . . you don't know, Jarvis."

"Don't want to, either."

"Well," Ralph pulled his trembling fists from his trouser pockets. "I'm gonna tell the cops."

Jarvis swung a grin at him.

"Ralph, you're a bloody idiot."

"Well, what else can I do? I can't sleep at night knowing what goes on. I can't have that on my conscience."

"You sell booze to drunks all night," said Jarvis, smiling awfully. "Doesn't that offend you?"

"It's money."

"Now Ralph. . ."

"There're people getting hurt here. There's a kid dead on film — in feathers, they reckon, there're people gettin' shoved around."

"I'm gunna have to tell."

"True crusader."

Ralph was walking quickly now, head down, hands in his pockets, breathing quick.

"You don't care, do you?"

"Does it matter?"

"You saw that kid tonight, out the back. He's the door-girl's brother — tried to get her out. He must've got wind of what's upstairs. He doesn't want her playing lead role in a bloody snuff movie. There're people getting hurt here. There's a kid dead on film — in feathers, they reckon, there're people gettin' shoved around."

"This is good. What about New York, Chicago — even the bloody Cross? This is nothing."

Ralph stopped with his hands in his pockets.

"After tomorrow night, I'm gunna dob. I want you to watch them afterwards, see if they make any moves. They'll try for me, you know. I'll get protection."

"Yeah, sure, plenty."

"Here's my number if you hear anything. It's the least you can do."

Ralph took off down a side lane, head down and shaking as he strode into the darkness, still uncertain and ashamed of being pinned like he was when he mentioned tomorrow night. "After tomorrow night. . ." Tomorrow night was pay night. Maybe Jarvis is one of the bastards, after all, he thought. But he couldn't be. He was too sensitive, you could tell, the way he played that bloody old Wurlitzer. He must care. For a moment Ralph was sure.

Crossing at William Street and heading down Stirling, Jarvis had almost forgotten it. Almost. He smiled at himself in the shop windows. Ralph should've run a deli, or something, he thought. It's not the right business for him.

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The steamy rain was appearing on the roads again.

Legs stretched out, arms behind his head, Jarvis lay on his pulpy-mattressed bed with the curtains open watching the black rectangle that was the window. No music coursed through his head, he thought of nothing, barely acknowledging the solid black rectangle of early morning darkness. He could have thought of his wife, wherever she could be, but she hadn't been a focus of his thoughts for longer than he could remember.

He could have thought of children, but what were children? To him, not her. He preferred the thick blackness.

There were times when he would spend hours lying on a bed, this bed, even, with the curtains drawn and a candle lighting golden curves of buttocks and silken whorls of hair, drawing himself out of himself, those early mornings and late nights when he thought he would one day feel, feel the way the old — the real — bluesmen sang, how they oozed it in globes of moisture from their night-black skins, knotted the muscles in their cheeks and chests to howl words they knew much better than he had them memorised, each word pinching, biting, tearing the soft flesh inside, not unfolding like expensive linen into a rag of smoke, heads, hands — all acknowledging his importance in their week.

He had grown impatient with waiting for this "feeling" he had held only thinly in his mind, and other things drew him on, had drawn him far enough to no longer need such a vague, elusive sensation.

Beneath him, Jarvis felt the wad of notes pressing into his thigh, the wad he liked to have in his pocket as he lay fully-clothed until sleep might come, the wad that grew, week by week, and made it less easy for him to be claimed by the black rectangle that became sleep. In the past, Jarvis had counted and made plans for this money, but the urge had long since gone, and he gained satisfaction merely from the lumpish presence it was in his sleep. Before, the contentment came from knowing exactly how much was stuffed in the sock he left in the drawer when he played Power's at night, and how much he would bring back to add to it later. The satisfaction of simply being Jarvis to dumb kids who turned up to call

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HOW TO JOIN THE ESTABLISHMENT

you'll need more than an old school tie, but that's a good start

AUSTRALIA — the classless society where every man is equal. Perhaps so. But every country has its sacrosanct institutions, its centres of cultural influence. Establishment institutions (Harvard in America, the Communist Party in the USSR and the monarchy in Great Britain) not only shape their respective societies, they also help to determine their nation's destiny. Australia is no exception; we have an establishment, too. What follows is a brief but helpful guide to joining the Australian establishment.

First, a few definitions. In order to have an establishment, there must be members and non-members. Members are easy to spot, they're the ones having all the fun. They get to wear morning coats at the Melbourne Cup, call one another "Lady" and "Sir" and they can miss work without fear of getting sacked. Although not all establishment members are employed, they *do* have an important job. Their job is to maintain the

satire by steven schwartz

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

status quo. Non-members lead lives of unspeakable tedium. When they are not watching *Sale Of The Century,* they spend their hours grumbling about dialectical materialism.

Here are a few prerequisites for joining the establishment.

Go to a Private School. Although only 20 percent of Australians attend a private school, virtually all establishment members are privately educated. Malcolm Fraser, for example, has formed a government in which 80 percent of the ministers went to private schools. Four, including the Prime Minister himself, were educated at Oxford. So, too, was the Governor-General. Private schools and an Oxford education are not just trademarks of Liberal politicians. Bob Hawke has precisely the same educational background.

Now, there are private schools and then there are private schools. The "alternative" schools favored by academics and people who wear Indian-style shirts ("School for Non-Sexist Orientation and Training" or just plain SNOT) will definitely not get you into the establishment. If you want to turn up in the pages of *Who's Who In Australia,* then the Melbourne Church of England Grammar School, Geelong Grammar, The King's School, Scots College, Shore, Hale or Brisbane Grammar are the schools to aim for.

A good rule of thumb is: the more expensive the school, the better. If your family does not have money and you're not smart enough to win a scholarship, then you will need to enter the establishment the hard way (see **Get Rich**).

Get a Gong. Canada gave up the British honors system for its citizens in 1935, the US never had them, but here in Australia, honors are alive, well and multiplying. Government officials, company directors, doctors, politicians, welfare workers, judges, actors, cricketers, clergymen, academics, artists, even unionists — they're all knights, dames, companions, members and commanders. For more than 100 years, some have argued that the honors system is outdated, medieval and silly. In 1891, a writer for *The Bulletin* argued that being made a Companion of the Order of St Michael and St George was, "about the same as being brother to a quantity of stale fish".

I'm not sure what this means, but you have to admit it sounds vaguely derisory.

Never mind. A good honor will open doors to the establishment like nothing else. British Empire Medals go to typists in the parliamentary typing pool, chauffeurs and cooks. MBEs are a little better but what you really want is an OBE. To get one, you will have to do something that brings public notice.

Cricket has already been sewn up by Dennis Lillee, and Harry Butler has taken the outback gong, but don't despair. New technology will not go unnoticed. No one has yet been honored for service to microcomputers, video games or for building the biggest water slide. Need I say more?

Dress Right. Being an establishment member has its obvious compensations, but there is a price — you can't always wear what you like.

Off go your saffron robes, leather shirts, bandannas, beads, turtle-necks, Indian shirts, and designer jeans. No more parachute boots, yellow slickers, bush-ranger's macs or sandals. The establishment uniform is a suit.

Establishment suits have long pants and are not worn with knee socks. They are also custom made. Custom tailors specialise in correcting nature's mistakes. Your chest may be sunken, your belly may hang down to your knees and your thighs may resemble Ionic columns, but in your custom-made suit, you will feel and look like the establishment member you hope to become. In six weeks or so, a Saville Row tailor can whip up a muted grey striped suit with a waistcoat for about $1000. A New York tailor will cost about the same. In Hong Kong, Hsu Ta-chang (formerly of Shanghai) creates excellent quality suits for $500 to $700.

Although only 20 percent of Australians attend a private school, virtually all establishment members are privately educated.

Off-the-rack models can look quite good but they will never be mistaken for custom made.

There are certain dead give-aways — the snug fit of the pockets, the notch between the collar and the lapel, the way the stripes match exactly on the lapel, and most importantly, the buttons at the end of the sleeves. That's right. If you want to know whether a suit is custom-made, check out the buttons at the end of the sleeves. Are they real? I mean, do they have holes? Can you reach down and unbutton them? You will have to pay at least $500 for a suit with sleeves that actually button. If you haven't the money, see **Get Rich.**

Join a Club. "Ah," you say, "at least I have that one under control. I already belong to a club." Sorry, but the RSL and your local football club don't count. What we're after here are prestigious clubs. The kind that actually keep people out. Clubs that extend honorary membership to high court judges; clubs that serve as much Scotch, bourbon and mineral water as they do beer.

Drinking is an important part of club life. It's true that today's drinkers are not what they once were. One no longer finds members preparing for the day's rigors with a bottle or two of French champagne at 10. Nevertheless, a club is no place for a teetotaller.

The Athanaeum, Tattersalls, the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, the Brisbane Club and the Weld are all excellent addresses. Establishment members often belong to several clubs.

There is no limit beyond the one set by your liver and your bank account. Club membership takes money. If you haven't got any, read on.

Get Rich. It should be obvious that getting into the establishment requires good schooling, honors, the right clothes and the connections that come from belonging to an exclusive club. Now, here comes the good news.

None of these are that hard to come by — provided that you are rich. If you are already rich, you can stop reading here. If you're not rich and your prospects for marrying money are not too bright, don't give up. There may still be some hope.

There are very few ways to get rich quickly, fewer still that are strictly legal. Well, life wasn't meant to be easy; you'll just have to work at it. At least you can get plenty of help.

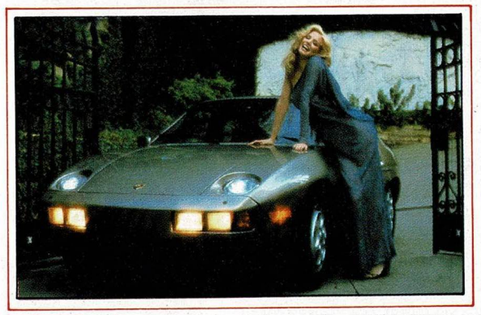
You can subscribe to the *McCabe Letter* for $120 a year (including three, no-cost, special reports). Then, just to be sure you haven't missed anything, you can subscribe to *Midas* for a three-month trial subscription for $33 (usual three-month rate is $60). Don't forget the *International Harry Schultz Letter* (the world's highest-paid investment adviser) at $258 a year. As you begin your climb to the top, you will, of course, read Howard Ruff's *How to Prosper During The Coming Bad Years* and Douglas Casey's *Crisis Investing.*

Harry Browne, Ayn Rand, James Dines — read them all.

Soon you will feel the expert advice taking hold. Your blood pressure will rise and fall with *Midas'* gold barometer. You will finally learn how to double your net worth frequently. Before long you will have colored gemstones in your bank vault, silver ingots in your wine cellar and enough powdered food to make it through a nuclear holocaust. You will be prepared to enter the establishment. That's where I come in. I represent a firm of custom tailors. For $750, we guarantee you straight stripes, notched lapels and sleeves that really unbutton. So the next time you're in soon-to-be-trendy Wagga Wagga, stop in at Perfidious and Son.

Please remember to tell them who sent you.

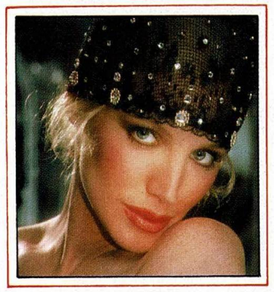
US Playmate of the Year



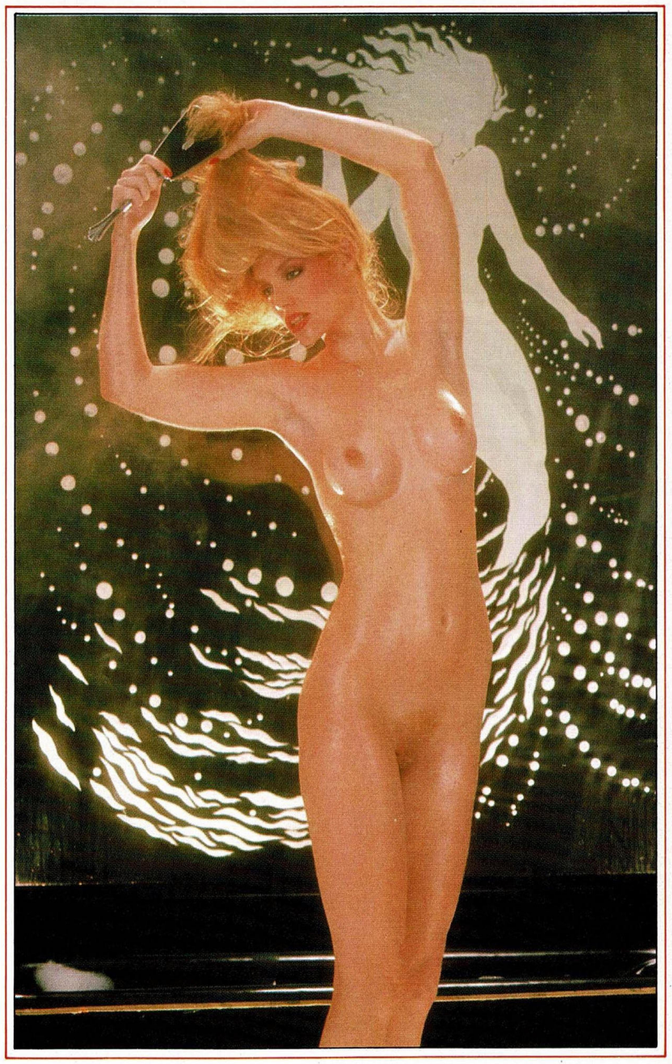
The 23rd US Playmate of the Year is Shannon Lee Tweed, a former top fashion model in Canada who now stars in The Playboy Channel, *a cable television show which is seen in more than 200,000 American homes. The tall (5'10"), beauty was thrilled with her prizes — a cheque for $100,000 and a Porsche 928 valued at $45,000. "It's a bigger happening than anything that's happened to anyone else I know," she says. "When I first applied to become a Playmate, I was turned down, but I persisted — and look at me now!"*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

"I think my Playmate of the Year pictorial is really me," says Shannon. "There are more graphic, artistic pictures than even PLAYBOY is known for. And the prizes! Well, $100,000 is a lot of money. I gave my mother $3000 right away, paid some bills and went shopping for clothes. I'm going to have to decide how best to invest the rest of it. The car is just magnificent. Who could ask for a better machine! I'm becoming the mobile terror of Sunset Boulevard!"



The 36-25-35 Playmate of the Year has just finished a small role in a TV movie — Drop-Out Father, *with Dick Van Dyke. "To tell the truth, it was boring," says Shannon. "There was so much standing around and so little spontaneity. I still want to act, but it's not something I'll go out pounding the pavement after any more. I just turned down the lead in a London film production of* Fanny Hill. *I'd much rather start out with a bit part in a comedy."*



THE REAL FRANK DE GROOT

ever wondered why they call sydney harbor bridge the big coat hanger? nor had we

IT WAS the evening of March 19, 1982 when I learned the true story of Captain Francis de Groot. The price of this revelation was the six pints of Guinness I shouted Daniel Patrick O'Leary in a haborside pub on the day the Sydney Harbor Bridge reached its 50th year. I have no reason to doubt Mr O'Leary's story — after all, he was the good captain's batman and faithful manservant for many years and he added weight to his tale by furnishing photographic evidence.

From a grubby and ancient wallet, amidst a clutch of browning newspaper clippings, O'Leary extracted a frayed and faded photograph. The print was very familiar — the classical profile shot of de Groot taken on that fateful day in 1932 when he upstaged NSW Premier Jack Lang at the opening of the Bridge. But there was something different about this shot. There was de Groot in military uniform, sitting bolt upright on the horse. Was it his upraised arm? No. It was the *sabre* he was clutching. Or rather, the sabre he *wasn't* clutching.

"What's happened to his sabre?" I asked the Irishman.

"Ah, *now* you see it, sir," he replied. "Y'see der never wuz no sabre. What Mr de Groot carried on dat day was a coat hanger!"

"A coat hanger?"

"Yes, a coat hanger."

And then and there Daniel Patrick O'Leary told me the story of the real Captain Francis de Groot and his famous ride into history.

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Francis (Frank) de Groot was born Donald Casey in Dublin in 1890 but changed his name following his adoption by Hugo de Groot, an eccentric Protestant businessman who had once employed Donald's mother as a chambermaid. The boy had been orphaned at eight when the effort of having her ninth child proved too much for Mrs Casey. Her husband Timothy extracted what little cash was left after the wake, and with the assistance of many pints of porter and a deep part of Kingston Harbor, joined his dear wife within the month.

When a bomb planted in the Easter uprising of 1916 reduced the de Groot business empire to a pile of rubble, Hugo took his adopted son into his confidence and disclosed a revolutionary plan to restore the family fortune. In his spare moments, Hugo had worked hard on a dramatic invention which was guaranteed to change the interior of every wardrobe and closet in the Christian world. It was the de Groot Double, a unique twin-framed coat hanger designed to keep pleats straight, prevent shoulder droop and preserve almost any article of dress in its original condition. Hugo revealed his invention to Frank when the young man was on leave from his Royal Fusiliers regiment fighting in France.

Frank immediately tried his military uniform on the de Groot Double and discovered the hanger was everything Hugo claimed it to be.

While Frank returned to France to drive the Hun back to Germany, Hugo set out on the highways and byways of the British Isles. Endowed with a twinkling eye and a fine singing voice, he had no trouble convincing wives and sweethearts that the de Groot Double was just what they needed to keep their men's uniforms in shape when the brave soldiers finally returned from the Great War. Hugo had adapted the words of his jingle to a popular military marching tune and his wondrous baritone voice became a familiar sound in the streets of wartime Britain.

So impressed were the Dublin city fathers with

nonsense by neil jameson

Hugo de Groot's invention and sales success, they engaged a prominent silversmith to strike an embossed replica version of the de Groot Double which they presented to the inventor on the steps of the city hall. It was an occasion of great pride and one which Frank was never to forget.

By war's end there was barely a household in Britain without a cluster of de Groot hangers supporting the family threads. It marked a tremendous achievement for de Groot but also posed a problem for the business. The hangers were so well constructed there were few repeat orders and with the market at saturation point, demand had almost expired. As de Groot wrestled with the dilemma, a solution came swaggering through the door in the shape of a proud Frank returning victorious from the war. His sojourn in France had presented him with the opportunity to rub shoulders with other members of the Commonwealth forces, and he assured Hugo the invention would receive a magnificent reception in these countries. And, of course, there was America!

Galvanised into action, the great man despatched members of his staff to Canada, India, South Africa, the United States and New Zealand with instructions to set up de Groot Double importing and sales offices. Frank, relieved of his commission and keen for new adventure, begged Hugo to appoint him as the Australian representative. After much persuading, the senior de Groot consented.

Frank was awarded control of Australian operations provided he took with him a faithful company servant to act as batman, companion and bodyguard. And that was how Daniel Patrick O'Leary, junior janitor at the de Groot building, was assigned to accompany Frank into history.

Declining health and the advance of years had not been kind to Hugo de Groot and the old man realised that Frank's departure for Australia meant he might never see his adopted son again. On the wharf, with the Liverpool boat whistling "all aboard", Hugo presented Frank with a black valise. Inside was the silver embossed de Groot Double the old man had received from the city fathers.

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Frank's forecast was absolutely right. The good citizens of Australia, imbued with the Empire spirit and aglow with the flush of victory, took to the de Groot Double as eagerly as their British cousins. From Bennelong to Bundaberg, Ballarat to Broome, they slung their bags of fruit and demob wares on de Groot Doubles. Frank followed his father's sales formula by tramping highroads, lowroads and dusty trails with a satchel of hangers on his back and a song on his lips. Unlike de Groot senior, who was a man of considerable height and girth, Frank was small and wiry with thinning hair. Instead of a beefy baritone's bellow, the best singing voice the young de Groot could muster was a quavering falsetto which, for reasons unknown, antagonised domestic dogs. In almost every hamlet Frank visited, the approach of his squeaky voice would set off a tremendous baying from the local dogs. Unless restrained, they would set upon him with much snarling and gnashing and only the timely intervention of the locals would save Frank from a real mauling.

Ironically, Frank saw the dog attacks as a blessing because they immediately made him the centre of attention and provided a group of onlookers who unwittingly were to become his customers. Such was his success with the dog routine that Frank deemed it an omen when he later learned of Gundagai's affection for a certain mutt perched on a tucker box. He sold double his quota of de Groot Doubles in that town.

The Australian bonanza was a microcosm of the de Groot British success and the trend was reinforced in every English-speaking country. When Hugo de Groot died in 1926, he left behind a fortune and the world's largest coat hanger business.

Frank was almost prepared to return to Dublin to administer to the de Groot empire, but as the only son and heir he took the bold step of re-establishing the business headquarters in Sydney. It was a dramatic move giving the company a few brief months to shore up against the onset of the Great Depression which had already gripped Europe and America. These were bitter times when the fires of law and disorder swept away the vestiges of free enterprise. In its place reared the ugly figure of Bolshevism, the Communist curse with anarchistic overtones reminiscent of Ireland's revolutionary troubles. To the singing coat hanger magnate, the threat to free enterprise and the loyalist British way was all too apparent. He remembered well the sight of his father's business levelled by a revolutionary bomb and he vowed to expel the curse from Australia's shores.

With the right evidence and his powerful business and media connections, Frank knew he could expose Lang and topple the Labor Government.

De Groot knew the Australian Labor Party was in fact the thin edge of the Communist wedge, and when Jack Lang's ALP mob came to power in NSW he realised the enemy had revealed himself. The consequences were all too apparent: civil disorder followed by a general clamp-down, nationalisation of banks and industry, seizure of the coat hanger business, no more singing on the highways and byways, the end of the de Groot Double. Oh, how he longed for the discipline and order of those days in France when any blighter who dared step out of line was either shot or sent home to face disgrace and possible imprisonment. Up with the barricades now. . . we'll give these curs a taste of the real stuff, he often mused.

But the war was long over and the hard times brought on by the Depression meant Frank had to journey further and sing louder to sell his hangers. The business crumbled to its knees as the public, unable to afford new clothes, scarcely had the money or need for coat hangers. Even the dogs seemed too hungry and morose to hound the wandering salesman.

Frank's despair gave way to loathing, a loathing which grew into a clear understanding of the Communist plot. They weren't merely out to crush free enterprise and the British way, they were intent on making an example of the Frank de Groots of the world. In time he believed Lang had focused the full weight of Bolshevism on crushing *him* and thereby seizing the de Groot share of the coat hanger market. All Frank needed was proof. With the right evidence and his powerful business and media connections, Frank knew he could expose Lang and topple the Labor Government.

Then, Lang committed the greatest political blunder of his career. By nominating himself, instead of Royalty, to officially open the Sydney Harbor Bridge, due for completion in March, 1932, Lang exposed the full sinister intent of his plan. It was as if a thunderbolt had struck de Groot. Why hadn't he realised earlier? The plan was too awesome, almost too devilish, but in a grudging way Frank had to admire Lang's imagination. The symbolism of the Bridge was the key to the plan: it was an exact giant-scale replica of the de Groot Double coat hanger! The Bridge represented the Lang Government's persecution of de Groot and Bolshevism's ultimate victory. Strategically, it opened the way to the industrial north where the working class hordes of the Hunter Valley coal mines and Newcastle industries were waiting to march on Sydney in the name of Communism. The Bridge was the key to the city and ultimately Canberra.

The numbing tide of realisation almost reduced de Groot to a state of shock. His incisive intellect and Lang's folly had revealed the full extent of the plan. But he was the only man who knew. Should he take it to the papers? No, they couldn't be trusted. What about his business acquaintances? No, they couldn't be relied on to take real action. De Groot knew Lang had deliberately purloined the coat hanger design for the bridge profile and used it as the key to his plot. It was up to Frank —no, Captain Francis de Groot of His Majesty's Royal Fusiliers — to put a stop to it. And, by the sweet teeth of Jesus — as that Catholic clod O'Leary would say — he would.

At the time there were men in Australia who shared Frank's misgivings about the decline in law and order and the rise of Bolshevism and they were prepared to do something about it. They formed a quasi-military force called the New Guard and, although none of the members had Frank's insight into the affair, they were prepared to take action to stem the Communist tide. The New Guard were all *decent* chaps and Captain Francis de Groot added his name to their numbers. Frank knew the time would come to take action and he was prepared to lead by example.

Most decent chaps were appalled by Lang's decision to open the bridge himself. Australia's greatest structure and symbol of the nation should have been opened by Royalty, not that working class ruffian Jack Lang.

It was amidst this sentiment that Frank de Groot and loyal New Guard chaps hatched a daring plan. Their objective was to open the Bridge before Lang. Frank de Groot immediately volunteered for the mission. With the opening date set for March 19, 1932 he had to be quick and secretive for fear his plan would be revealed to Lang's police.

It was de Groot's original plan to dress as a knight, symbolic of all things just and noble, and in full armor charge through Lang's entourage and ceremonial ribbon. With the help of an heraldic buff, he acquired a full suit of armor and had the shield adorned with the de Groot coat of arms: a rampant coat hanger.

De Groot designed a pulley system with which to hoist himself upon his charger and in the first week of March he set about practising, using a wooden fence instead of a horse. O'Leary was made to climb to the upper floor of a nearby building and fill a barrel with bricks. With the barrel acting as a counterweight, he would utilise the pulley system to hoist de Groot clear of the ground and on to the "horse". Unhappily, O'Leary placed too many bricks in the barrel resulting in the Captain being wrenched suddenly off his feet to the top of the pulley where he jammed his fingers. The barrel plummeted to the ground, bursting its bottom and discharging the bricks. Relieved of its load, the barrel was suddenly much the lighter of the two weights and it flew to the top of the building in response to Frank's awesome plunge. Obviously disoriented by the impact, Frank unwittingly released his hold on the rope causing the barrel to fall, striking him on the head. With the suit of iron in near ruin, de Groot grudgingly decided to abandon the knight-in-armor idea.

He finally decided to wear his regimental uniform, reasoning that it promoted the required symbolism of old-fashioned values and would offer a measure of disguise to permit him to execute the opening. But first he had to procure a horse. Contrary to the popular belief that de Groot had trouble in finding a suitable horse, he in fact had plenty of mounts of fine bearing and noble breeding from which to choose. However, Frank ignored them all in favor of a runtish former race horse with a character true to the de Groot heart. Hipshot, a 14-year-old chestnut of suspect bloodlines, had raced only once when, 10 years earlier, it had won a picnic race at Camden. During the sashing ceremony it had bitten the rump of a socialist politician's wife and had kicked a prominent trade unionist in the groin. Hipshot was certainly the horse for de Groot.

The fact that the horse was mad and had hardly been ridden since almost killing a knackery worker sent to collect it, did not dissuade the dashing captain. A brave co-conspirator arranged for Hipshot to be stabled at a secret city location so that all would be in readiness for de Groot's last ride.

With that task complete, de Groot set about the preparations for his personal revenge on the Socialists. He would blow up the bridge. A daring raid on a Blue Mountains excavation site yielded enough explosives to destroy the bridge (and Circular Quay with it if he desired). Using his last reserve of funds, Frank bribed a bridge worker to show O'Leary the ideal places where explosive charges would cause the most damage. In the dead of night on March 18, O'Leary crept past the security men and placed his charges on the bridge.

Frank de Groot set about the preparations for his personal revenge on the Socialists. He would blow up the Sydney Harbor Bridge.

Captain Francis de Groot rose early next morning and while shaving in front of the mirror hummed the complete repertoire of de Groot Double coat hanger jingles. He dressed carefully, ignoring the fact that the regimental jacket he had borrowed when his own was found too full of moth holes was at least two sizes too big. He admired himself in the mirror and thrilled again at the sight of the uniform. How *right* it looked, he thought. In reality he looked like one of the sacks of potatoes he had often watched the workers barrow past his home in Dublin.

Nearby in the stables, O'Leary was gingerly attempting to groom and saddle Hipshot, a dangerous task under any circumstances. At last Daniel succeeded in securing a saddle and bridle on the rogue before a hefty kick to the ribs signalled Hipshot had had enough. O'Leary's final task was to lead the horse from the stable to the yard where he would leg his master on to its back and into the limelight.

In the nearest state possible to a religious trance, de Groot reached into his bureau and extracted the black valise his father had presented on the wharf all those years ago. Opening the case, he removed the silver coat hanger and tucked it through a frog attached to his belt. This was his sabre, his Excalibur! He stood at attention before the mirror and saluted. Longest way up, shortest way down. Then, with purpose in his step, he marched from the room.

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The rest is history. O'Leary forgot to connect the circuit from the explosives to the ceremonial ribbon, and although the bold Captain achieved his objective, the Bridge still survives to drive Sydney commuters mad. Lang's propaganda took care of the press coverage. All photos and news film of the Captain's glorious deed were altered by a team of artists who worked through the night obliterating all reference to the coat hanger and replacing it with the outline of a sword. It was one of the most secretive and complete propaganda exercises of all time.

After a government doctor had declared him sane, Frank de Groot was afforded a show trial and fined nine pounds, a penalty he saw as Lang's way of belittling the deed. De Groot had fully expected the noose and as he stood proudly in the dock awaiting his sentencing, those close at hand could hear him softly but emphatically humming those glorious tunes of old. De Groot returned quietly to Ireland where he died at the age of 79. However, his role in Australian history will never be forgotten because it was he who dubbed the Sydney Harbor Bridge, symbol of an emerging nation, the Big Coat Hanger.

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O'Leary's pint glass was empty and as I stirred I noticed he'd drifted off to sleep. From his hand had fallen the photograph of the captain with his coat hanger raised aloft. I studied it for a moment and thought about keeping it.

Finally, I slipped it back in Dan's wallet and placed it in his pocket. He needed it more than me and there would be other St Patrick's Days and other Bridge anniversaries when it would be worth a few pints of Guinness to recount the tale of the real Captain Francis de Groot.

As for the millions of de Groot Doubles hanging in wardrobes all over the world, they fulfilled a far greater role for His Majesty and the Empire than even de Groot could have envisaged. During the Commonwealth's drive to recycle as much waste metal as possible to help the military effort during World War II, it was discovered the de Groot Double was peculiarly rich in a high strength metal used in the manufacture of armor plate. The hangers were in such demand by the military industrialists that by 1945 they had vanished from existence.

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

THE MASOCHISTS' MARATHON

until you've run a hundred miles in the heat of the high sierras, you can't comprehend what it does to you

THE MURKY High Sierra dawn was lightening to pigeon grey as the army of runners pressed intently toward the top of the first climb. Like most of the others, Doug Latimer was silent, listening to footfalls and labored breathing as he measured his strides on the steep dirt road. This year it would be different, he assured himself. When the grade steepened he fell to a brisk walk; less cautious runners streamed past on either side. Latimer clenched his teeth, fighting the compulsion to move faster. He was determined to restrain himself this time, a strategy born of the pain and futility he had endured in this race the previous two years. When the course abandoned the road and the pitch became steeper still, he began pausing every two or three strides to rest his legs. At 8000 feet, oxygen has a hard time making its way to muscles, a deficiency that takes a cumulative toll. Only a fool will push it these first five miles, with another 95 beckoning.

How could the race have gone so wrong the year before? Latimer had turned it over in his mind a hundred-thousand times. When you pour that much of yourself into something, you can't afford to fail. "I've never worked as hard for anything like this or had this kind of obsession," he admitted the day before that 1980 ordeal. "And that's a little scary, because if it doesn't go well. . . I *think* I can deal with it, but I'm not sure."

Latimer had left himself open to an emotional

article by lee green

plummet. But if you don't take chances. . . What was it he said? His worst psychological defeat? Yes, that was it exactly. *The worst psychological defeat or trauma that I've had in my entire life.*

The more he thought about that race the more it depressed him, because as the truth became clear he felt stupid. He had violated his own precepts, running too hard early, not drinking enough along the way. So utterly ravaged were his lean, freckled legs as he lay on the front seat of his brother's pickup — out there on Highway 49 near No Hands Bridge — that Jim Santy had to hold them outstretched by the ankles so Latimer's quadriceps wouldn't clench. And every time Santy accidentally moved them a hair's breadth, Latimer would go absolutely nuts, writhing and screaming. At the motel that night it took Santy an hour and 20 minutes to hand-feed Latimer a steak in bed.

Jesus. How could such severe bodily harm be self-inflicted?

"Until you've run 100 miles in this kind of country," Latimer said, "you can't comprehend what it does to you." Of course, most of us, even if we are functioning just barely inside sanity's out-of-bounds markers, are never going to run 100 miles in that kind of country. Or any *other* kind of country, for that matter.

The object of the Western States Endurance Run, also known as the Western States 100, is to run westward across the Sierra Nevada Mountains from 1960 Winter Olympics site Squaw Valley, California, — near Lake Tahoe — to the foothill province of Auburn, once a prosperous mining town, now a three-off-ramp community of eight or 10 thousand perched alongside Interstate 80 between San Francisco and Reno. One hundred miles, predominantly on historical Indian and mining trails and logging roads in the Tahoe and El Dorado National Forests much of it so remote it is accessible only by foot, horse or helicopter, with elevations varying from a timberless 8750 feet atop Emigrant Pass near the start, to 570 feet at an antiquated train trestle called No Hands Bridge near the finish. Temperatures vary from as low as the 30s in the high country to more than 100 in the lower canyon bellies. It is a route that, when graphed, looks like a seismograph's representation of heavy aftershocks. There are 17,040 feet of altitude gain, 21,970 feet of altitude loss. In a bad year there might be 20 or 30 miles of snow in the upper reaches. Even under the best conditions, the footing is treacherous in some tortuous stretches where boulders, roots, ruts and loose rocks abound. The bears and rattlesnakes are the least of it.

The first four and a half miles comprise a gruelling climb of 2550 feet, beginning at an elevation of well over a mile. There are two rugged canyons between the 49th and 60th miles, back-to-back. At mile 79 there is a river to ford. Most runners don't reach it until well after nightfall when they have been grinding along for maybe 18, 20, 22 hours.

A lot can go wrong out there. When the human body is so severely traumatised, hundreds of biological complications occur. Significant maladies aggrieving runners each year include heat exhaustion, hypothermia, hypoglycemia, dehydration and acute fatigue, any one or combination of which can cause disorientation or hallucination. As a precaution, entrants are permitted to have "pacers" accompany them the final 40 miles. Each runner is required to wear a plastic hospital wristband bearing his or her name, blood pressure, resting pulse, weight and allergies, an adornment that gives the field the appearance of a roving horde of escaped in-patients. As Dr Gilbert Lang of the race's medical staff says casually: "The most serious risk you take is death." The ultimate finish line.

Some run just to see if they can make it. Most run to see if they can make it in a single day's time and win the coveted Hermes silver belt buckle. And a few run to win.

Significant maladies aggrieving runners each year include heat exhaustion, hypothermia, hypoglycemia, dehydration and acute fatigue.

Doug Latimer, a 43-year-old publisher, husband and father, runs to win. He runs to win with an obsession.

"When he talks about the race," says Latimer's 38-year-old brother, John, who cherishes his annual role as Doug's support-crew chief, "it's THE RACE in capital letters with flames coming out the back."

Doug Latimer had convinced himself that winning wasn't his top priority for the 1981 race, but he hadn't convinced anyone else. "I'm not going up there to win," he would say nonchalantly. "I just want to enjoy myself and finish the race within 24 hours."

"I laugh in his face when he says things like that," scoffs brother John. "He's never approached anything half-heartedly in his life. He *always* goes out to win."

After Latimer's wrenching loss in 1979, when Mike Catlin overtook him at mile 94 after Latimer had led for more than 11 hours, and after the devastating defeat the next year when Catlin, Catlin *again!*, waltzed past a crippled and prostrate Latimer at mile 82 after Latimer had led for 30 miles; after those bitter, festering defeats, Latimer couldn't dredge up winning as an avowal again. Not this time. The emotional stake was too high.

Latimer is a lean man, just under six feet, with a clean-shaven, freckled face and neatly trimmed ruddy hair. His leanness is accentuated by his erect posture, his countenance rescued from terminal boyishness by metal-framed glasses and an astute, gracious bearing derived from the cosmopolitan upbringing that comes of being the son of a Foreign Service diplomat. From Deerfield Academy to Princeton to the publishing world. By the time he was 30 he was a vice president of Harper and Row and the youngest-ever member of the company's board of directors. Now he lives on the San Francisco peninsula with his wife, Karen, and their three young children and publishes a national magazine — *Women's Sports* — and a provincial entertainment guide called *Discover*.

The main thing, though, is the race. Latimer awoke the morning after his traumatic loss in 1979 obsessed with winning in 1980. Not a day passed that he didn't dwell on it. A Royal Wedding could not be planned more meticulously than Latimer planned for that race. He carefully logged his work-outs and monitored his fluctuating weight loss under varying weather conditions, calculating how much he needed to drink at a given temperature over a given distance. He timed how long it took to urinate ("30 seconds to a minute") and then perfected the art of having a piss while moving.

The time commitment was phenomenal. Latimer averaged 145 miles of running per week during peak training. On four occasions he made the eight-hour round-trip drive from his home to the Western States trail for work-outs. He logged 14 training runs of 40 miles or more, including a 67-miler lasting nine and a half hours and a 74-miler that took 11 hours.

"I could put up with the time," said Karen Latimer, "but his mind was somewhere else. He was constantly preoccupied with the race."

When the big day arrived, Latimer went out with his spring wound too tight and ran himself into the ground. He wasn't about to make himself vulnerable to a let-down like *that* again. Not this time. Yet the thought of winning kept lurking in the recesses of his mind the way the thought of escaping lurks in the mind of a lifer.

●

Running easily, almost gliding, feral instincts aroused, Latimer descended the sylvan trail into El Dorado Canyon. Mile 55 and leading, just like the past two years. Suddenly he grasped the reality. He was leading and they — Howard, Catlin, McDermott — were chasing. Predators and prey. My God, he thought, it's all going to happen again. Two paroxysmal sobs escaped, tears welling, a visage of self-pity.

Jim Howard, on a roll of victories including the tough American River 50-miler in April, was about a minute behind, running second. Howard is a 27-year-old part-time physical education instructor at Sacramento State, a diffident young man

"What is the perversion du jour?"

who is quietly into Born Againism. His red beard, pale blue eyes and aquiline nose are often the first to appear at finish line, though this race has confounded him for three straight years. And Howard is probably the most talented runner on the course.

Buffalo Bill McDermott, 29, was holding third, a minute behind Howard. He had achieved that position after starting dead last in the 251-runner field due to an ill-timed, hasty retreat to a bathroom at Squaw Valley Lodge, a contretemps magnified when he slipped off an embankment and landed on his arse before he could take his first step across the starting line.

Mike Catlin, 29, was fifth, 10 minutes behind McDermott and 12 minutes off Latimer's pace. Though he had been victorious the past two years, it was never Catlin's style to lead at this juncture.

Latimer recovered quickly from his emotional purge as he plunged into El Dorado Canyon. No one runs the downhills like Latimer, graceful as a deer, his stride smooth and ethereal. He had caught all three of them — Howard, Catlin and McDermott — in the previous canyon. When he came upon Howard he found him planted in the middle of the trail taking a leak. Howard politely moved aside when he saw Latimer approaching.

To Latimer's amazement, Catlin was just around the next switchback. "Hey, Mike." Latimer called as he closed the gap. "How's it going?"

Catlin wasn't interested in divulging his problems — nausea, diarrhoea, kidney complications — so he contrived a dissembled response. "I don't know," he said. "I'm just running along. I can't figure out what to do."

Passing, Latimer said wryly: "I've got to run these downhills fast or I won't destroy my quads before the end of the race. And it wouldn't be a typical Western States if I didn't do that."

At the next switchback, Latimer passed Jim Pellon, a 30-year-old structural engineer from Mission Hills, California, who was as surprised as anyone that he had led earlier and even now was running near the front. A few minutes later, as Latimer started climbing the verdant canyon's far side at mile 50, he spotted the leader McDermott. He caught him quickly.

"How's it going, Bill?"

"Gosh," McDermott said softly, "this canyon always gets me. It's just so *hot* down here! The sweat's just drippin' off me!"

"Well, it's running off me, too," Latimer consoled.

McDermott had no sooner been passed by Latimer than Howard passed him too. Let them go, McDermott told himself. I'd be a fool to chase two guys known for going out too fast and blowing up. As McDermott contemplated that wisdom he was almost at the exact spot where Howard had collapsed in 1978 after leading the race at a feckless pace. After resting in a stupor for some three hours, Howard had managed to tough out the final 40 miles and finish sixth, but in both 1979 and 1980 he had run himself into nauseous debilitation and had dropped out. This time he was determined to do things differently.

Earlier, Latimer and Howard had been running together on Red Star Ridge, with its panoramas of pristine, forested watershed. Nearly 20 miles into the race and well behind the leaders, both runners were using every form of discipline they knew to throttle themselves, kindred spirits hoping to atone for their previous transgressions on a course that demands deference. "You can't just expect the course to be subservient," Latimer once remarked. "It's bigger than you are. You have to respect it and adapt to it."

But the calm of rationality that reigns before the run doesn't always prevail when you're actually out there, strung out on adrenalin and endorphins and feeling like a world-beater.

"Jim, do you think we're hanging too far back?" Latimer had asked apprehensively. "Maybe we'll never even come close to the leaders — they're getting so far ahead."

"No, we're doing just the right thing," Howard said confidently. "This is perfect strategy. We're going to be fresh — they're going to tire. We'll let them run themselves out."

The pair ran in silence for a minute or two. Then it was Howard who had doubts.

"Doug?"

"Yeah?"

"Do you think we're hanging too far back? Think we're letting them get away from us?"

"No, Jim, this is perfect strategy," Latimer replied. "They're burning themselves up. We'll catch them at the end."

Two and a half hours later, after traversing densely timbered and shadowed Duncan Canyon and arriving at the meadowy 32-mile checkpoint called Robinson Flat, they learned they were only five minutes behind the front-runners. Howard grinned broadly and slapped Latimer on the back. "We're in it, man!"

Now, having overtaken McDermott in the 58th mile, Latimer and Howard were running one-two. The field of ectomorphic marvels was strung out for miles. It was obvious the soaring temperatures that had been forecast had materialised. As three o'clock neared and the race approached the 10-hour mark, the canyons were absolute kilns, baking at over 102 in the shade, stagnant. It would get hotter still for another two hours. Runners were stalled in various of the course's first nine of 20 checkpoints getting treated by their support crews or the race's volunteer medical staff for blisters, bruises, sprains, cramps, abrasions, fractures and heat afflictions.

In general, though, this field was the best prepared ever. Fully 161 entrants had run the race before, most in 1980. Only 19 would withdraw before reaching the halfway mark; 146 would finish, 82 within 24 hours.

The first to scratch was John Lemke, 40, a northern Californian who had suffered the indignity two nights before of spraining his ankle while making a nocturnal trip to the toilet and tripping over his carelessly strewn running shoes. Lemke made it four miles up the opening ascent before turning back to Squaw Valley.

Conventional curiosity leads expeditiously to the question of why anyone would submit to this self-flagellation in the first place. To most outsiders, the rationale is utterly elusive. The runners themselves find the rewards ineffable. "I just enjoy it immensely," says one. "It's strictly self-satisfaction," offers another. Larry King, husband of Billie Jean and three-time participant in the Western States race, echoes the feelings of many of the runners in his assessment of the experience: "It is the single most memorable thing I've ever done for myself."

Even those who have not run the race but have witnessed it are seemingly awed. Gilbert Lang, a doctor who has seen two Olympiads and numerous world-record performances, including Jim Ryan's first mile record and Bob Beamon's 29-foot long jump, says the Western States Endurance Run is "the most amazing and inspirational" athletic event he has ever seen.

The 1981 runners, ranging in age from 21 to 65, hailed from 28 American States plus the Netherlands, New Zealand, Israel, Canada and Peru. They convened at Squaw Valley's Olympic House on a Friday in June, the day before the race, for the traditional orientation.

"If you die out there or get lost," warned run President Curt Sproul with mock solemnity, "I don't care what your excuse is — you don't get a belt buckle." This elicited a big laugh, so Sproul played it for more. "If you don't finish, it'll help our financial statement." Another big laugh. Sproul then turned serious and apologetically explained that someone had surreptitiously removed some of the yellow ribbons of surveyors' tape that serve as trail waymarks.

The spectre of getting lost hangs thick at this event. Invariably some runners become disoriented, especially in the wee hours of the morning — the *second* morning — when they're stumbling along in the dark, powers of rationality diminished by fatigue, orienteering with a prayer and a dimming flashlight and a pacer who doesn't know where the hell he is, either. Complicating matters is the ubiquity of misleading yellow ribbons belonging to surveyors and loggers in the area. "You've got to look for the *new* yellow ribbons," advised one veteran.

A lottery entry procedure has been implemented to enforce the quota and prevent the race from becoming a tree-levelling stampede.

In 1980, Buffalo Bill McDermott was in third place and running strongly at about the 85-mile mark when he missed a yellow ribbon indicating a turn and ended up rooting around the scrub oak and manzanita at nightfall for an hour or two without ever finding his way again. Eventually he flushed on to a paved highway and hitched a ride to the finish.

Hoary and wizened Wendell T. Robie, the 86-year-old race patriarch, invariably has a few carefully considered words for the entrants at the orientation. He decided to allay apprehensions. "We've never lost anyone out there more than one or two days," he bellowed.

Robie is one of Auburn's most enduring landmarks — a wealthy banker, landowner and patrician. Twenty-seven years ago he got it in his head to ride a horse 100 miles from Squaw Valley to Auburn within a single day's time — this at age 60 — to prove to friends that central California horses were still as durable as when they were bred for the Pony Express. His feat inspired the Tevis Cup ride, an annual endurance test for horses and riders which follows virtually the same 100-mile route Robie travelled in 1955. The Western States Endurance Run is a Tevis ride spin-off.

It was in 1974 that Gordy Ainsleigh, then 27, distinguished himself by participating in the Tevis Cup ride without the full complement of accoutrements normally associated with the event. He had, for instance, no horse. Ainsleigh is a tall, blond, bearded, karate brownbelt whose physical presence commands attention. It is his manner, though, a luring affability, that ingratiates him. He inspires confidence. Once, during a 50-mile endurance horse ride, he convinced a flagging, sodium-depleted female rider that her salvation lay in the licking of salty sweat stains from her horse's hindquarters. Clearly, any man who can persuade a woman to lick a horse's arse is unique.

People go through life yearning to make a difference, to start something, end something, leave some mark, or at least score a perfect 20 on a *Reader's Digest* word-power quiz. Ainsleigh had no such aims when he ran the Tevis. The adventure was purely a lark. Yet, in finishing the course in 23 hours and 42 minutes — a performance superior to those of many of the horses — he unwittingly propagated the annual frenzy that has burgeoned into the *ne plus ultra* of endurance trail races in America.

Invention being the mother of emulation, 27-year-old California rancher Ron Kelley ran with the Tevis horses the following year. He made it to within four miles of the finish before running out of reasons for continuing. The event might have died then and there but for an affable, if bizarre, construction worker known and in fact listed in the Tahoe City, California, telephone directory as "Cowman".

Cowman, 37, is a large, full-bearded, perennially dishevelled individual with a proclivity for emitting strange howling sounds without warning. He also enjoys competing in endurance events wearing his patented, furred, cow-horned helmet. In 1976 he ran in the Tevis and completed it in just over 24 hours. The race committee decided to sanction the run as an event in its own right; in 1978 it began conducting the ride and the run separately.

And now they've got a hit on their hands, with aspirants greatly exceeding the number of runners — 250 or so — they feel the trail can reasonably accommodate. A lottery entry procedure has been implemented to enforce the quota and prevent the race from becoming a tree-levelling stampede.

Already there are imitators, 100-mile trail races having bloomed in Virginia, Utah and Nevada. Three similar events have emerged in run-crazed California. But the Western States 100 Hermes belt buckle is the pre-eminent cachet for the swelling ranks of fitness addicts perpetually in search of a crucible. If you want to test your endurance, it is said, compete in Hawaii's Ironman Triathlon. If you want to go beyond endurance and have a glimpse at your soul, try the Western States 100. Says Ainsleigh, who has completed the Western

(continued on page 128)

LOCAL GUT-BUSTERS

THE ULTRA-MARATHON event is comparatively new to Australia but there is an annual circuit which is attracting more entrants each year. Whereas the accepted perimeter of competitive running once stopped at the Olympic marathon distance (42 km), there are now no hard guidelines governing the distance of "ultras". Running is pushing hard at the frontiers of human endurance and when jog comes to flog, the best runners are going longer and faster than ever: like Joe Record of WA who recently returned from Nottingham, UK where he finished second in a six-day event. Record covered more than 600 kilometres while the winner topped 800 kilometres.

If you can afford the outlay on running shoes, and are keen to graduate from the mere marathon league, you might try these events on the Australasian ultra calendar:

Sydney to Wollongong (80 kilometres). Currently regarded as the premier event on the local ultra circuit, this run is in its eighth year. The route is reversed on an alternating basis so that in the odd year the field runs from Wollongong to Sydney. Tom Gillis, a three-times winner of the event, says the Sydney departure offers the most gruelling route because of the steep, shin-shattering descent from Mount Ousley to Wollongong. That insight leaves the conclusion that these guys prefer running up, rather than down, the slopes. The run, which follows the Princes Highway, is held in early October and this year is expected to attract more than 70 entrants. The hot-shots do it in under six hours.

La Trobe University 150-miler (240km). This one is a track event within the Melbourne uni's campus. Organised by prominent ultra fans Peter Logan and Bill Luke, the La Trobe event has no set date but is usually well patronised by the regular ultra runners. Like most events on the circuit, date and entry particulars are given notice in *Australian Runner* magazine.

Barton Park, Parramatta (50km). Organised by the Parramatta Athletic Club, the Barton Park event is held in the first week of March. It's another track event in which competitors are set the task of covering 100 laps of a 500-metre circuit.

Manly 100-miler (160km). This has become a popular run with the track specialists who appreciate flat going and left-handed curves. Originally held near Penrith, west of Sydney, it recently transferred to Manly Oval. It is held in early April, being timed, like most ultra events, to avoid temperature extremes.

Adelaide to Victor Harbor (about 100km). This is South Australia's top gut-buster and is regarded nationally as one of the best ultras of them all. It takes competitors through some of Adelaide's hills on the way to the resort town. Check *Australian Runner* for dates and entry procedures.

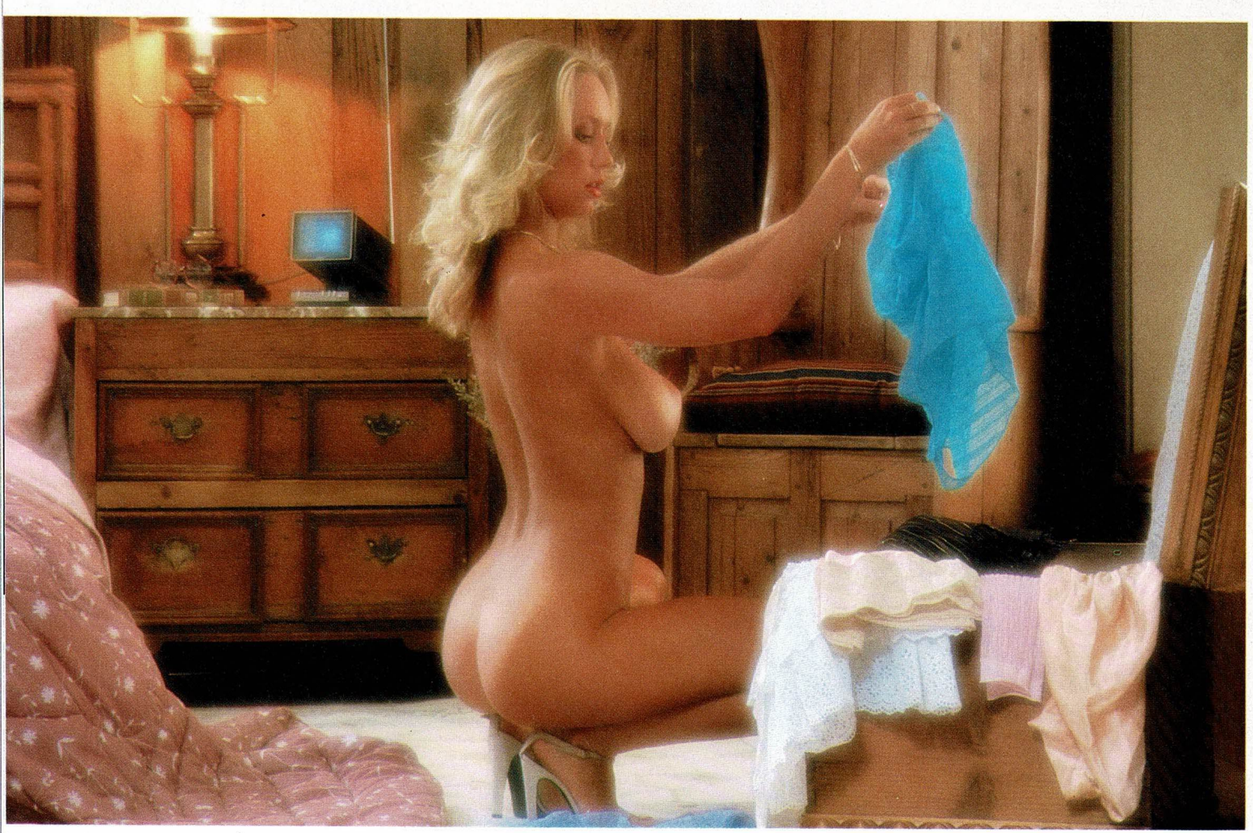
Portland to Westernport (Victoria) relay. Ten sailors from HMAS *Torrens* showed last year how this 300km relay can be covered in quick time. This teams-event is perfect for the club or crew with no great stars but a solid core of hard competitors who can go the distance. Ten to a team is the formula but there are no limits on how far each member must run.

Christchurch (New Zealand) ultra marathons. Distance running is almost a religion in New Zealand and many of the Aussie ultra stars cross the Tasman to compete in Christchurch, capital of NZ ultra events. The two classics are held in autumn and spring, with the Christchurch 50km event in the first week of April and a 100km run in late August. The Christchurch 100km run is one of the most competitive endurance events in the world, and with sections like a 10km climb followed by a 10km incline topped off by kilometre after kilometre of undulating road, it has conquered plenty of distance stars. The very best might finish in 7 hours 20 minutes with some of the "also rans" making it home on the second day.

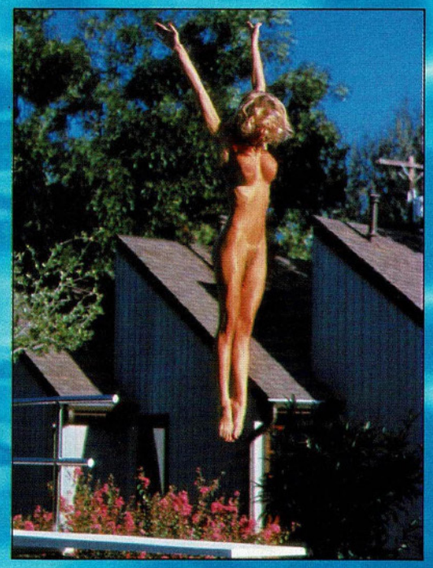
THE BODY PERFECT

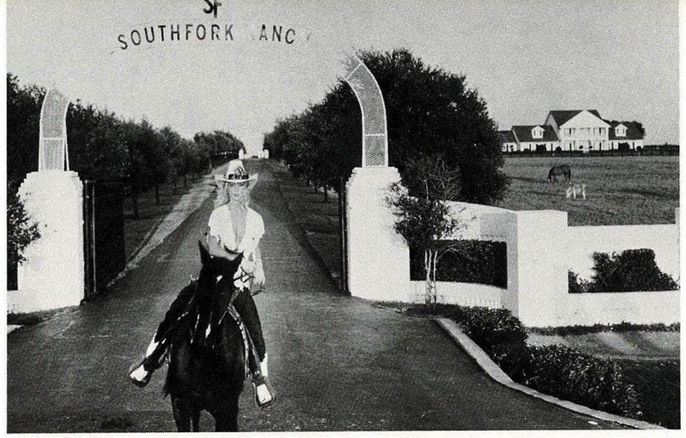
"I've always been lucky," says Playmate of the Month Kym Malin, "but luck is preparation and opportunity put together." As a result of winning a "perfect body" contest, Kym now has a budding television career, but she insists that she won't sell out to those who offer short cuts to stardom.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR



At 19, Miss July is a very determined young lady. "When bad things happen, I just keep my mind straight and think, I know what I want and I'm going after it. I put on blinkers to all the stuff outside me and keep plowing. Even if I'm not sure what I want, I follow my instincts. If I do what I feel is right, then good things will happen. My instincts have proven to be good."

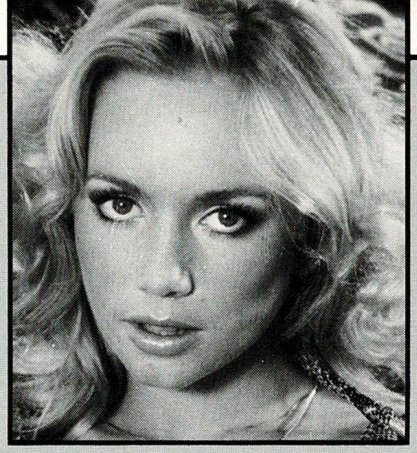




Keeping her 36-20-34 figure in shape is not difficult for Kym. Between television engagements she does gymnastics, dances with a professional troupe at a disco and rides horses. And she takes acting lessons. "Eventually, I want to be in films," she says. "I've acted all my life. Life is a game, and you've got to learn how to play it."

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Kym Malin

BUST: 36 WAIST: 20 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 105 SIGN: Leo

BIRTH DATE: 31/7/62 BIRTHPLACE: Dallas, Texas

AMBITIONS: To be more in touch & in control of myself emotionally & mentally; to retire at 30.

TURN-ONS: Being naked on a fur in front of a fireplace, with a good bottle of wine and my favorite man.

TURN-OFFS: Jealousy, overpossessiveness, people with no patience, closed-minded people.

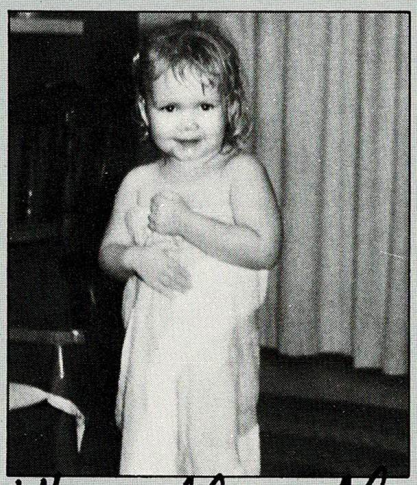
FAVORITE BOOKS: The Other Side of Midnight, Notes to Myself, Psycho-Cybernetics, Rage of Angels.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Goldie Hawn, The Eagles, Loverboy, "The Boss" Billy Squier, Linda Ronstadt, E.L.&P.

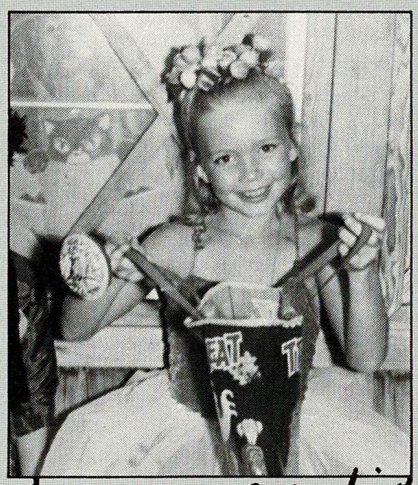
FAVORITE SPORTS: Life; Everything I do is a sport.

IDEAL MAN: Sean Connery's Earth, Dudley Moore's Hilarity, Miles O'Keeffe's sensuality, Robert Plant's Hair - I call that gusto!

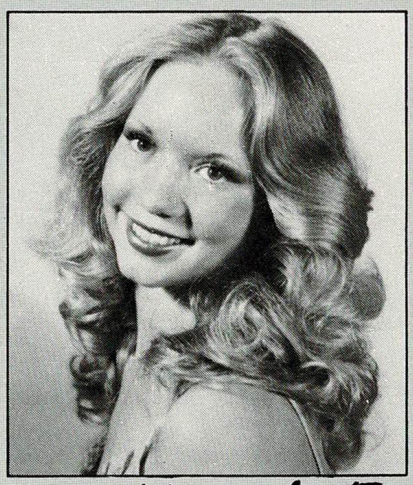
SECRET FANTASY: In the words of Eddie Money, "Wanna Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star!"



It's a cold world when you're two



Turning my first trick-or-treat



semisweet 17

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

My husband and I had a wonderful time camping down by the lake last night," smiled the young lady.

"But I thought you disliked the outdoors, Julie," commented her listener.

"Normally I do," replied Julie. "However, Greg promised me all the comforts of home."

"And did he keep his promise?"

"He certainly did. . . three times!"

Which would you prefer, my dear," the lecherous monarch asked the lovely young maid he had summoned to his bedchamber, "a royal shafting or a crowned head?"

In a lewd diplomatic community,
A charge claimed he screwed with impunity;
But he soon had a shock
From his embassy's doc,
Since he lacked diplomatic immunity.

Information from a dubious source is that a new gay club in the Italian quarter of a large American city calls itself Innuendo.

But if I do perform oral sex on you," the young woman whispered as she nervously eyed the proffered organ in the parked car, "won't you lose all respect for me?"

"Absolutely not," the young man assured her, "provided you're any good at it."

An Indian squaw was elated
To think that she soon would be mated!
She was asked how she knew
That her brave's love was true.
Cried the maiden, "The buck is inflated!"

Give me examples, Richard," instructed the teacher, "of the differences in use of the adjective good and the adverb well."

"I can do that in the same sentence, Miss Jones," responded the brash teenager. "How about 'It did me good last night when my girlfriend did me well'? "

It happened a few years ago. As the train began to move at the suburban station, a male passenger yanked up the window to shout to another man who was seeing him off: "Thanks for a wonderful weekend, Bill. Your wife's a great lay — a really great lay!"

"Did I hear you correctly?" his seat-mate asked him a short time later. "Did you tell that chap on the platform that his wife was — as you put it — 'a really great lay'?"

The payer of compliments shrugged. "She really isn't," he explained, "but I didn't want to hurt poor old Bill's feelings."

I can't understand why *I* haven't made Coach Potter's top grade basketball team," the pretty fifth-former complained to her best friend, "because Potter has certainly made *me!*"

Then there was the long-suffering woman whose husband and his mate used to get stone drunk every Friday night. They would stagger home from the pub and expect her to have dinner waiting for them.

Fed up with cooking for them, the woman decided to teach the pair a lesson and put ball-bearings in their stew one Friday night. The drunks happily ate it up, her husband fell asleep and his mate staggered home.

The next morning one of the men rang the other and complained: "Gee mate, whenever I go to the toilet, all these ball-bearings come out. How about you?"

"Bloody hell, mate," replied the other, "you reckon you've got problems. I was having a wank and I shot the cat!"

When Charlie reached 65 years of age, he started chasing young girls and a neighbor brought his behavior to the attention of his wife.

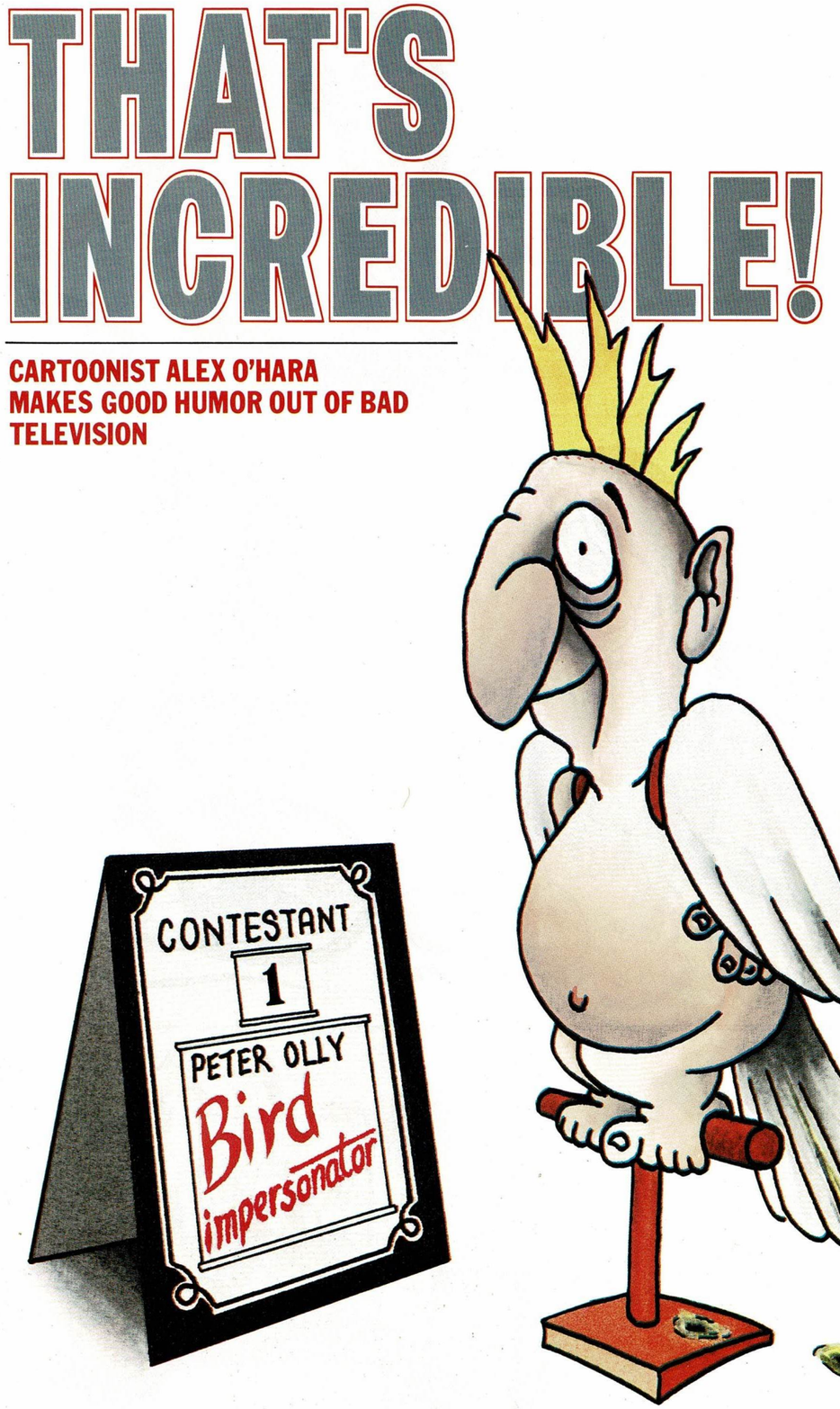
"What do you intend to do about this disgusting state of affairs?" quizzed the neighbor.

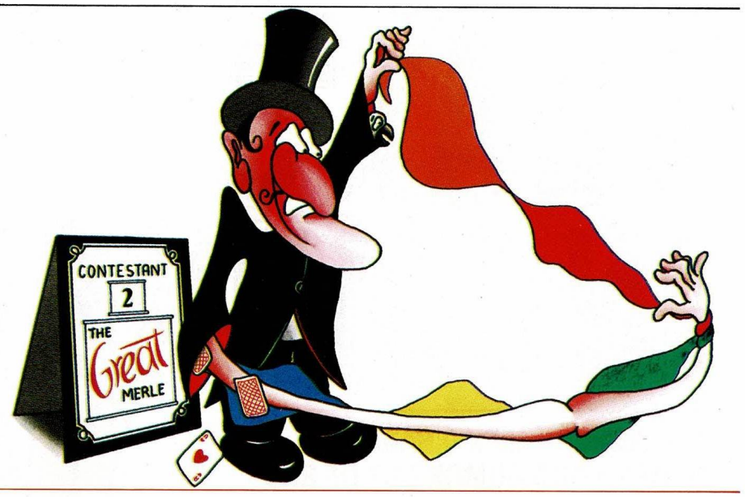
"It doesn't worry me," Charlie's wife airily replied. "He can chase girls if he wants to. After all, dogs chase cars, but if they catch them they can't drive!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

THAT'S INCREDIBLE!

CARTOONIST ALEX O'HARA MAKES GOOD HUMOR OUT OF BAD TELEVISION

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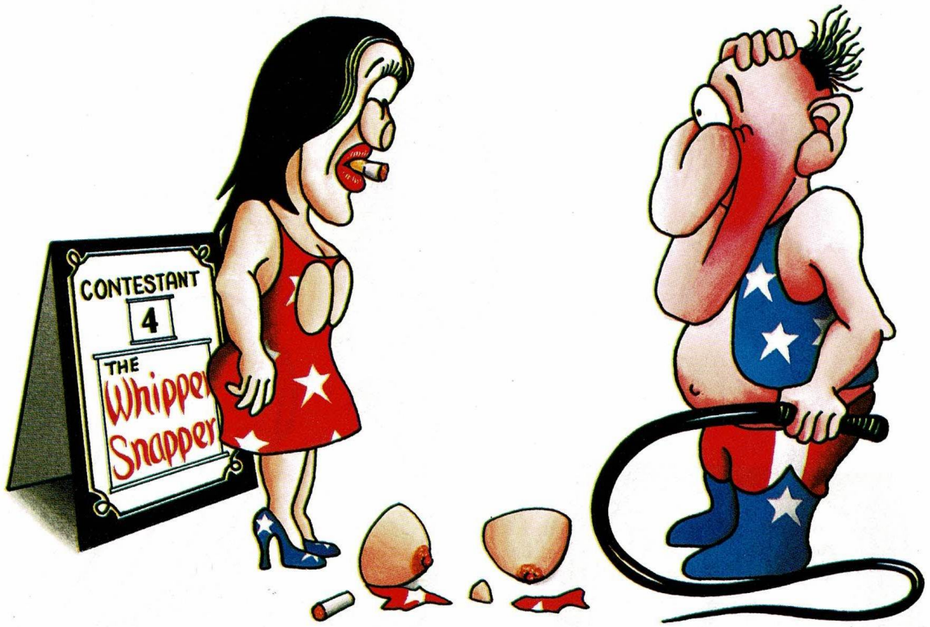
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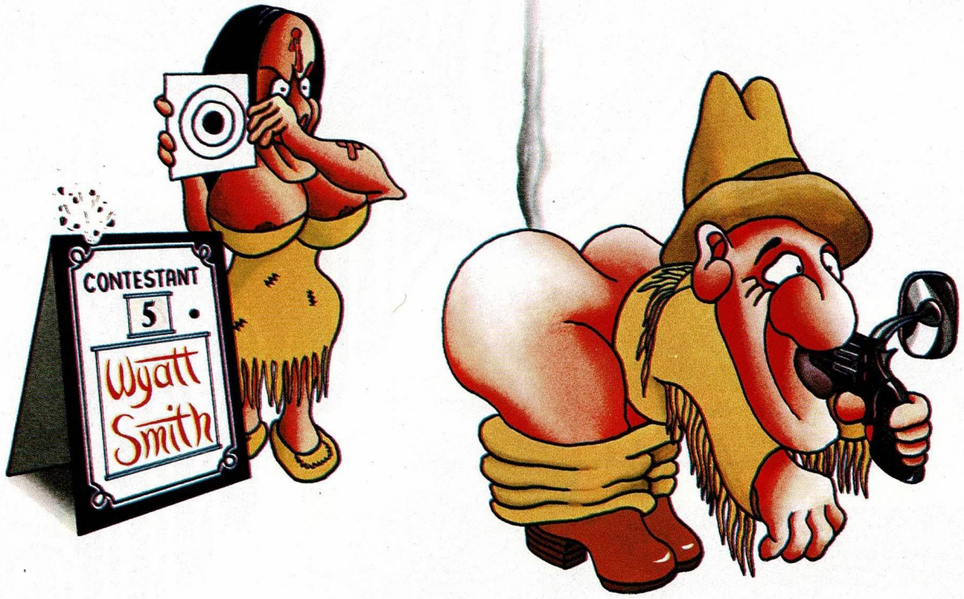
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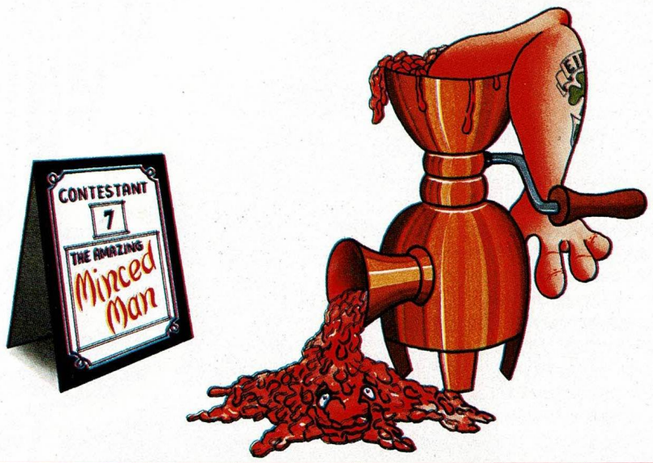
CONTESTANT
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THE AMAZING
Minced
Man

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

PHONEFUN LTD

talking dirty for fun and profit

WHEN SHE HEARD the whine of the last customer's fast spin — a bearded student with what seemed like a year's supply of Y-fronts — Sadie Thompson changed her blue nylon laundrette coat for her outdoor one and stood jingling the keys by the door until he left. It was dark and wet and the streets reflected the lights from the shop windows. She had to rush to get to the Spar before it closed and was out of breath — not that she had much to buy, potatoes, sugar and tea-bags. In the corner shop she got her cigarettes, the evening paper and a copy of *Men Only*, which she slipped inside the newspaper and put in her bag. Sadie slowly climbed the steep street in darkness — because the Army had put out most of the street lights. She turned in at Number Ninety-six. The front door stuck momentarily on a large envelope on the mat. She had the table set and the dinner ready for Agnes when she came in. "Hello, Sadie, love," she said and kissed her on the cheek. Beside Sadie, Agnes was huge. She wore an expensive silver-fox fur coat. Sadie did not like the coat and had said so. It was much too much for a woman whose only job was cleaning the local primary school. "I'm knackered," said Agnes, kicking off her shoes and falling into the armchair. There was a hole in the toe of her tights. "Take off your coat, your dinner's ready," said Sadie. "Hang on. Let me have a fag first." She lit up a cigarette and put her head back in the chair. Sadie thought she looked a putty color. She was grossly overweight but would do nothing about it, no matter what Sadie said. "Are you all right?" "I'll be all

fiction by bernard maclaverty

right in a minute. It's that bloody hill. It's like entering the Olympics."

"If you ask me, you're carrying too much weight. When did you last weigh yourself?"

"This morning."

"And what were you?"

"I don't know," said Agnes laughing, "I was afraid to look."

With her head back like that her fat neck and chin were one. There were red arcs of lipstick on the cork-tip of her cigarette. Sadie served the mash and sausages.

"Sit over," she said. Agnes stubbed her cigarette out and, groaning for effect, came to the table still wearing her coat.

"You'd think to hear you that you'd cleaned that school by yourself."

"It feels likė I did." Agnes raised her fork listlessly to her mouth. "Did the post come?"

"Yes."

"Much."

"It feels fat."

"Aw God no."

"You'll have to brighten up a bit. Don't be so glum."

"God, that's a good one coming from you, Sadie. I don't think I've seen you smiling since Christmas."

"I'm the brains. You're supposed to be the charm. I don't *have* to smile." They ate in silence except for the sound of their forks making small screeches against the plate.

"I wish you'd take off your coat when you're eating. It looks that slovenly," said Sadie. Agnes heaved herself to her feet, took off her coat and flung it on the sofa. She turned on the transistor. The news was on so she tuned in to some music.

"I need a wee doze before I brighten up. You know that, Sadie."

"I suppose I'm not tired after a day in that bloody laundrette?"

Agnes nibbled her sausage at the front of her closed mouth, very quickly, like a rabbit. The music on the radio stopped and a foreign voice came on and babbled.

"That's a great program you picked."

"It's better than the Northern Ireland news."

The foreign voice stopped and music came on again. Agnes finished what was on her plate.

"Is there anything for afters?"

"You can open some plums if you want."

Agnes lurched out to the tiled kitchen and opened a tin of plums. She threw the circle of lid into the bucket and came back with the tin and a spoon.

"It's cold on your feet out there. There's a draught coming in under that door that would clean corn." She ate the plums from the tin. Some juice trickled on to her chin.

"Want some?" She offered the half-finished tin to Sadie, but she refused.

"It's no wonder you're fat."

"It oils my voice. Makes it nice for the phone."

"I got you a *Men Only* if you run out of inspiration. It's there on the sideboard."

"Thanks, love, but I don't think I'll need it." Agnes drank off the last of the juice from the tin.

"You'll cut your lip one of these days," warned Sadie, "don't say I didn't warn you."

Agnes lit a cigarette and rolled one across the table to Sadie. She dropped the dead match into the tin.

"That was good," she said. "I'm full to the gunnels." She slapped her large stomach with the flat of her hand in satisfaction. The foreigner began to speak in gobbledegook again.

"Aw shut up," said Sadie. "Men are all the same no matter what they're speaking." She twiddled the knob until she got another station with music. Almost immediately the music stopped and a man with a rich American drawl began to speak.

"Aw God, Sadie, do you remember the Yanks? He sounds just like one I had."

"Will I ever forget them? They could spend money all right."

"That's exactly like his voice. It's the spit of him."

"Give us a light." Agnes leaned over and

Sadie picked up the large envelope off the sideboard and opened it with her thumb and spilled out the pile of envelopes.

touched Sadie's cigarette with her own. Sadie pulled hard until it was lit.

"I fancied him no end," said Agnes. "He was lovely. I think it was his first time but he pretended it wasn't."

"I think you told me about him."

"My Yankee Doodle Dandy, I called him. I can still feel the stubble of his haircut. It was like he had sandpapered up the back of his neck. Blondie. We sort of went together for a while."

"You mean he didn't pay."

"That kind of thing."

"Better clear this table." Sadie put the cigarette in her mouth, closing one eye against the trickle of blue smoke and began to remove the dirty plates. Ash toppled on to the cloth. She came back from the kitchen and gently brushed the grey roll into the palm of her other hand and dropped it into Agnes's tin. Agnes said,

"You wash and I'll dry."

"What you mean is I'll wash and put them in the rack and then about ten o'clock you'll come out and put them in the cupboard."

"Well, it's more hygienic that way. I saw in the paper that the tea-towel leaves germs all over them."

"You only read what suits you."

Sadie went out into the kitchen to wash up the dishes. She heard the program on the radio finish and change to a service with an American preacher. It kept fading and going out of focus and was mixed up with pips of Morse Code. When she had finished she washed out the tea-towel in some Lux and hung it in the yard to dry. She could do her own washing at the laundrette but she hated lugging the bagful of damp clothes home. There was such a weight to wet clothes. If she did that too often she would end up with arms like a chimpanzee. When she went back into the living-room Agnes was asleep in her armchair beside the radio with a silly smile on her face.

Sadie picked up the large envelope off the sideboard and opened it with her thumb and spilled out the pile of envelopes on to the table. She began to open them and separate the cheques and money. On each letter she marked down the amount of money contained and then set it to one side. Agnes began to snore wetly, her head pitched forward on to her chest. When she had all the letters opened, Sadie got up and switched off the radio. In the silence Agnes woke with a start. Sadie said:

"So you're back with us again."

"What do you mean?"

"You were sound asleep."

"I was not. I was only closing my eyes. Just for a minute."

"You were snoring like a drunk."

"Indeed I was not. I was just resting my eyes."

The ticking of the clock annoyed Agnes so she switched the radio on again just in time to hear The Lord is my Shepherd being sung in a smooth American drawl. She tuned in to Radio One. Sadie said:

"Hymns give me the creeps. That Billy Graham one. Euchh!" She shuddered. "You weren't in Belfast for the Blitz, were you?"

"No, I was still a nice country girl from Cookstown. My Americans all came from the camp out at Larrycormack. That's where my Yankee Doodle Dandy was stationed. You stuck it out here through the Blitz?"

"You can say that again. We all slept on the Cavehill for a couple of nights. Watched the whole thing. It was terrible — fires everywhere."

"Sadie, will you do my hair?"

Sadie took the polythene bag bulging with rollers from under the table and began combing Agnes's hair.

"It needs to be dyed again. Your roots are beginning to show."

"I think I'll maybe grow them out this time. Have it greying at the temples."

Sadie damped each strand of hair and rolled it up tight into Agnes's head, then fixed it with a hairpin. With each tug of the brush Agnes let her head jerk with it.

"I love somebody working with my hair. It's so relaxing." Sadie couldn't answer because her mouth was bristling with hairpins. Agnes said:

"How much was there in the envelopes?"

"Hengy-hee oung."

"How much?"

Sadie took the hairpins from her mouth.

"Sixty-eight pounds."

"That's not bad at all."

"You're right there. It's better than walking the streets on a night like this."

"If it goes on like this I'm going to give up my job in that bloody school."

"I think you'd be foolish. Anything could happen. It could all fall through any day."

"How could it?"

"I don't know. It all seems too good to be true. The Post Office could catch on. Even the Law. Or the tax man."

"It's not against the law."

"I wouldn't be too sure."

"It's against the law the other way round but not the way we do it."

"There. That's you finished," said Sadie, giving the rollers a final pat in close to her head. She held the mirror up for Agnes to see but before she put it away she looked at herself. Her neck was a dead give-away. That's where the age really showed. You could do what you liked with make-up on your face but there was no way of disguising those chicken sinews on your neck. And the back of the hands. They showed it too. She put the mirror back on the mantlepiece and said:

"Are you ready Agnes?"

"Let's have a wee gin first."

"Okay."

She poured two gins and filled them to the brim with tonic. Agnes sat over to the table. When she drank her gin she pinched in her mouth with the delightful bitterness.

"Too much gin," she said.

"You say that every time."

Agnes sipped some more out of her glass and then topped up with tonic. She began to sort through the letters. She laughed and nodded her head at some. At others she turned down the corners of her mouth.

"I suppose I better make a start."

She lifted the telephone and set it beside her on the table. She burst out laughing.

"Have you read any of these, Sadie?"

"No."

"Listen to this. 'Dear Samantha, you really turn me on with that sexy voice of yours. Not only me but my wife as well. I get her to listen on the extension. Sometimes it's too much for the both of us.' Good Gawd. I never thought there was any women listening to me." She picked up the phone and snuggled it between her ear and the fat of her shoulder.

"Kick over that pouffe, Sadie."

Sadie brought the pouffe to her feet. Agnes covered the hole in the toe of her tights with the sole of her other foot. She sorted through the letters and chose one.

" 'Available at any time.' He must be an oul' bachelor. O three one. That's Edinburgh isn't it? Dirty oul' kilty."

She dialled the number and while she listened to the dialling tone she smiled at Sadie. She raised her eyebrows as if she thought she was posh. A voice answered at the other end. Agnes's voice changed into a soft purr which pronounced its -ings.

"Hello is Ian there?. . . Oh, I didn't recognise your voice. This is Samantha. . . Yes, I can hold on, but not too long." She covered the mouthpiece with her hand and, exaggerating her lips, said to Sadie:

"The egg-timer."

Sadie went out to the kitchen and came back with it. It was a cheap plastic one with pink sand.

"Ah, there you are again, honey," whispered Agnes into the mouthpiece, "are you all ready now? Good. What would you like to talk about?. . . Well, I'm lying here on my bed. It's a lovely bed with black silk sheets. . . No, it has really. Does that do something for you? Mmm, it's warm. I have the heating turned up full. It's so warm all I am wearing are my undies. . . Lemon. . . Yes, and the panties are lemon too. . . All right, if you insist. . ." Agnes put the phone down on the table and signalled to Sadie to light her a fag. She made a rustling noise with her sleeve close to the mouthpiece then picked up the phone again.

Agnes began to sort through the letters. She laughed and nodded her head at some. At others she turned down the corners of her mouth.

"There, I've done what you asked. . . You're not normally breathless, are you, Ian? Have you just run up the stairs?. . . No, I'm only kidding. . . I know only too well what it's like to have asthma."

She listened for a while, taking the lit cigarette from Sadie. She rolled her eyes to heaven and smiled across the table at her. She covered the mouthpiece with her hand.

"He's doing his nut."

Sadie topped up her gin and tonic from the gin bottle.

"Do you really want me to do that? That might cost a little more money. . . All right, just for you love." She laughed heartily and paused. "Yes, I'm doing it now. . . Yes, it's fairly pleasant. A bit awkward. . . Actually I'm getting to like it. Ohhh, I love it now. . . Say what again? Ohhh, I love it."

She turned to Sadie.

"He's rung off. That didn't take long. He just came and went. Who's next?"

Sadie flicked another letter to her.

"London," she said. "Jerome. Only on Thursdays after eight."

"That's today. Probably the wife's night out at the Bingo."

She dialled the number and when a voice answered she said:

"Hello Jerome, this is Samantha."

Sadie turned over the egg-timer.

"Oh, sorry love — say that again. Ger —o — mey. I thought it was Ger — ome. Like Ger-ome Cairns, the songwriter. Would you like to talk or do you want me to. . . okay, fire away. . . I'm 24. . . Blonde. . . Lemon, mostly. . . Yes, as brief as possible. Sometimes they're so brief they cut into me." She listened for a moment, then covering the mouthpiece said to Sadie:

"This one's disgusting. How much did he pay?"

Sadie looked at the letter.

"Ten pounds. Don't lose him. Do what he says."

"Yes, this is still Samantha." her voice went babyish and her mouth pouted. "How could a nice little girl like me do a thing like that?. . . Well, if it pleases you." Agnes lifted her stubby finger and wobbled it wetly against her lips. "Can you hear that?. . . Yes, I like it. . . Yes, I have *very* long legs." She lifted her legs off the pouffe and looked at them disapprovingly. She had too many varicose veins.

"You *are* a bold boy, but your time is nearly up." The last of the pink sand was caving in and trickling through. Sadie raised a warning finger then signalled with all 10. She mouthed:

"Ten pounds. Don't lose him."

"All right, just for you. . . Then I'll have to go," said Agnes and she wobbled her finger against her lips again. "Is that enough?. . . You just write us another letter. You know the box number? Good. . . I love you too, Ger — o — mey, Bye-eee." She put the phone down.

"For God's sake give us another gin," she said. "What a creep!"

"It's better than walking the street,"said Sadie. "What I like about it is that they can't get near you."

"Catch yourself on, Sadie. If anyone got near us now they'd run a mile."

"I used to be frightened of them. Not all the time. But there was one every so often that made your scalp crawl. Something not right about them. Those ones gave me the heemy-jeemies, I can tell you. You felt you were going to end up in an entry somewhere — strangled — with your clothes over your head."

Agnes nodded in agreement. Sadie went on:

"When I think of the things I've had to endure. Do you remember that pig that gave me the kicking? I was in hospital for a fortnight. A broken arm and a ruptured spleen — the bastard."

Agnes began to laugh. "Do you remember the time I broke my ankle? Jumping out of a lavatory window. Gawd, I was sure and certain I was going to be murdered that night."

"Was that the guy with the steel plate in his head?"

"The very one. He said he would go mad if I didn't stroke it for him."

"What?"

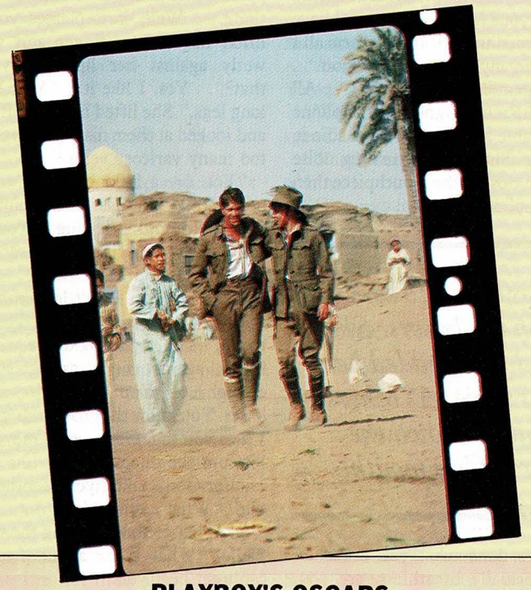
"His steel plate."

(continued on page 114)

THE YEAR IN MOVIES

playboy's film critic puts his neck on the chopper

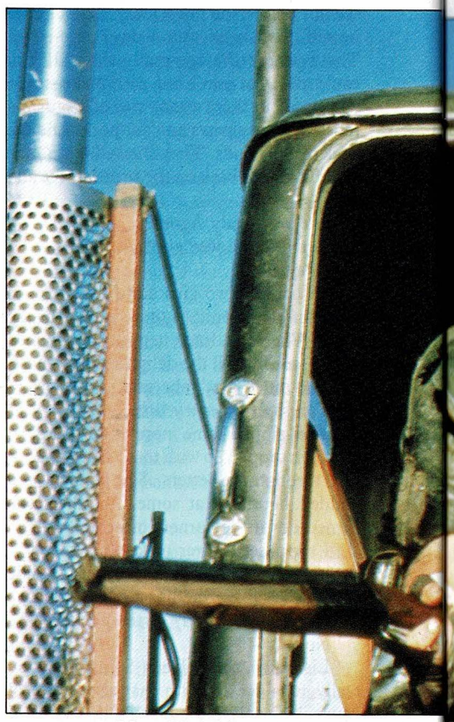
opinion by robin ingram



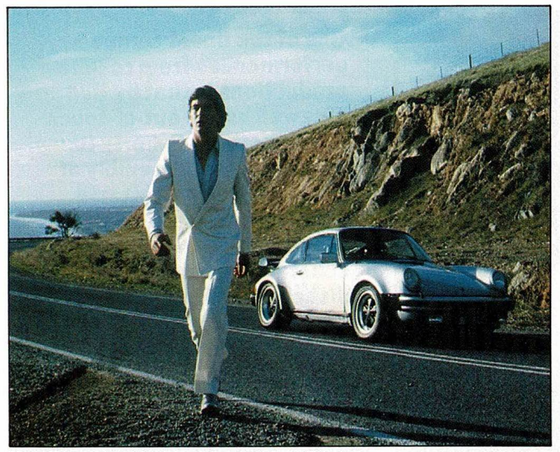
If you enjoyed the Aussie Rules match played beneath Cairo's pyramids in *Gallipoli*, this will be a revelation to you. There was just a skeleton crew of Aussies on location and most of the players were recruited from any available Europeans who happened to be hanging around. . . Poms, Scandinavians, Canadians, even Germans. Scriptwriter David Williamson had the painstaking task of explaining the fundamentals of the game to them. Williamson, himself, is actually one of the stars of the clip that's screened.

PLAYBOY'S OSCARS

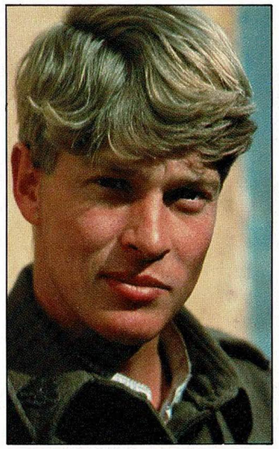
Best Film: *Gallipoli*
Best Director: Peter Weir *(Gallipoli)*
Best Performance By An Actor: Bill Kerr as Uncle in *Gallipoli.*
Best Performance By An Actress: Elizabeth Alexander as Jessica in *The Killing Of Angel Street.*
Best New Actor: Jon Blake *(Freedom)*
Best New Actress: Nell Schofield *(Puberty Blues)*
Best Cinematography: Russell Boyd *(Gallipoli)*
Best Soundtrack: Cameron Allen *(Heatwave)*

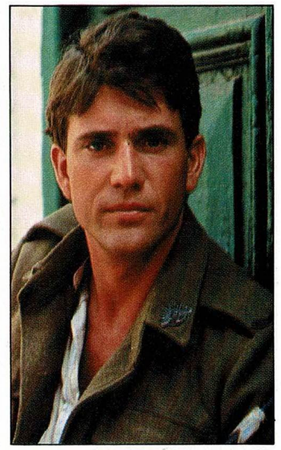


Max (Mel Gibson) signals a serious intention to turn left in *Mad Max II*.



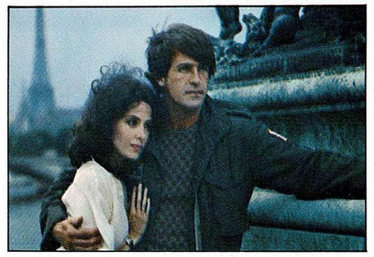
The Porsche 930 just shaded Jon Blake as the sex symbol in *Freedom*.





Newcomer Mark Lee and man-of-the-moment Mel Gibson.

***My Brilliant Career* producer Margaret Fink had a battle on her hands when one of the investors in the film tried to insist that Sybilla consent to marriage at the end of the film. As we know, Ms Fink got her own way. "There would have been no point in making the movie," she insisted. "Its success depended on the new idea."**



Barbara Parkins and Rod Mullinar.

PLAYBOY'S ALTERNATIVE OSCARS

Hardly A Dry Seat In The House Award: Rod Mullinar trying to chat up Barbara Parkins in *Breakfast In Paris.*
Trojan Horse Award For Wooden Performance: Richard Moir in *Heatwave.*
Good Parenthood Citation For Wise Counsel: Kirrily Nolan in *Puberty Blues:* "Don't sit on the aisle. . . some pusher might come along and jab heaven knows what into your arm."
Who Was That Woman I Saw You With Award For Diligent Research: Judy Davis for moving into Kings Cross and hanging out with prostitutes and drug addicts in preparation for her *Winter Of Our Dreams* role.
Windscreens O'Brien Award For Transparent Scripting: Michael Craig whose Jessica Simmonds and Jeff Elliot didn't seem all that fictitious and imaginary at all and could almost have been Juanita Nielsen and Jack Mundey.

THE LITTLE eight-year-old waif hurls his toy boomerang towards the gang of marauders. "I'll get it," yells one, leaping for an intercept and his fingers disappear in a fountain of gore as the missile's razor tips transform him into a short-hand typist. A second marauder ducks as the boomerang swoops in at eye level. . . but the accomplice behind him is too slow. The boomerang embeds itself in his skull with the tips sticking out either side of his temple. The fun-loving kid yelps with joy.

"It's the end of an era," mourns an ageing movie buff a couple of seats away, with misty memories of Rita Moreno coyly surrendering to a kiss in the arms of Mario Lanza, still lingering. We were watching *Mad Max II* and, as a statement on the Australian film industry, his comment was both right and wrong.

The past year has seen the end of the era when the contenders for every award were Eliza Fraser, Dawn Fraser and Malcolm Fraser. . . and the winner was invariably Jacki Weaver. But it has also seen the beginning of an era where Australian films abroad are acclaimed for box office as well as critical appeal.

Looking back at the year in movies from our born-again industry, it becomes obvious that in its exploitation of gratuitous violence, the *Mad Max* cult has propelled us into the realities of the international market-place. In Sydney and London, in Stockholm and Tokyo, *Mad Max II* topped the takings. When it opened in the States in May, it really opened. *Mad Max's* title went up in lights in 1800 cinemas across the nation.

In particular, it has been a boffo year for Mel Gibson, star of *Mad Max II* and the other success story of the past 12 months, *Gallipoli*.

Directed by Peter Weir, *Gallipoli* was perhaps the most intensely Australian film yet, spotlighting as it did the influences and elements that shaped the character and characters on which our new nation was built. The isolation, the disoriented patriotism, the eagerness to respond to a challenge. . . all were identified in *Gallipoli*, but in such an unselfconscious way that the whole world was swept along by it.

At home, the film earned more than a million dollars a month for its first six months. Overseas, *Newsweek* called it "an absorbing film and a moving lament for a brave and betrayed generation". *Time* called it "well acted and, within its limited terms, well made". *Variety* called it both "boffo" and "socko".

If Mel Gibson was the actor of the year, Judy Davis was the most prominent actress. She picked up a couple of British Academy Awards, including the important Best Actress for her performance in *My Brilliant Career*, then made *Winter Of Our Dreams* and *Heatwave*.

In *Winter Of Our Dreams*, she played a Kings Cross prostitute slowly disintegrating under the combined effects of her less-than-brilliant career and her dependence on heroin.

In Phil Noyce's *Heatwave*, she was back in the same parish but this time as a resident activist fighting the rapacious developers. A year for her to demonstrate her flexibility rather than continuing the award chase, I suspect.

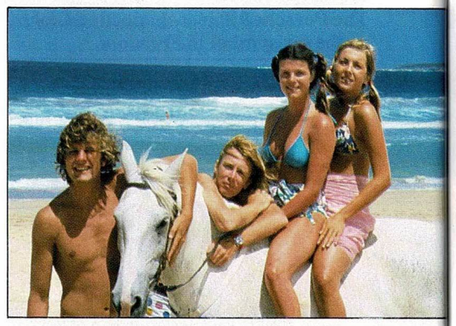
Winter Of Our Dreams also provided an outing for Bryan Brown, who just might have been a contender for Mel Gibson's crown except that he kept his best performance for the small screen, in the television production of *A Town Like Alice*.

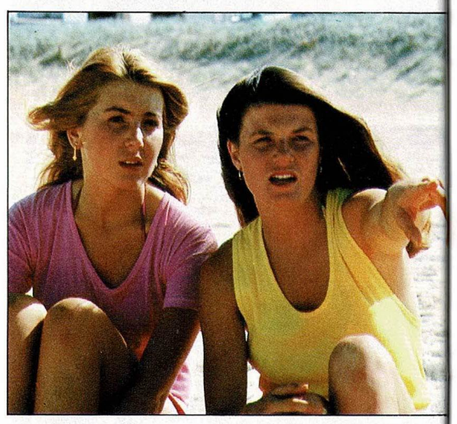
Your stereotype knockabout ocker, Brown was required to transform into a specialist bookshop owner in *Winter Of Our Dreams*. He took a flying leap at the credibility gap. . . and just didn't quite make it.

Puberty Blues was one of the freshest productions of the year and also injected some fresh talent into the ranks. Nell Schofield and Jad Capelja, as the surfie chicks Deb and Sue, said something

Jack (Clancy) Thompson in the saddle during the filming of *The Man From Snowy River*.

One of the finest cameo performances from recent productions is that by Bud Tingwell as the out-of-touch headmaster in *Puberty Blues*. Addressing an assembly of students well into bizarre sexual rituals and shooting themselves up with bad substances, he rants with disbelief that they can have such little school spirit as to smoke on the bus. A little gem of lunacy from Tingwell and scriptwriter Margaret Kelly.





In *Puberty Blues*, Jad Capelja and Nell Schofield played surfie "molls".

The success of the renaissance of the Australian film industry which began in the 1970s can be judged by our ranking at Cannes this year. Australia was one of the three major exhibitors at the international festival. We screened 38 films representing an investment of more than $50 million during the two weeks of exhibition. France and Italy were the major exhibitors at Cannes but Australia took along more product than the US.

The late Peter Fox's Filmco has certainly been a substantial investor in Australian film-making, but who are the individuals who have answered the call? A good bet for biggest private investor in the industry is Toowoomba deputy mayor Clive Berghofer who, with his wife, is known to have $280,000 riding on *The Killing Of Angel Street*, $182,000 on Pat Lovell's upcoming *Monkey Grip* and $120,000 on *Freedom*.

reassuring about the talent still to come. But, in many ways, the film's treatment of its subject, surprised.

What we got was groupies-in-the-sandhills behaving in accordance with the censor's guidelines. . . which, I am told, they seldom do. Rather than a caricature of the surf beach sub-culture, *Puberty Blues* came across more as a sort of *Gallipoli* of the local headlands. . . spotlighting the influences and elements that shape the character of our current code of chauvinism. It's decades and continents from *Gallipoli* to Cronulla, but really the scene has only shifted from No-man's-land to No-woman's-land.

Donald Crombie's *The Killing Of Angel Street* and Noyce's *Heatwave* took on the same subject, both quite happy to be recognised as having roots in Sydney's Victoria Street development battle which led to the disappearance of residents' champion Juanita Nielsen.

Despite an almost hysterical bid by the film's publicists to have lead actor Richard Moir accepted as "1982's New Aussie Screen Idol", the best thing about *Heatwave* was director Noyce's adaptation of Robert Altman's *California Split* device of letting passages of his film improvise along to the accompaniment of extraneous background buzz.

Crombie's *Angel Street* scored for the performance of Liz Alexander in the Juanita role and, if Judy Davis was the most prominent actress, this was nevertheless the best performance by an actress during the period in review.

But *Angel Street's* killing certainly wasn't at the box office and *Heatwave* ran hot for just as long as the publicity machine could keep fanning the embers.

Road movies made a comeback too, with *Roadgames* and *Freedom* the notables in this category. . . though who's to say that *Mad Max II* isn't- a road movie. *Roadgames* starred splendid American actor Stacy Keach and the Nullarbor Plains. Unfortunately, the Nullarbor crossing seemed to last a lot longer than the film's run on the major cinema circuit.

Freedom partially overcame the hurdle of sounding like a brand of sanitary napkin by starring a silver Porsche 930 Turbo and co-starring Jad Capelja from *Puberty Blues* and television soapie recruit, Jon Blake.

But it never really overcame its complex of wanting to be entirely South Australian. . . in script, personnel and promotion.

As comedian Alexei Sayle says, in his world's most boring man routine: "I'm the editor of a magazine called 'What's On In Adelaide'. . ."

Internationally, this was the year of Harrison Ford, snakes, spiders, and high adventure. *Raiders Of The Lost Ark*, the ultimate adventure, eclipsed everything. The stunts were better, the script funnier, the characterisations more outrageous and the plot more preposterous than anything Hollywood (or anywhere else for that matter) had ever produced before. And, not altogether surprisingly, when it came to box office receipts, *Raiders* cleaned up, grossing a staggering $US172 million and finishing the year $US58½ million in the black. Not bad for a kids'film.

An intense Richard Moir and a free-spirited Judy Davis never quite added up to screen magic in Phil Noyce's *Heatwave* — a film that ran hot for just as long as the publicity machine could keep fanning the embers.

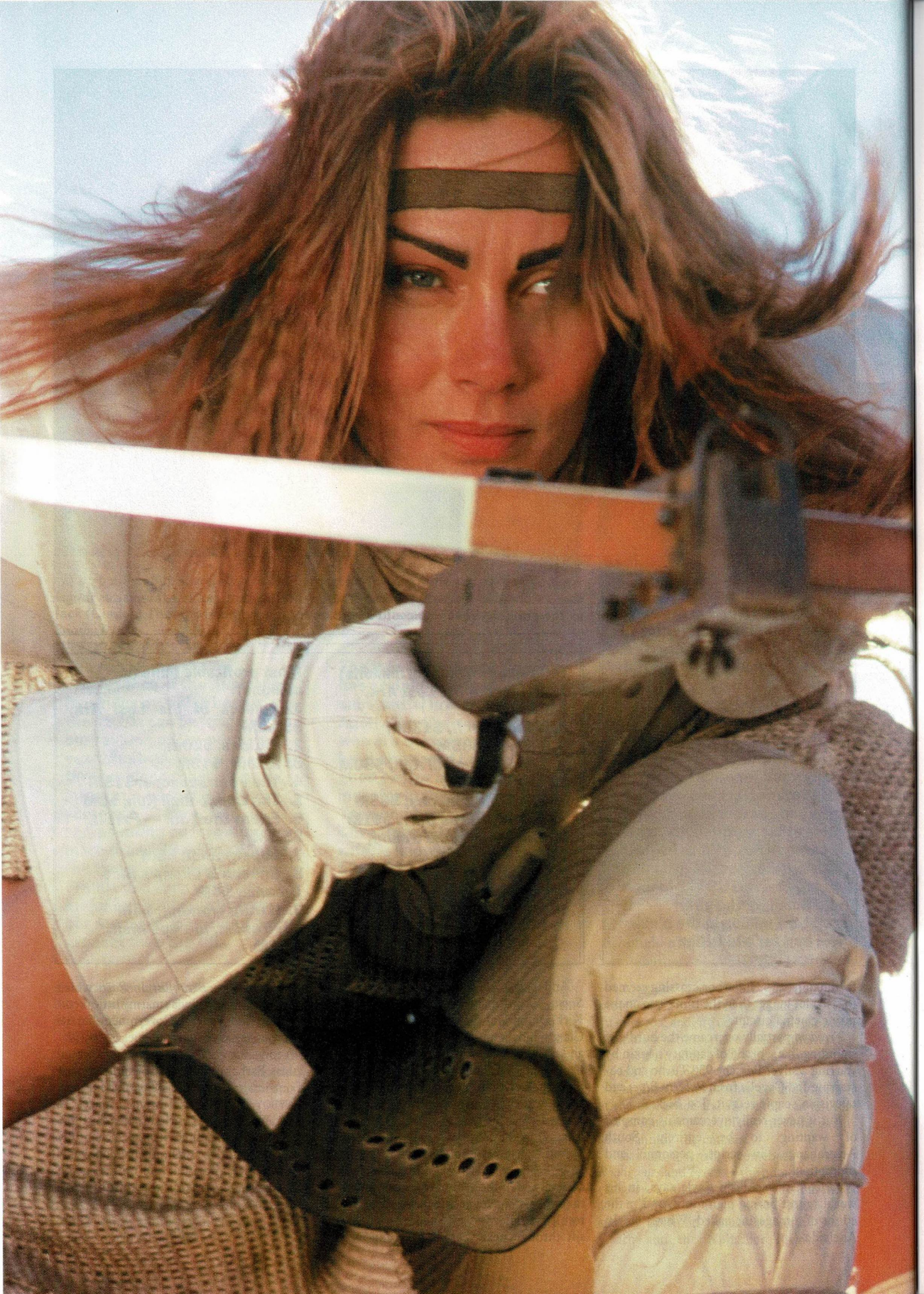
Top ten box office (in millions)
1. ***Raiders of the Lost Ark*, $172M**
2. ***Superman II*, $130M**
3. ***Stripes*, $85M**
4. ***The Cannonball Run*, $80M**
5. ***Arthur*, $78M**
6. ***The Four Seasons*, $65M**
7. ***For Your Eyes Only*, $51M**
8. ***The Fox and the Hound*, $38M**
9. **Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams, $37.5M**
10. ***Excalibur*, $35M**

Most profitable films (in millions)
1. ***Raiders of the Lost Ark*, $58.5M**
2. ***Stripes*, $20M**
3. ***Arthur*, $19M**
4. **The Four Seasons, $15M**
5. ***The Cannonball Run*, $9M**
6. ***Friday the 13th — Part II*, $5.6M**
7. ***Superman II*, $5M**
8. ***Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams*, $4M**
9. ***Hardly Working*, $4M**
10. ***Tarzan, the Ape Man*, $3.6M**

And then, of course, *The Man From Snowy River* finally rode across the screens. Kirk Douglas as Spur, Jack Thompson as Clancy and Tom Burlinson as Jim Craig. . . and a publicity build-up that made it look like Clancy Of The Overflow. The result, unfortunately, left us in no doubt as to why there was movement at the station. It seemed that this was *The Restless Years* on location in the Snowy.

And, whatever else the past 12 months have been to the local industry, they've certainly been the year of the government's tax concessions for movie investment. As a result, we'll have an avalanche of garbage to sift through next year, but already we've been treated to *Breakfast In Paris* which came accompanied by a smarmy little credit thanking the Federal Government for its generous tax incentive scheme.

A romantic comedy, it featured imported actress Barbara Parkins who captured most of our imaginations by posing nude for US PLAYBOY in 1967 and who manages to maintain a fairly firm grip on them in 1982. She and Rod Mullinar struggled manfully and womanfully with their hopelessly insubstantial roles, but the critics agreed that this was a *Breakfast* they just couldn't keep down.



20 QUESTIONS: VIRGINIA HEY

the mad max lady is more than just a good shot

As an extraordinarily tall schoolgirl Virginia Hey worried about people staring at her. Now, the half-inch-short-of-six-foot actress and ex-model accepts it as a fact of life.

"My mum said they stared because I had an aura, but I always thought it was my height," says Virginia.

We think mum was right because that aura, matched with an aggressive elegance, has recently become the focus of attention on three film sets and in a stage production.

Virginia was plucked out of a modelling agency catalogue to appear alongside Mel Gibson in Mad Max II. *Comedy roles in* Norman Loves Rose *and* The Return of Captain Invincible, *both due for release, were followed by an 11th hour secondment to star in* Nolan, *a musical fresh from Sydney and Adelaide Festival seasons.*

PLAYBOY sent photographer Peter McLean to capture the Hey allure for our July cover, and while McLean had the lady transfixed with his lens, Neil Jameson chose 20 questions to explore Virginia's brilliant career.

1.

PLAYBOY: How did a nice girl like you end up in a movie like *Mad Max II?*
HEY: I'd just returned to Sydney when my modelling agency phoned and said I had an audition for the movie. I was surprised because at that stage my entire career consisted of a few TV commercials.

2.

PLAYBOY: Were you intimidated by the violence of *Mad Max?*
HEY: No. I loved it [*laughs*]. It's because I was a tomboy and I've always enjoyed action.

I researched the role and realised they were looking for someone tough. That's me. People say I've got balls [*laughs*]. No, I'm really pretty soft and I've usually been cast as a *Charlie's Angels* clone. I'd like to think I could be a bit more versatile than that.

3.

PLAYBOY: Was *Mad Max II* physically demanding?
HEY: No, not really. I finished with bruises on my knees, but that was nothing compared to *Nolan*, the musical I've just completed in Sydney and Adelaide. My part demanded a simulated rape scene and two bashings. Now that was demanding, not merely because of the action. I won the part in the show because another girl took ill and was forced to drop out.

I'd always loved singing but had never done it publicly. It gave me just two weeks to learn the part. It was gruelling, but that seems to be the way with many things I've done. I've always enjoyed a challenge.

4.

PLAYBOY: Comedy must have been a bit of a switch after *Mad Max II*?
HEY: I've always been a bit of a loon and love clowning around so doing comedy was fun.

5.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like you've had a crash course in theatre and film. What have you valued from the experience?
HEY: The chance to work in such a stimulating environment. There are so many skills in film-making that I was intrigued by everything. I'd really love to learn more about the complete craft of film-making, from art direction to editing. When you know what other people have to do to make the finished product, it must help the way the actor approaches the job. The stage production was also stimulating. During our spare time one of the musicians started to teach me bass guitar, and now I've got this idea of becoming accomplished enough to form a band which would include two bass players — one for the rhythm line and one as a virtuoso. We'd concentrate on contemporary jazz and blues. I'm still working hard at mastering the bass, and in 18 months time I'd like to be fairly competent.

6.

PLAYBOY: Won't that upset your acting career?
HEY: Hopefully any acting opportunities will still leave me enough time for other things.

At the moment I'm a jack-of-all-trades, but master-of-none. I'd like to become master of them all so that when an opportunity arises, I know I'll be able to take it. I think my music and acting are on an equal footing, and I figure I'll pursue both. When I was modelling for a living it was too easy to just work enough to collect air fares and keep travelling. Now, I'm not so complacent.

7.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it fortunate your career has coincided with a boom in Australian film-making?
HEY: It's brilliant. But by the same token that boom is not something which just happened. Those people had to get their training somewhere, and once upon a time it meant they had to go overseas to do it. Now that the money and investment is available in Australia, they're staying here.

8.

PLAYBOY: *Mad Max* has attracted a cult following, not only in Australia but in other countries including Japan. Does the instant stardom worry you?.
HEY: I would prefer to be a little more anonymous. It was my first film and to many people, particularly in the United States, my inexperience will be obvious. Before *Mad Max II* I'd had no formal training; in fact I had no concept of an actor adapting her personality to suit a character. I can remember people talking about Cathy Moriarty's role as Jake La Motta's wife in *Raging Bull,* and I thought she wasn't all that good.

Now I'm beginning to understand. Fortunately, *Mad Max* writer Terry Hayes wanted the action rather than the characters to be the real star.

9.

PLAYBOY: Is that why the movie is so popular?
HEY: I believe so. The concept of the lone warrior defending good against the odds has always been a winner. Apparently the Japanese love it because they can relate to Max as a Samurai figure.

10.

PLAYBOY: Has acting given you greater security?
HEY: It doesn't make me feel secure. When we finished *Mad Max II* and even the musical, I felt incredibly insecure. After living and working with all those people in such a committed, stimulating way, it comes as a bit of a let-down when it all ends.

11.

PLAYBOY: It seems your career has accelerated almost beyond your own grasp. Is there anything you've missed in the past 18 months?
HEY: Yes [*laughs*]. I haven't yet found a movie agent. I've learned from experience that it's not wise to undersell yourself and I've always told myself to start at the top. But I'm new to this business so I will have to see how well it works.

(continued on page 143)

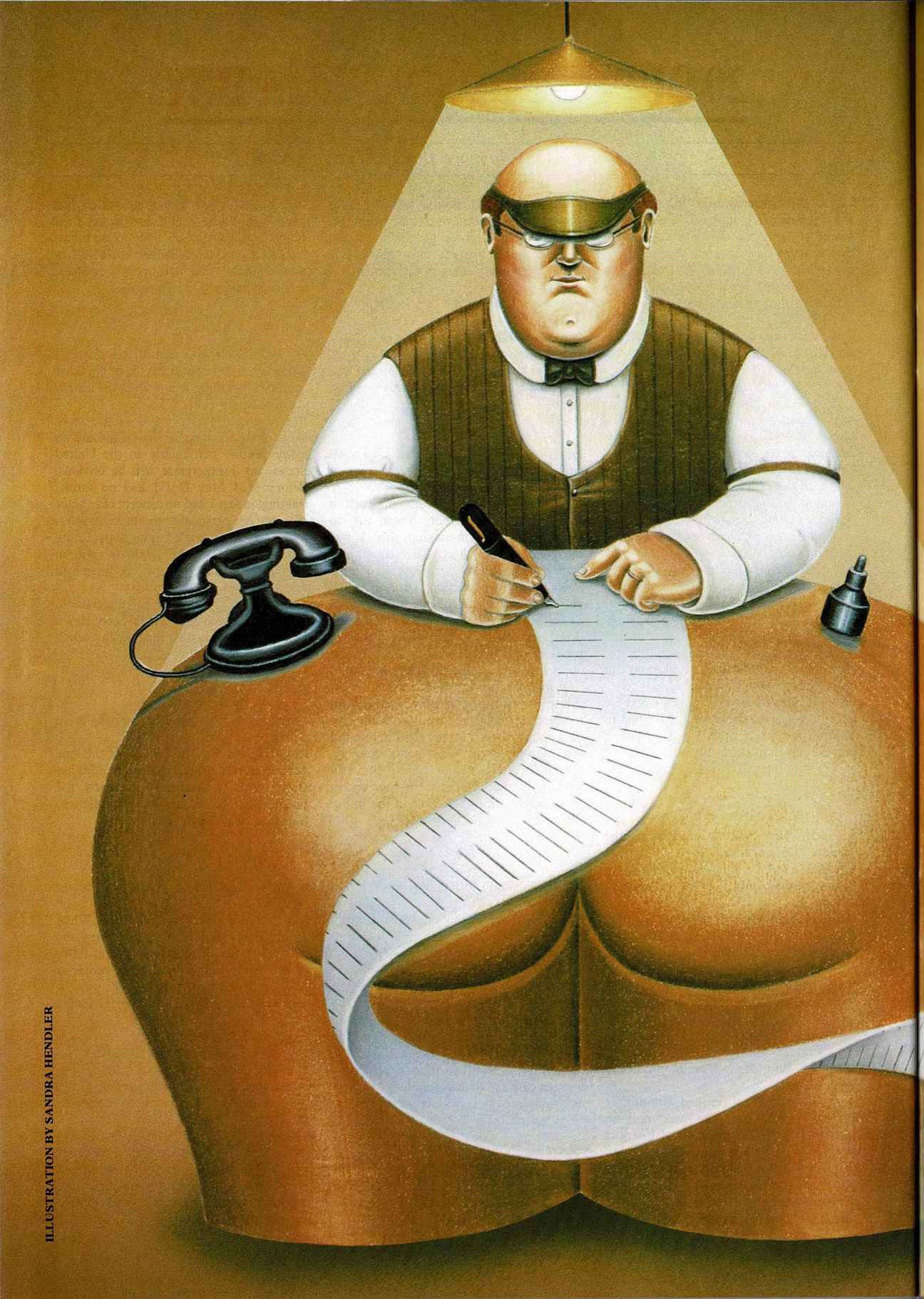


ILLUSTRATION BY SANDRA HENDLER

THE CELEBRITY S·E·X REGISTER

a hollywood daisy chain — who slept with whom

ALTHOUGH professionally acquainted with many actresses, I have learned — unfortunately, the easy way, as an armchair sexual athlete — that to make love to a movie star is more than arrogance, pure folly, or an heroic adventure at least as perilous as hang-gliding. The crash comes, of course, a decade, perhaps several decades later, when she brings out her book and tells all the world about you.

No, not about your perfect musical pitch or incredible perception, not about your total recall of Shakespeare's sonnets or selections from Robert Frost. What the lady will remember is your staying power. How good you were, and how often. And expect no mercy for any of your shortcomings. Neither thinning hair nor insufficient funds, temporary impotence or premature ejaculation can stay these tattle-tales from the ruthless completion of their memoirs.

Is anything sacred today? Very little, it seems. Everyone kisses and tells. Some tell and sue for palimony as well. So many bedroom secrets have already been spilled that comedienne Joan Rivers, as a guest reviewer of John Huston's autobiography in the *Hollywood Reporter*, began her appraisal by noting: "Hooray! John Huston never slept with Shelley Winters!" Along with Shelley, whose accomplishments are substantial, of course, came Susan Strasberg, Elizabeth Ashley, Evelyn Keyes and a bevy of other bruised but relatively insignificant mini-stars whose careers held far less interest than their bouts with drugs, booze, bad marriages, and the men they had taken to bed. The assumption seems to be that a celebrity "into OD sex" (Ashley's line) is automatically newsworthy, or at least worth wading through.

In an effort to create some order out of the sexual chaos found between the

article by shirley sealy

hard and soft covers of innumerable memoirs, confessions, indictments, unauthorised exposes and loosely edited collages of hanky-panky among the high and the mighty, The Celebrity Sex Register appeals openly to the reader's prurient interest without excessive foreplay. It answers directly such questions as who did what and to whom, and whether they did it on a casting couch or in the back of a Rolls.

With notable exceptions, the emphasis is on an older, golden generation of superstars whose personal lives may have been as trashy as they were flashy, but were seldom irredeemably dull.

It's curious but true that many more women than men seem ready to shuck off their inhibitions in print, and there lies a subject that Kinsey, Hite or Masters and Johnson might profitably explore. Even when they do take up their pens, menfolk tend to be far more reticent. Eddie Fisher, Stewart Granger and Jackie Cooper were franker than most in their 1981 autobiographies, while John Huston's *An Open Book* closed the door on a good many pungent details, even to the point of omitting the name of his least favorite wife. Huston may be hooked on the old world notion that a true gentleman doesn't chase tail, then chuckle about it behind the barn.

What you'll find here are mere daisy-chains of indiscretions to indicate who's had who and how they link up. Some amazing progressions and striking combinations occur — Jackie Cooper with Joan Crawford, Tyrone Power with Errol Flynn, Howard Hughes with practically everyone *but* Jackie Cooper and Lassie. The cumulative effect is like a parlor game, with famous players as the pieces on the board. Happily, nearly everyone scores.

If you are a celebrity yourself, given to impulsive liaisons within your peer group, better line up a literary agent and beat your partner to the punch. Bear in mind that she, or he, may be given a six-figure advance to recall your pathetic, fumbling advances at a patio party. Incorrigible debauchees who don't want to find their names in future editions of this almanac may choose several courses of action: (A) Don't sleep with anyone who owns a notebook or a tape recorder. (B) Don't sleep with anyone. (C) Ask your conquests to sign a pre-consummation waiver. Otherwise, just undo those pajama strings and devil take the fine line between true love and *True Britt*.

Circle # 1

Warren Beatty & Susan Strasberg

It was in Rome. Warren had just completed *The Roman Spring Of Mrs Stone* (opposite Vivien Leigh) and moved in with Susan for what she calls his "vacation". Warren had "a tremendous need to please women as well as conquer them", notes Susan, and his needs could sometimes become urgent. They were at a party at Luchino Visconti's (the Italian director found Beatty "enchanting") when Warren pulled Susan into a bathroom and locked the door. She laughed nervously, complaining: "Isn't it a little close for that in here?" But Warren managed — very well. When he asked her to go to Paris with him, however, she begged off.

Susan Strasberg & Richard Burton

Young Susan's second Broadway play was *Time Remembered,* co-starring Burton — who *literally* swept her off her feet, lifting her into the air, hailing her as his "beautiful Hebrew Princess". Out of town with the show, she "longed to consummate things" with Richard, but she'd forgotten to bring her diaphragm. Later, after their smash New York opening, she threw herself into the affair "with total abandonment and passion. . . I did not care about the consequences". Richard sometimes slept with Susan at her parents' place, and she admitted to some guilt at making them co-conspirators. But mother Paula was actually delighted, having always dreamed that daughter Susan "would have affairs with the great writers and actors of our generation". Then came the misery of those nights when Burton didn't come. Didn't even call. At play's end, Richard returned to Switzerland — *with* his wife Sybil —leaving Susan to "a period of hysteria". Reunited back in New York six months later, they drank champagne, had sex. And, suddenly, Strasberg began to see that Burton was, well, "human".

If you are a celebrity yourself, given to impulsive liaisons within your peer group, better line up a literary agent and beat your partner to the punch.

Richard Burton & Jean Simmons

On Burton's arrival in Hollywood in 1951, he and first wife Sybil were long-term houseguests of fellow Britons, Stewart Granger and his wife, Jean Simmons. Away from the house, Jean and Richard were co-starring in *The Robe,* and that wicked Welsh charm began to work — as it had on virtually all of Burton's leading ladies. The situation remained stable until a New Year's Eve party where Richard bussed Jean instead of Sybil as the clock struck 12, which prompted mild-mannered Sybil to strike Richard. The Burtons found their own living quarters soon after.

Jean Simmons & Stewart Granger

Granger was 34 and divorced, Simmons was 18 and the most sought-after young actress in England when their "flirtation" began. They made a film together, *Adam And Evelyne,* and tried to be discreet about their private Eden. As Granger notes, Jean was the darling of the British press, and "I could imagine their reaction to her first love being old swashbuckling Granger". Their engagement was announced on a trip to Hollywood, and it was Gary Grant who suggested that his buddy Howard Hughes might be able to arrange a romantic private wedding for the couple. Soon Stewart and Jean were whisked to Tucson in Hughes' private plane; Michael Wilding was whisked in from New York to be their best man. The ceremony was conducted by a justice of the peace in the home of Hughes' lawyer. Jean giggled, got hysterical and choked on her champagne. That night Stewart climbed into bed with a book while she fell asleep. "That was a big mistake. . . I would live to regret it," wrote Granger.

Another regret turned out to be the newly weds' involvement with Howard Hughes — who bought up Simmons' contract and wouldn't let her work for anyone else (thus she lost *Roman Holiday* to Audrey Hepburn). Convinced that "the SOB" was propositioning his wife, Granger got drunk one night and planned how to murder the billionaire. Instead, they settled their differences through legal action. So did the Grangers — finally pulled apart by acting assignments, frequent separations, economics, incompatibility. They were married 10 years, had a daughter, Tracy. After their 1960 divorce, Granger left his southern California ranch and returned to England. Jean subsequently married director Richard Brooks. That didn't work, either.

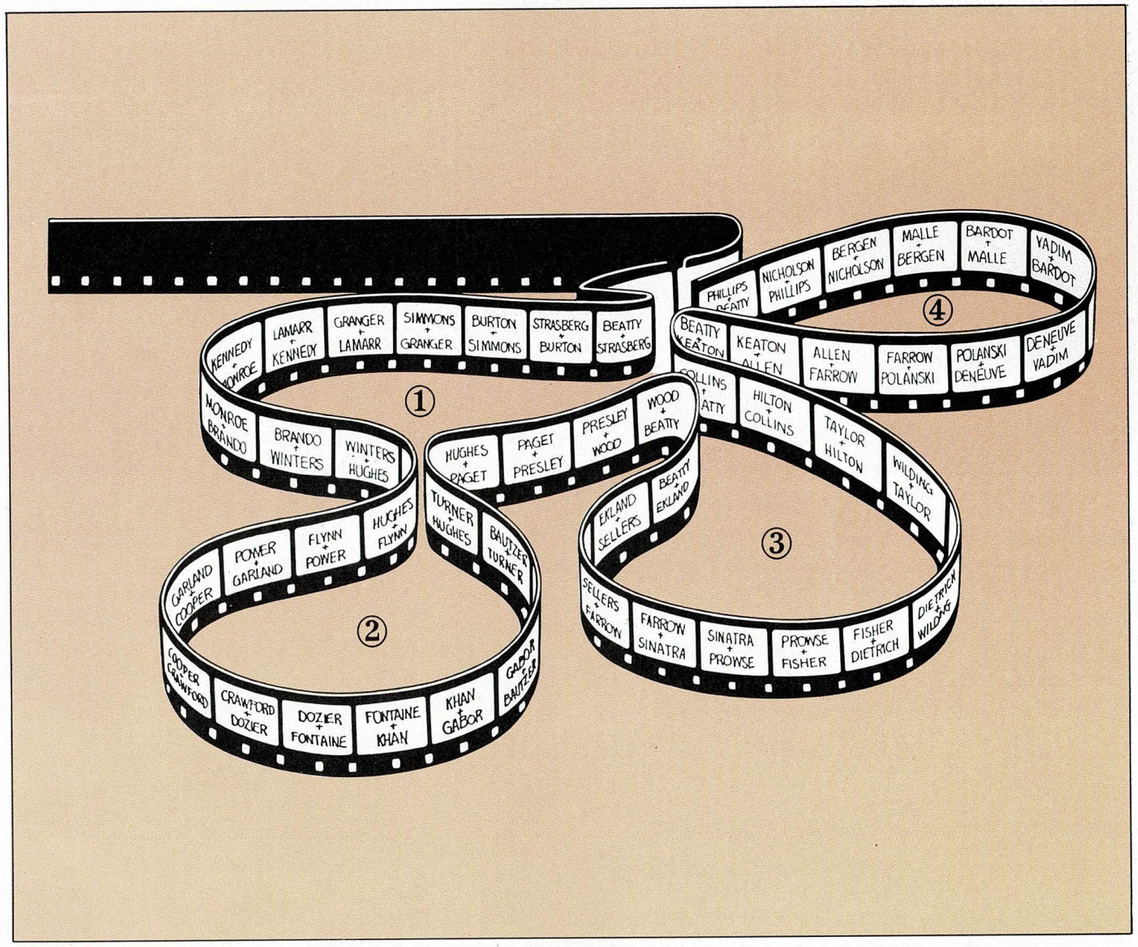
Stewart Granger & Hedy Lamarr

With his buddy Michael Wilding, Granger attended a party in Hedy's hotel suite in Paris. She invited him to tarry after the others left. Alone with the glamorous star, Granger didn't know quite what was expected. Lamarr stared at him in astonished outrage: "My God. I don't believe you! Kings want to. Heads of studios want to. Presidents want to. Why don't *you* want to?" Granger protested that he *did* want to. She advised him to hurry, then, because she had a hairdresser's appointment. He undressed and approached her naked body on the bed. "If only she had shut up and stopped giving orders, the ordeal might have been consummated with some pleasure. . . I was starting to become aroused when she instructed, 'Now don't come too fast, will you?' *That was it.*" Granger beat a hasty retreat, but later had second thoughts. Says he, ruefully, "I mean — *Hedy Lamarr.*"

Hedy Lamarr & John F. Kennedy

"I've met all the great ones", Hedy boasted. Young Kennedy was in postwar Paris, so was she. He called for a date, she said sure, but only if he'd bring her some oranges. (Wartime food rationing was still on.)

"An hour later he was climbing my steps with a brown paper bag full of oranges." After Kennedy delivered, Hedy recalls, they had a wonderful time.



John F. Kennedy & Marilyn Monroe

After both JFK and MM were dead, columnist Earl Wilson reported numerous secret meetings between them during Kennedy's White House years. And a new version of the story comes from a former intimate of Marilyn's, photographer/biographer David Conover. He writes that she called him one night early in 1962 and announced breathlessly: "I did it! I did it!. . . I made it with the Prez." Conover asked *"who?"* She giggled and explained that she had "made it" with President Kennedy, which was something she'd planned and dreamed about. The "historic event" (Conover's words) took place in Palm Springs at Bing Crosby's house, she told him. "Sometime between midnight and 2am, we were walking together in the moonlight across the sand dunes. It happened so suddenly. . ." She sounded thrilled and happy, Conover reports.

Marilyn Monroe & Marlon Brando

In his novel-biography about Monroe, Norman Mailer refers to MM's "curious innocence about sex — once after going to bed with Marlon Brando she said next morning to Milton Green, 'I don't know if I do it the right way'. " But then, muses Mailer, "which of us does know?"

Marlon Brando & Shelley Winters

They became pals and occasional lovers during their early days in New York, and later hung around together in Hollywood. One night when she was on a downer about her long-running affair with the very married Burt Lancaster, Brando took Shelley out for drinks and dinner, told funny stories to lighten the mood. Quoting Shakespeare, he said: "Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love." Shelley slapped him for that.

"After all, it was *my* heartbreak. He returned the slap with a kiss which got so passionate that the maitre d' interrupted us with the suggestion that we didn't want the entree after all, and if we wanted to go home. . . That's exactly what we did." Brando was still at Shelley's at 5am when Lancaster started pounding on the door. At her insistence, Marlon escaped via the roof — leaving behind his sneakers. Moments later, as Shelley welcomed Burt into her bedroom: "I started to draw the drapes to shut out the sunrise, and looking down, I saw Marlon limping down Santa Monica Boulevard."

Shelley Winters & Howard Hughes

At a gala New Year's Eve party Shelley started talking to a tall, skinny fellow in a shiny tux and tennis shoes. She thought he was "some poor guy named Hugh something", until later, in the powder room, Ava Gardner thanked her for taking Howard Hughes off her hands. He asked Shelley for a date the next day and came by for her at the appointed hour. Shelley's father, a tailor, suggested to Hughes that he "come down to the Peerless Pants Company where he could get him a new jacket wholesale. One without patches on the elbows. Later Hughes did just that."

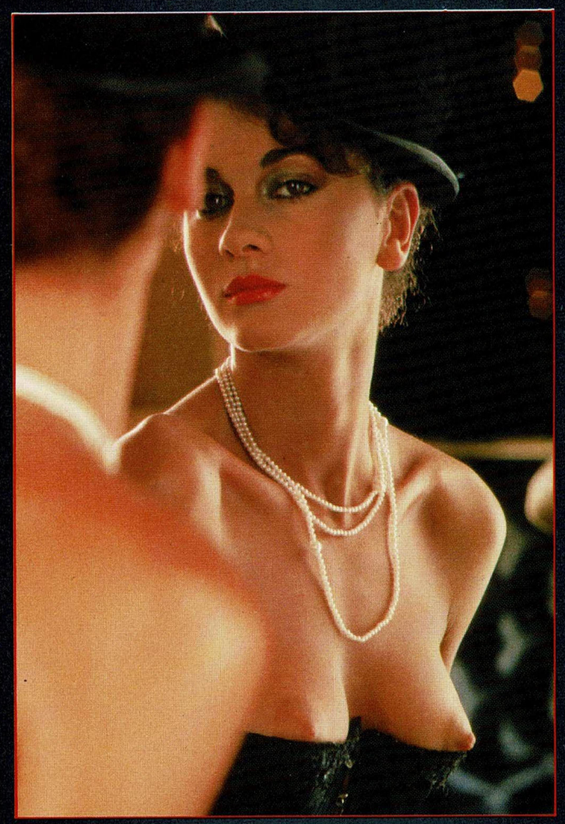
Shelley's first date with Howard started with dinner in an abandoned restaurant followed by a screening of *Hell's Angels* (directed by Hughes, starring Harlow) in an abandoned theatre. At the end of the evening he shook her hand. "I felt a little strange, as if something had happened and I hadn't noticed," writes Shelley. Other strange encounters followed, but Hughes did many favors for Shelley in years to come. Indeed, he was famous for his favors. As is Winters for hers.

Howard Hughes & Debra Paget

For a while there in the 1950s the dark-haired Debra, who was then queen of the costume epics, sported a huge diamond on

(continued on page 104)

FIFI'S COMEBACK



When French beauty Fifi was a dancer at the Moulin Rouge, she was a star, and just for our cameras she agreed to return to the spotlight, and the cancan, one more time.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MARIANNE HAAS

Even Salvador Dali was overcome by the dancers' beauty. In 1970, at one of his exhibitions, he had four Moulin Rouge girls "christen" his paintings with champagne.

Of course, the cancan of Fifi's day is a much naughtier dance than it was in the days of Toulouse-Lautrec, and the Moulin Rouge is still the place to go in Paris to see girls like Fifi kick up their heels.

SEX REGISTER (continued from page 97)

Judy Garland was an impressionable 19, just divorced from David Rose, when she fell hard for Tyrone Power.

her left hand. It was identified (by her) as an engagement ring from Howard, who was often engaged, but subsequently married Jean Peters.

Debra Paget & Elvis Presley

She was his co-star in *Love Me Tender,* Presley's first film. Her cold-shoulder treatment just made his pursuit more intense. However, most of their dates were at Debra's home, watched over by her strict mom. Debra today admits that Elvis asked her to marry him, but her family didn't like the idea. "He was a sweet, simple person," she recalls. "He just liked to get on his motorcycle and go off into the night."

Elvis Presley & Natalie Wood

Elvis was on the rebound from the sultry Paget when he met Natalie: "A pixieish teenager in pedal pushers and babushka." Elvis was obviously *Mr Wrong,* and she was fascinated. Natalie accepted an invitation for a week's visit in Memphis "chaperoned" by Nick Adams. Every day it was the same routine, Elvis signing autographs, eating ice cream, cruising the streets in his convertible and signing more autographs. When Natalie asked Elvis why he put up with such an invasion of privacy, he said that he owed his success to his fans. . . it was his duty. Natalie found Elvis strange. She went home.

Natalie Wood & Warren Beatty

They were "an item" after Natalie's first marriage to Robert Wagner had ended in divorce. At the same time, coincidentally, Wagner was in London seeing Joan Collins, Beatty's former live-in girl. Warren, sniffed Joan, "had not found it disadvantageous to his burgeoning career to be seen dating Natalie, a major star". Between marriages, in 1964, Natalie starred in *Sex And The Single Girl.*

(Back to WARREN BEATTY & SUSAN STRASBERG to close first circle)

Circle # 2

Howard Hughes & Errol Flynn

Yes, Errol Flynn and Howard Hughes. One Johnny Meyer, who worked for both Flynn and Hughes at different times but for the same reason (as a pimp, to acquire both male and female hustlers), claims that he actually set Flynn up with Hughes, "in a spirit of outrageousness". Meyer's story, as recounted by biographer Charles Higham: The meeting between HH and EF was in Santa Barbara; it was late at night at a private home. Flynn arrived, looking drunk, then Hughes "looking right and left and creeping into the house under a heavy felt hat". Later, Meyer drove off like a bat out of hell, terrified that the "Feds" might close in. "I have no idea whether they went to bed or not," Meyer added, "but I think it likely."

Errol Flynn & Tyrone Power

Yes, Tyrone Power and Errol Flynn. The source here is again Johnny Meyer, via Higham. Ty was about 24 — his wife Annabella was away — when he began an affair with the 30-year-old Flynn. They met sporadically and in secret at the home of bisexual director Edmund Goulding. Meyer assumed that Flynn was the "male" in the relationship, with Ty "very much the female" and very much in love. Though Errol's ruthlessness caused a break-up, Meyer says their sexual relationship resumed in Mexico after the war, when Ty was ending an affair with "a famous Latin lover of the screen". Again, alas, it did not last long. "Tyrone wanted things done to him Errol found repellent. . . Errol preferred *oral* sex with men."

Tyrone Power & Judy Garland

Judy was an impressionable 19, just divorced from David Rose, when she fell hard for Ty, then a wartime marine entering Officer's Candidate School. In order to preserve Judy's wholesome image, L.B. Meyer sent out word that no public mention was to be made of the Power/Garland liaison, "and Louella *obeyed*". The biographers who write of the two stars have different versions of how serious the affair became. Hers indicate it was a "brief romantic interlude". His say it was a great love affair which caved in under pressure by MGM — *and* the trauma of an abortion when Judy became pregnant. (Or, was her *only* abortion when she got pregnant by David Rose?) All agree, however, that Judy and Ty planned to marry when he returned from the Marine Corps. Instead, he began dating Lana Turner. "It was the ultimate blow to Judy's ego. . . She would never love anyone again as deeply as she loved Tyrone."

Judy Garland & Jackie Cooper

Because adolescent Judy and Jackie *looked good* together, MGM and their respective mothers decided it would be a fine idea if they became "an item". Their arranged dates would include a movie, a soda with two straws. Once Judy asked Jackie if she could kiss him. He said yes, "and so I was in love". But Judy put an end to the romance when she fell for an "older man" of 16 (Jackie was only 14). Then, one night long years after their early MGM days, Judy asked Jackie to take her home from a party. He recalls: "We had a rowdy old time. . . She was a big girl, and I was a big boy, and it was a great night. But I knew that was all it was, and I didn't even try to call her again."

Jackie Cooper & Joan Crawford

Seventeen-year-old Jackie would often visit the Crawford manse to play badminton. She was a friend of his mother's, and about the same age. One day Joan caught Jackie giving her the once-over. She said provocatively: "You're growing up, aren't you?" Then she told him he'd better go. "Instead, I made a move toward her. . . She stood up, looked at me appraisingly, then closed all the drapes. And I made love to Joan Crawford, or rather, she made love to me." The performance was repeated at least eight or nine times over the next six months, says Jackie. "She was an erudite professor of love. . . a wild woman. She would bathe me, powder me, cologne me."

At times Jackie thought Joan quite a "crazy lady", but in love-making, "she was all business. . . very organised. When I left, she would put me on her calendar for the next visit." Finally she told him their affair had to end; he must put it out of his mind, as if "it never happened". Cooper recalled that he held back the urge to blab. When his friends talked about their conquests with some "pimply-faced teenager", he'd nod and think to himself: "But I have been with one of the Love Goddesses of the Screen."

Joan Crawford & William Dozier

When she needed an impressive escort for some gala, Joan often called on the noted swinger and talent-agent-turned-producer Dozier. He was with her the night she fell into a snit over the fact that Greg Bautzer (her long-time *man*) was escorting Ginger Rogers. And then Dozier had the nerve to ask Babs Stanwyck to dance! Joan left the party alone, and when Bill Dozier tried to see her later, Crawford's maid said her mistress had retired for the night. Now in a snit himself, he threw a handful of gravel at her bedroom window and left. The next day Dozier got flowers and an apology from Joan: "Please forgive a poor, frightened little girl."

William Dozier & Joan Fontaine

He was head of RKO Studios when, in May, 1946 in Mexico City, he took Joan for his bride. She recalled that the Cinco de Mayo fireworks were bursting outside their window as "Mrs William Dozier had a wedding night to remember!" Back in Hollywood, Joan and Bill formed their own production company and, for a while, their lives were filled with happy activity. "We travelled, entertained, chartered yachts. Bill had a Cadillac, I had a four-door Lincoln Continental convertible." However, when their daughter, Debbie, was less than a year old, her parents were going their separate ways. Joan was his second wife; Bill was her second husband.

Joan Fontaine & Aly Khan

The Middle Eastern playboy prince *loved* movie stars, and was just divorcing Rita Hayworth and getting involved with Gene Tierney at about the same time he met Joan in Paris. She got the full treatment. First there was Aly's standard "roomful of roses", plus lunch at Maxims along with a small present from Cartier's. Then, Joan recounts: "In his Ferrari we dashed to his horse farms to name his foals. We raced to Deauville where we galloped along the beach. . . we attended galas at the casino. . . and swam in the Mediterranean at his villa." God, those *were* the days.

Aly Khan & Zsa Zsa Gabor

It was in Paris again. And *approximately* the same time Khan was giving Tierney and Fontaine the big rush. When he met Zsa Zsa he looked into her sparkling Hungarian eyes and said: "You're one of the few women in America I've longed to meet." The morning after their first dinner date, Zsa Zsa's room was, of course, "filled with roses". She thought the prince charming, debonair and all that. But, as they danced, she remembers, "somehow I sensed that while our cheeks touched, his eyes were sweeping the room, alert for a new face, a new adventure". Meanwhile, Zsa Zsa would do.

Zsa Zsa Gabor & Greg Bautzer

A showbiz lawyer (Howard Hughes was among his more notable clients), Bautzer was seen with *many* famous filmland beauties during the Forties and Fifties. (And Sixties, Seventies and Eighties for that matter.) Zsa Zsa was one of the many. In fact, he was her date the night she met husband-to-be Conrad Hilton, the hotelier. However, Gabor's autobiography says less about Greg than about the gown she was wearing at the time: "Shimmering dark blue satin with turquoise embroidery."

Greg Bautzer & Lana Turner

Greg was Lana's first *publicised* Hollywood affair, and everyone approved — MGM and her Mom most of all. The studio liked Bautzer's "maturity" and steadying influence on 19-year-old Lana; Mom liked him because he was rich and good-looking. The couple's engagement was taken for granted. Later, Lana would say: "I *was* engaged to Greg Bautzer. That is, if anyone can claim actually to be engaged to this astute escape artist." Anyway, their relationship went poof when Lana eloped with Artie Shaw on her 20th birthday.

Lana Turner & Howard Hughes

Howard and Lana grandly announced that they would announce their engagement after a madcap flight from New York to Los Angeles in Hughes' private plane — with Hughes at the controls, natch. Neither party explained what exactly happened up there in the wild blue yonder, but when the plane touched ground, Hughes and Turner weren't speaking and the engagement was off. When Lana later complained that she'd already had her sheets and towels monogrammed "HH", Howard helpfully said: "Go marry Huntington Hartford."

(Back to HOWARD HUGHES & ERROL FLYNN to close second circle.)

Circle # 3

Warren Beatty & Britt Ekland

In her autobiography, Britt just can't say enough about Warren: "The most divine lover of all. . . Warren could handle women as smoothly as operating an elevator. He knew exactly where to locate the top button. One flick and we were on our way." The way led from a whirlwind time in London to Beatty's penthouse pad atop the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. There, they spent days sunbathing naked on the terrace. "Warren could drift in and out making drinks for us and occasionally taking a call from a studio to set up fresh movie details." Years after, Warren resurfaced in Britt's life, but she had become immune to his charms. "Warren had made himself too available, it seemed to me that practically anyone could have him." And nearly everyone did.

Britt Ekland & Peter Sellers

On their first date, in London, he took her to see *The Pink Panther,* then back to his hotel for caviar and champagne, marijuana and kisses. Although their debut abed was not exactly awe inspiring, they tied the knot a few weeks later, in February, 1964. Sellers was 38, Britt 21. Within days, "his incredible affection had soured into an habitual jealousy", writes Britt, and he forced her to give up her first big movie role and fly to him in Hollywood. In his search for the "ultimate orgasm", she reveals, Sellers often used amyl nitrate "poppers", which might have brought on the series of devastating heart attacks that almost killed him that spring. He was barely out of the hospital, however, before they were at it again — in the shower. A daughter, Victoria, was born in early 1965; the marriage proceeded on its stormy course until Peter literally threw Britt out of their hotel in Rome in the middle of the night. That's not all, charged Britt: "The next day he got the captain of his yacht, the *Bobo,* to put all of my belongings on the pier!"

Sinatra, at 50, was one of the best catches around, and Mia Farrow caught him. Frank didn't like all the jokes about their age difference.

Peter Sellers & Mia Farrow

After Britt, Peter found consolation, but only briefly, with Mighty Mia, who had just divorced Frank Sinatra. Britt noted with some irony that, after she married Sellers, he forced her to give up a role in the film *Guns At Batasi.* And who was her replacement? Right. Mia.

Mia Farrow & Frank Sinatra

As the 19-year-old star of the TV series *Peyton Place,* she was thought of as a "rebellious, unglamorous, unsexy-looking teenager". Sinatra, at 50, was one of the best catches around, and Mia caught him. Frank didn't like all the jokes about their age difference. (He's got *ties* older than she is.) After an on-again-off-again courtship, they managed to sneak away for a Las Vegas wedding in July 1966. They seemed so much in love; Frank gave her "a car, a horse, diamonds". But Mia wasn't into expensive baubles. More the flower child than the pampered wife, Mia became captivated by Indian gurus; she took to hanging out at Arthur (the New York disco) where, allegedly, "one could get all the guru news". In early 1967, Mia went to India to meditate with the Maharishi, which only widened the growing rift with her husband. "Mia went back to Arthur; Frank stayed on at Jilly's," wrote Earl Wilson. In August 1968, after nearly a year's separation, the couple obtained a Mexican divorce.

Frank Sinatra & Juliet Prowse

Frank *adored* the statuesque dancer from South Africa, and was helpful in advancing her career. Juliet used to open his act, as they say in Vegas. But he insisted she step out of the spotlight if she really wanted to become Mrs Sinatra. She decided, she really didn't want to *that* much.

Juliet Prowse & Eddie Fisher

When she came to catch *his* Vegas act, Eddie acknowledged: "I was attracted to her immediately." But Fisher knew that Juliet had been Sinatra's girl, so he phoned Frank to check with him before asking her out. "He gave me his gracious permission," says Eddie. Yeah, okay — but did *she?* Fisher's batting average hints at another homer.

Eddie Fisher & Marlene Dietrich

Dietrich was preparing to do *her* Vegas act and Eddie, at 25, had been doing one for years. He gladly gave her pointers, even introduced her to some songwriters. Grateful, Marlene invited Eddie up for dinner. He writes: "She was the sophisticated older woman and I was the inexperienced boy, just like in one of her own movies, and I was both excited and a little scared. But Marlene knew how to make me feel like a man."

Marlene Dietrich & Michael Wilding

Hitchcock directed Michael and Marlene in *Stage Fright,* and the two began "a big affair". It was an important one, too. At the time, Marlene was 47 years older than he. Yet his friends remember that he was *mad* for her, and torn when it came time to choose between Dietrich and Elizabeth Taylor.

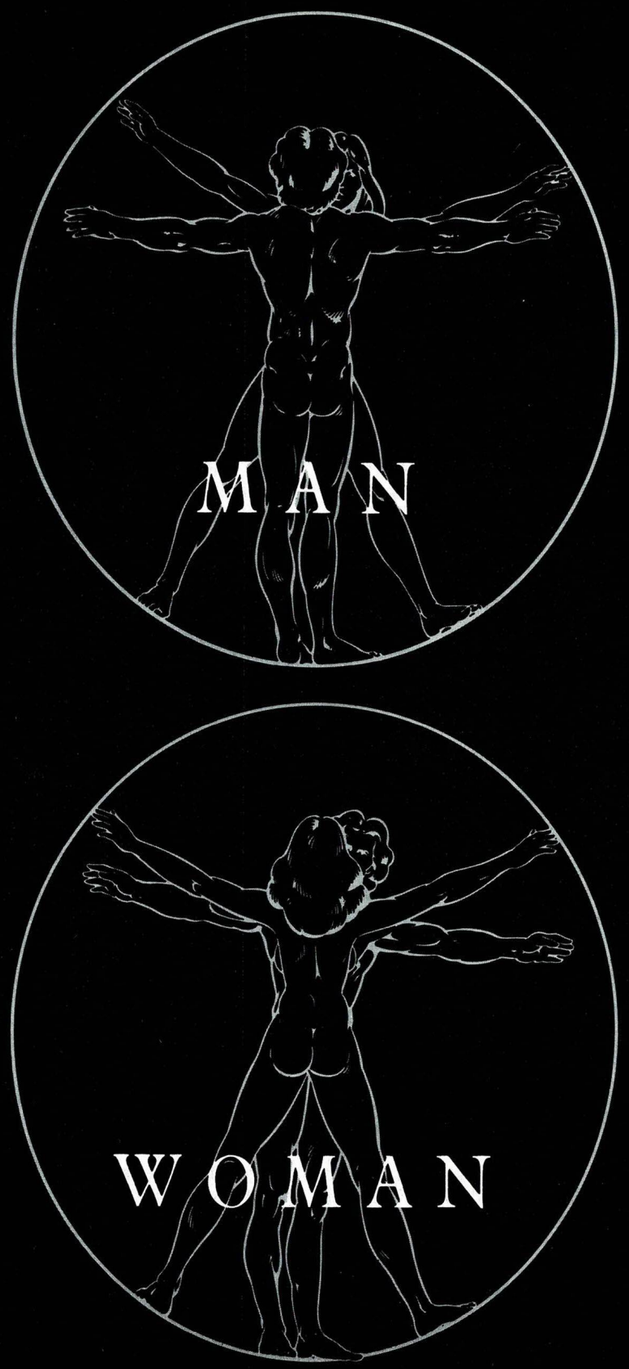
Michael Wilding & Elizabeth Taylor

The young and determined Ms Taylor candidly admitted that *she* proposed to Wilding — and even bought her own engagement ring, so sure was she that things would work out. Elizabeth pointed out to him that at 19 (as opposed to Dietrich's 49), she could give Michael the children he'd never had. The wedding took place in 1952, son Christopher was born in 1954. The Wildings separated, after his Hollywood career "turned to ashes" in 1956. They then became the best of friends, remaining so until Wilding died in 1979.

(continued on page 142)

THE MAIN EVENT

part six



by jo durden-smith and diane desimone

FOUR HUNDRED years ago, Columbus discovered the clitoris. Realdus Columbus, that is — who, in 1593, marvelled that "so many noted anatomists had overlooked so pretty and useful a thing." Nearly 50 years later, in 1642, came another astonishing revelation. One Giovanni Sinibaldi, the writer of the first standard work on sexuality, announced that he had identified the seat of male pleasure, "a structure which so greatly enhances female enjoyment" — the foreskin.

We seem to have come a long way since then. We no longer fear eternal damnation if we go to bed with each other. We no longer use silk handkerchiefs for contraception. And we're no longer inclined to deal with sex, as Thomas Carlyle's wife did, by closing our eyes and thinking of England — or whatever country we happen to belong to. Instead, we have drawers full of pills, vibrators and condoms. We frolic happily together free from guilt. Like butterfly-hunters, we collect orgasms. And sex, unglued from reproduction, has become the national sport. All that only 40 years after America was pronounced one of the three societies on earth in which sex was taboo. Not bad, eh?

Not bad, no — but not entirely good, either. For the enforced democratisation of our sexual revolution has taken some of the subtlety out of our rituals of flirtation and courtship. All in all, the pressures in our society appear to have conspired to make the act of sex an end in itself — either you do it or you don't. It's become so important that it's now unimportant. And that, ironically, as we'll see, probably works to the short-term advantage of men. But it also works, we think, to the long-term disadvantage of us all. For the essence of any democracy is that we are all essentially alike. And the essence of this sexual democracy of ours is that we are all *sexually* alike — apart from a few minor differences in the portable plumbing we carry around.

That, as we've been saying throughout this PLAYBOY series, is simply not true of men and women in general. And it's no more true of the way we approach and experience sex. Life isn't as simple as Masters and Johnson's proclamation that the female orgasm is the same as the male orgasm — and that an orgasm is an orgasm, however achieved. It's a great deal more complex, mysterious and potentially rewarding than that. As men and women, we have been a long time coming to this place. And we've brought to it different sexual baggage — different bodies, different needs, different drives, different mechanisms and different experiences of pleasure. In that difference lies our togetherness.

Science has had very little to say about any of that since the days of Columbus and Sinibaldi — very little, at least, that wasn't both hare-brained and murderously sexist. And so far this century, science has had to take a back seat to the guesswork of psychology and psychiatry, which have persistently emphasised how alike we are, how alike we ought to be. (Not, perhaps, a good thing, since psychiatrists, according to a 1979 poll conducted in the US, have the worst sex lives of any branch of the medical profession, for all their fine democratic notions.)

Now, though, science *is* beginning to have something new and very important to say. Along scattered fronts, it's beginning to suggest that a new age in our sexual relations may be upon us. It may turn out to be a time in which, because we'll understand more, we'll learn to give more. Our sex may become less confusing and less anxiety-ridden, more hopeful and more loving. We may stop having to limp off to the helping professions with our sexual problems because the answer is within us, between us, in the differences that make us one.

On the other hand, that new age could take another shape. For science now has — for the first time — tools that allow it to dig deep into the human brain and into the chemistry by which it controls our sex and reproduction. And though its work will virtually guarantee us *wonderful* things — new treatments for impotence and infertility, nasal sprays for contraception and simple breath-test kits for timing ovulation — it may also guarantee us something considerably less wonderful: a time when all the strange, satisfying, messy humanity of sex may be stripped from it.

A senior scientist at the US National Institute of Health said not long ago that yes, "the Brave New World is something that's subtly and slowly emerging." And if you say that's all right with you — that sex with two or sex with love is a problem anyway — then consider for a moment the sweet give and take that you'll be missing. Watch with us through our editorial one-way mirror as a couple plays out that timeless ritual of courtship and seduction. As all of us who've been there know, it's a wonderful, mysterious process that all by itself feels better than any 10 other things we could name combined. But this time, you're going to see what goes on *beneath* the skin. And by the morning after, you'll have an appreciation for the mystery of sex that you never would have acquired if this had been *your* evening.

As we join our unsuspecting couple, the party is in progress. Lights are low, the ice cubes tinkle in the glasss. Watch carefully.

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He feels her presence — a stir in the room, a smell, a tone of voice. He turns, and suddenly his muscles stiffen. His face is flushed, his heart beats faster. His pupils dilate as he watches her from across the room.

She notices his reaction, and her sympathetic nervous system responds — as if to danger. Her pulse quickens. Her palms tingle and become warm. A blush washes across her face. Glancing downward to hide the moment, she is half-conscious of a prickling in her scalp — and of her nipples pressing against the stretched silk of her dress. For a second, she feels as if she's been attacked, and her breathing becomes quicker, shallower. Dimly irritated, she draws distractedly on a cigarette. But when she finally looks up to meet his stare, her pupils, too, are subtly wider than they were a few moments before.

Now our strangers in the night are well into the song. Intensely conscious of each other they continue to play their drama from across the room, a drama of glances, gestures and tones of voice — of coded information given and received. The result is a flurry of small-print news about suitability, status and availability, each item buried in the gathering bustle of the party in progress. He shows his leanness, his success with others, his clothes, his tan, the readiness of his smile. She offers him a softness, a seriousness and an adroit, flirtatious coolness with the man she's talking to. As she moves, she runs her ringed fingers down the long cascade of her throat. A glimpse of breast is proffered, then deferred. The senses of both become heightened. And the drama — uninterrupted — moves into a new phase.

Wherever they go now, moving still in circles that never quite touch, she hears his voice, arguing, laughing, teasing. And he follows her constantly with his eyes. Finally, she stands apart from the others for a moment, fishing with her tongue for a piece of ice in her glass. And their eyes lock as she looks up again. For a second, she feels panicked, naked. But then he is at her side.

The restaurant is well-chosen, uncrowded, candlelit. A piano plays softly, sealing off the diners from one another. Our couple sit in a well of separateness, testing each other, gently probing in a process as old as mankind. She watches his quiet authority with the waiters, the way he eats and moves and sips his wine. All the while she measures his real interest in her, sifting the clues of words and eyes and mouth and tongue. He takes in the healthy glow of her skin, the whiteness of her teeth, and he leans forward to touch her hand where it lies, curved, around the stem of her wineglass. As the evening deepens, their talk becomes more muted and more charged. Amid this spell, a decision — unvoiced — has been made.

To that decision, to their new closeness, comes the hormonal status of their bodies. As they talk — seemingly idly — in the restaurant, it is the balance of estrogen and progesterone in her that helps produce her glow, her self-assurance and her readiness. And it is the level of testosterone in him that induces his confidence and the sort of canny, disguised aggression he's showing in his pursuit of her. All those hormones act upon the brain. They interact there with chemically-controlled systems governing memory, learning past associations and expectations of pleasure and reward. From the beginning of their dream, the brains of both have been regulating and following the intricate patterns of their courtship — one step forward, one step back. Sensory receptors have recorded the looks, the movements, the words, the food, the wine, the touch. And at a high level of the brain, all that information has been integrated with experience and anticipation. From there the good news has travelled to self-reinforcing brain circuits controlling pleasure and reward, and messenger chemicals — in this case, dopamine and noradrenalin — have carried it downward to deep brain structures responsible for emotion and motivation. All those interlocking systems, influenced by hormonal messages from the secreting glands of the body, are constantly communicating with one another, totting up the pluses and minuses of the flirtation and initiating behavior that will carry it forward. And each can still respond — to too much food and drink, too bold a move, a false word, a bad impression — by influencing the other systems to turn off, tune down, withdraw.

Our couple's evening, in other words, is, first and always, a matter of the right chemistry. And at the heart of it — as they drink their coffee, still wondering, waiting for the outcome — is a bundle of tissue at the base of each of their brains called the hypothalamus. The keeper of the border between brain and body, the hypothalamus receives from and transmits to virtually every area of their brains. However, at the same time, it is in constant two-way communication with the outlands of their bodies.

Right now, it is monitoring their blood pressure, their temperature and their breathing rate. It is inspecting their appetite — and it is integrating, expressing and pushing forward their basic drive towards sex. Neither one of our blissful subjects is aware of its influence, of course. But it was the hypothalamus — acting through the long-distance messengers of the pituitary gland just beneath it — that ordered up from testis and ovary the levels of hormones that got this started in the first place. And it is the hypothalamus that's now bidding up from their adrenal glands the cortisone and the adrenalin responsible for the heightened charge and warmth of their encounter. It makes her exquisitely sensitive to the hand that reaches out to touch her face, to the leg gently leaning against hers. And it makes him feel, by calling up more testosterone and an accelerated sperm production, a new tightness in his loins.

Nothing is said. They walk through the night, he with his arm around her, just touching the curve of her breast — imagining it, imagining her, without clothes. Her nerve impulses race back and upward, to spine, to brain, to hypothalamus. And once more, her nipples press against the material of her dress. A rise in circulating estrogen makes her moist. She moves closer to him and they stop to kiss,

each exploring the biology of the other's mouth. They stand still for a moment, understanding through smell and the sensation of breath and heartbeat that they're now part of a common arousal. Somewhere in the wash of hormones and the complex brain talk of the messenger chemicals, a decision has been made. She shivers, though it is not cold, and the tiny hairs along her forearms become erect.

Inside the apartment, he slowly undresses her — whispering, kissing, reassuring. His excitement feeds on hers as he sees her swelling lips, the rush of blood to her areolae, the blush that spreads across her body. The reservoirs in the erectile tissue of his penis fill with blood and trap more and more of the blood that the brain orders up in compensation. Fully erect now, he quickly removes his own clothes. He teases at her breasts with his mouth and runs his hands down her flanks, reaching little by little toward the centre of her. He fingers her clitoris, which also engorges with blood to become erect. He explores the wetness being spilled out into her vagina from glands lining the entrance and the walls of her vaginal canal.

At that point, you can bet our hero and heroine aren't thinking about what a tough day they had at the office. In fact, control of the reasoning forebrain has been removed, and both are now creatures of the lower brain and of the autonomic nervous system. The para-sympathetic nervous system is causing moistness and hardness — the drop of moisture at the end of his penis, the discharge of hormones from glands in armpits, breast and pubic skin. And the sympathetic nervous system is washing the muscles of both partners with adrenalin. Their hearts are beating faster, their breathing has become heavy, their muscles are taut. Meanwhile, their adrenal glands are pumping out testosterone in a mix of other hormones, making her clitoris more sensitive and giving him an extra urgency centred on his penis and on the reflex arc that now governs his erection from nerve centres at the base of his spine.

Automatic nerve impulses rush to their pelvic muscles. Their excitement mounts. She pulls him closer and he enters her. Now both are working, matching the rhythm of their movements, thrusting, lifting and pushing. And slowly, the sympathetic nervous tension builds in each of them to a higher and higher pitch. Pressure changes in her womb. Blood vessels are increasingly constricted. Glands are burdened. Muscles are drum-tight.

Then, suddenly, release. The right brain takes complete command, and the parasympathetic nervous system suddenly erupts into action to take over their bodies. The messenger chemical acetylcholine takes the place of adrenalin. And where before there was tension, there is now an explosion into calmness. The muscles of his penis contract involuntarily, sending a stream of sperm arcing into her. Nerve impulses race toward his brain. If our hero is the noisy type, he probably cries something like "Yeees!" in a great exhalation of air. At the same time, contractions begin to ripple along the walls of our heroine's vagina as he shudders within her. They reach upward towards her womb and downward again to her pulsing, disgorging clitoris. A new hormone, oxytocin, is released from her pituitary. Her skin darkens. And "Yes!" she cries, too (they have much in common), as she plummets back to rest.

They are quiet for a moment as hearts slow, blood pressure drops and their bodies return to normal. He falls asleep quickly. But she lies awake as substances within the ejaculate now inside her cause the contractions in her womb and vagina to continue, only more slowly. As he begins to breathe more deeply, she continues to feel vaguely aroused. "How good *was* it?" she thinks. "Could there have been more?"

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That, ladies and gentlemen, is sex. More or less. Give and take. And it's obviously an immensely complicated business. It involves the state of two bodies, attraction, arousal and what Masters and Johnson have called EPOR (excitement, plateau, orgasm and resolution). For our hero and heroine, it has involved literally millions of variables. For them, it has depended on chance. It has been carried through a delicate dance of moves and counter-moves. And at any point anything could have nipped their affair in the bud — a distraction, a dropped cue, a twinge of guilt. It's also been dependent, not only on them, but on the culture that surrounds them. If one or the other of them, for example, had sported saucer-shaped lips, a large nose-ring or whole-body basket-weave tattooing — signs of considerable beauty elsewhere — the evening would never have begun.

Men are the sex-seeking gender. Women are simply not as interested in casual sex even though they sometimes believe they should be.

Their attitudes to sex, in other words — and much of what they do during it — are basically local custom. They have to do with religion and law and upbringing and experience. They're learned. Fellatio, cunnilingus and all the other variations on the theme that we have left out may be fun, but they, too, are learned (usually only in societies that are maritally stable — which, by that definition, ours is). The point is, an enormous amount of our sexual jousting is purely cultural.

"What we have to do is look across *all* human cultures and see if they fit a central hypothesis," says Donald Symons, associate professor of anthropology at the University of California at Santa Barbara and author of a recent book, *The Evolution of Human Sexuality*. "The hypothesis is this. Since human females — like those of other species — have a relatively large investment to make in the production and survival of offspring, they'll approach the business of sex and reproduction in a rather different way from males. And whatever it was that worked for them in negotiating this imbalance in the evolutionary past will remain in them today. Women will continue to be more choosy and more hesitant because they're more at risk from the consequences of a bad choice. And men will continue to be less discriminating, more aggressive and promiscuous, because they're less at risk.

"But we can't just leave it there. For individual males and females — even under those circumstances — aren't equally valuable as mates. So mechanisms must have developed that enabled them to seek out and secure the *fittest* members of the opposite sex, the ones most useful to them and to their genes. For males, that would mean health, aptness for motherhood and youth — it's in their interests to tie up a woman's whole reproductive career. And for females, it would mean something else — health, yes, but also strength and long-term resources. Whatever is necessary for the survival of their genes.

"The first part of the hypothesis has been amply borne out, I think, by studies done all over the world on people of different ages, classes and sexual preferences. There *is* a double standard expressed by men and women themselves. Men *are* the sex-seeking gender. And women — if you read *The Hite Report*, for example — are simply not as interested in casual sex, even though they sometimes believe they *should* be and think they would be happier if they were. What they require from sex in general is some sort of emotional involvement.

"The second part of the hypothesis holds up equally well. Let's start with men. Men in all cultures prize health and cleanliness — good skin, good teeth. They set great store by physical attractiveness, and that attractiveness is always associated with *youth*. Why? Because youth is when a woman is most valuable, reproductively speaking. She can have and care for only a certain number of children, and so the younger the better. That's part of the genetic program.

"Youth, though, isn't a criterion that women apply to men. For a man's reproductive value can actually *increase* with age. And it's not dependent on his physical appearance. It has *much* more to do with reliability, status, prowess, skills and the ability to command and accumulate wealth. In our evolution, then, women who attended to *those* signs of value would have done better than those who paid court to youth and physical attractiveness. And there would have been selective pressures to ensure that such a tendency survives in women today.

"In fact, that's what we see. While men are drawn to younger women, women routinely marry older men and not necessarily Adonises. Physical appearance isn't that necessary to them. It's more a case of the resources that older and more reliable men have had time to gather. The upshot of all that is that men and women have different sexual strategies. They operate at the level of the genes and represent evolutionary constraints on male and female behavior. Those contraints underlie *all* our sexual transactions. Women control what men throughout evolution have always needed — the ability to carry and to reproduce their gender for them. Sex is the way to get it, so men tend to pursue sex aggressively. It's a trivial expenditure of energy with a potentially big payoff. For women, though, sex is something else. Women in evolution, after all, have always had one of their few, expensive eggs and their bodies on the line. And so sex for a woman remains a valuable *service* — a service that has to be carefully traded."

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Back to the restaurant. Now we can see what's been going on in the attraction between our hero and heroine. Originally, of course, she had noticed him because he so obviously had eyes for her. Then she liked what she had noticed. And then, almost unconsciously, she began to absorb all the clues in him that suggested status and resources (and potentially valuable genes): his clothes, his tan, his ease with others, his leanness. All of those things carry shifting social meanings. A tan once meant outside work; now it means money for holidays. Thinness once meant the poverty of undernourishment; now thin is "in" — it's the poor, by and large, who are fat.

Our hero, meanwhile, went through a similar, but different process. Status — clothing and so on — was clearly important to him. But his appraisal was mainly physical. As he watched her, what he checked out were her age, her skin, her hips and her breasts — all signs, at bottom, of her fitness for motherhood. And since he thought her beautiful, one can assume something else — that in appearance she was somewhere close to the population average. Standards of beauty vary from society to society, but they always represent an averaging of what the society looks like. There are genetic reasons for that — reasons that are part of his sex drive. For the average is the mainstream of the genetic pool in any society. Other things being equal, the average — the mainstream — is a better bet, genetically speaking, than something on the fringes. On the fringes she was not. So he was hot to trot.

All that's been considered. And now, as they order their food and eat their dinner, they're at a second stage — a stage at which she holds all the cards. For if they're to have sex, *she* has to say yes. She has to be convinced that there's no danger in their intimacy, that he is gentle and reliable. To find out whether that is true, she requires courtship. She needs evidence. She needs, in evolutionary terms, to make sure that the man will stay around long enough to provide resources for her and her offspring. For a woman, that decision is crucial. And in order to deal with it, women have developed mechanisms that make them much more discriminating, guarded and conservative than men in their sex drive. She sits opposite him, in other words, possessed of a different evolutionary inheritance. She almost certainly has an enhanced ability to read his character from gesture, posture and tones of voice. Her senses are more finely tuned and her brain is organised in such a way that she has readier access to the emotional context of what she's experiencing. She's quick, therefore, to react to the slightest sign of danger, and she responds sexually not to *instant* cues but to atmosphere.

A woman is less likely to experience orgasm during a one-night stand than she is in the context of a stable, long-term relationship.

Something of who she is can be seen in the huge industry of romantic magazines and fictions aimed at her. She requires a certain ambience for sex. When it comes to representations of sex in books and pictures, she responds most to those in which the relationships are believable. And as for her own sex life, her sexual willingness requires a psychological go-ahead, a green light in the mind. John Wincze of Brown University Medical School and Patricia Schreiner-Engel of Mount Sinai School of Medicine have found — in separate studies — that a woman often shows physiological, vaginal arousal when watching sex films or listening to erotic tapes. But they don't by any means always *feel* aroused at the same time — as men always do. There's a potential cut-off, a gap, between the responses of her body and the conscious part of her brain.

She's protected by nature, then, from making the wrong snap decision about him. And she's been provided by evolution with a further protective mechanism, the effects of which are all around us in this society. She is, quite simply, less visually arousable than he is, because it wouldn't serve her reproductive purposes to be turned on by the sight of just any old male body.

He, of course, isn't so restrained. He has different evolutionary fish to fry, so he devours her with his eyes, undresses her in his mind. It's no wonder that a successful men's magazine industry has been built up around his visually-oriented male libido — but not from hers. No women's magazine can find a market solely on the basis of male nudes — they sell, rather, to male homosexuals.

What does that all add up to in the attraction between him and her? Well, if he comes on too strong, he may not make out — there's more ultimate compatibility between two people when the man isn't too pushy. What he has to remember is that her approach to sex has less to do with what poet W.H. Auden once called an "intolerable neural itch". That doesn't mean that she can't be instantly attracted to a man, and it doesn't mean that she can't pursue large numbers of sexual partners. But it *does* mean that the attraction she feels is unlikely to be a purely physical one. And it *does* mean that, in being promiscuous, she may have some difficulty in overriding the evolutionary programs within her. For she'll be doing something that, in evolution, worked not to her advantage, but to men's. And no matter how hard she tries, she simply isn't a man. She hasn't inherited the male pattern of sexual behavior, and like it or not, a number of studies have shown that she is *less* likely to experience orgasm during a one-night stand than she is in the context of stable, long-term relationship.

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If you don't buy the idea of different evolutionary progams operating within our hero and heroine as they sit at the restaurant appraising each other, then consider this: 10 or 15 years ago — or however many years ago they began to go through puberty — they wouldn't have given two cents for the pleasure of each other's company. Then, two or so years later, their parents probably said: "Oh God, he/she's girl/boy *crazy*."

By that time the sex hormones had done their work. She'd become locked into her menstrual cycle, had developed breasts, had grown her particular pattern of pubic hair, had expanded her pelvis and put on weight at her hips — so gaining a low centre of gravity and the beginnings of the hip-swivelling walk of a mature woman. He, meanwhile, had developed a deep voice, new muscles and larger bones, had grown facial hair and a larger penis and had set up continuous sperm production. Now they were ready to meet, having become attractive to each other by becoming different from each other and all according to the timetable of an evolutionary program that continues in the restaurant and for the rest of their reproductive lives. The overseer of the program is, in both cases, the hypothalamus. But its most important field representative is different in each of them. In him, it's testosterone; in her, estrogen.

The hypothalamus is primed in the womb to produce those extraordinary events of puberty by starting up major

(continued on page 116)

MI: MACHO Classic

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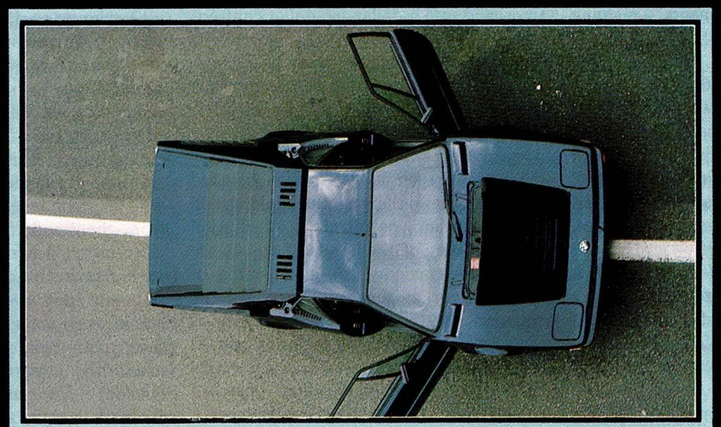
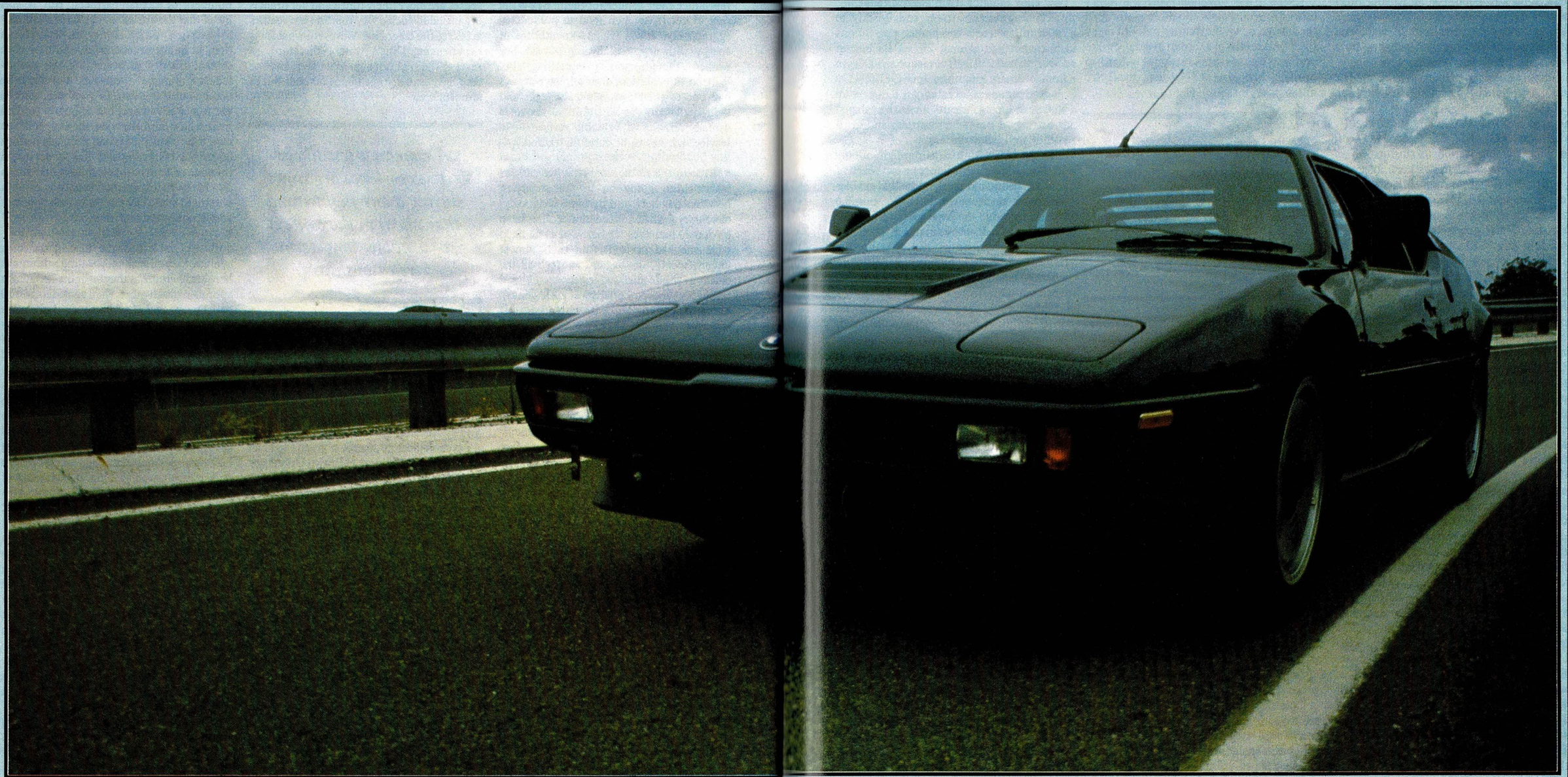
IT'S MAY and it's Monaco. The year is 1979 and the occasion is the 7th round of the World Formula One Championship. But this is not the reason why tens of thousands of spectators are bursting over the balustrades of





countless hotels and apartments, screaming themselves spitless. No, the reason is the world's most expensive dodgem derby roaring through the streets below. A five-million-dollar, 10,000-horsepower circus of 20 sliding, bellowing metallic monsters, running so close together they seem welded into the one incredible psychedelic dragon. Spitting fire, writhing and howling. And self-destructing at the same time. Flares, and then wheels, are ripped off and bounce through the swarming cars as they crunch each other or the guard-rails. One angry monster goes out of control, lunches on a stone wall and careers aimlessly backwards into the pack, scattering others and inflicting casualties.

There is a hideous blend of bellowing exhausts and grinding bodywork, a deafening cacophony of noise and anger that stuns the senses. And then it is gone, around a walled bend, out of sight and almost out of hearing. Just a distant buzz like an army of departing hornets.

This is Procar. Or was Procar. The ultimate automotive fix. Insanity on wheels!

Yes, 1979 was the year of the Procar.

Procar was M1. And only M1. An automotive inspiration brainstormed in 1975 by BMW's motorsport maestro, Jochen Neerpasch, around the concept of matching five F1 GP drivers against 15 amateurs, in identical machines for a go-for-the-jugular grudge match to curtain-raise the World Championship F1 rounds.

The prize? An M1. What else? Not the massive Group Four Procar machine used at Monte Carlo and the other GP circuits. But an M1 all the same. A slightly detuned version, with street civvies and manners to match. Like the one you see here.

Not a race car to be sure. But not much short of one either. A state-of-the-art road machine conceived first as a racer, then developed as a grand tourer. Among exoticars, a unique concept. The BMW M1 is not a look-fast cult car that runs out of road when put to the ultimate test. It was designed to synthesise the multiple objectives of the most sophisticated chassis and suspension, a "perfect" weight distribution, and ultra-low air resistance.

It is a by-product of this ultimate science that cars designed to reach the ultimate limits of performance develop their own aesthetic appeal. And it is a fortunate coincidence of aerodynamic efficiency and engineering finesse that avant-garde styling was the spin-off.

This is the German way: to follow the laws of physics, not the trends of fashion. But account is taken of popular appeal as well: the clothing is pure Latin, by one of Italy's best, Georgio Guigiaro. Despite the Italianate styling, the M1 is a racecar first, and a production boulevardier second. Every digit of its specifications confirms this.

This may sound like semantics when translated into a dollar-for-dollar confrontation with the competition. Especially if you rack it up against the De Tomaso Pantera GTS, tested in these pages a short time ago, which costs around $70,000. For at two-and-a-half times that price, the M1 does not appear on paper to put down very much more than its US-Italian blended rival. But, that is the magnificent deception of statistics and specifications. An illusion in which tens of thousands of dollars are apparently expended to gain tenths of seconds. For at the output end of the equation, the separation line is as fine as that. An independent US authority proved it. Taking a cross-section of high-performance machinery, they matched vehicles over the established comparators of acceleration, manoeuvring, racing. The BMW M1 was marginally ahead of every other exoticar around the skidpad, through the slalom, down the quarter mile. In many cases, just tenths of a second in front. A slim performance advantage seemingly hard to justify when weighed against the price differential.

The BMW M1 is not a look-fast cult car that runs out of road when put to the ultimate test. Among exoticars, it is a unique concept.

But there was one other comparison test: lap times on a racing circuit. The M1 was almost two clear seconds ahead of the Pantera and more than a second ahead of the Countach (which costs more). This is the test where it all comes together. Where balanced performance is revealed. And one other thing: the M1 did it easily and consistently.

The answer lies in super-tech specifications and perfect balance. It starts with the powerplant. A six-cylinder developed to the limit of our current technology. Yet able to respond to the requirements of ultimate durability and subscribing to all the mundane requirements of everyday motoring. Its 3.45 litres produces 277bhp, or about double the output of your average Australian six. Yet BMW calls it a 200kk engine (good for 200,000 kilometres with unlimited use of its power). The power is extracted intelligently, balancing the whole component to cope.

At the top end, two camshafts running in seven bearings operate four-valves per-cylinder in a pure hemispherical arrangement with central spark plug fed by mechanical fuel injection (generating 10 times as many atmospheres as an electronic system).

The result is a fuel-flow rate equivalent to a 12-cylinder engine (Jaguar, Lamborghini etc) with single overhead camshaft. There are obvious savings in weight, bulk, size and complexity — vital factors in the economical dimensions of an exoticar — plus savings in friction losses and fuel consumption. The support systems back-up right down the line. The M88 engine with its cylinders Siamesed to gain 150cc from the standard 3.3 litre block, has a close-matched bore/stroke ratio, and runs such refinements as chrome-plated piston rings and alloy Al-Si pistons, fully nitrided crank (seven main bearings) and alloy, dry-sump with twin pumps (pressure pump inside the crankcase and triple pump outside). The ancilliary controls also conform to super specifications — Marelli breakerless electronic ignition and cross-flow alloy radiator (twin electric fans).

The engine revs freely and quickly to 7000rpm (where a rev limiter prevents its destruction) producing 277 (DIN)bhp at 6500rpm and 239 lb-ft of torque at 5000rpm from ordinary premium fuel (98RON), a modest compression ratio of 9.0 to 1 — all while producing "clean" air at the exhaust via stringent emission controls, and a dB output well below the limits.

In the M1, with its all-up weight of only 1300kg (2867lb), it produces a top speed of 260km/h plus, and acceleration that enables the car to run from rest to 100km/h in 5.6 secs and double-the-legal limit (200km/h) in 20.7 seconds. Amazingly, it produces 8.91/100km economy (29.3mpg) on the A70 standard ECE highway cycle (up to 90km/h) and 19.61/100km (14.5mpg) when run at full speed.

Substantially the same engine, stripped of its pollution equipment, supplied with racing injection and lowered compression ratio, but without internal modification, produces 470 (DIN) bhp (at 9000rpm) and 282 lb-ft of torque at 7000rpm. This propels the Group Four car in which it is installed (the Procar) to 310km/h (189mph), knocks the zero-100km/h time down to 4.5 secs and sends the car up to the double-metric tonne, reputedly in less than 15 seconds. The g-forces so generated would probably be sufficient to prevent you from closing your jaws if you were indiscreet enough to open them while accelerating.

Further up the line, the Group Five engine, wearing its twin turbochargers and some further refinements, produces 850 (DIN) bhp at 9000rpm from a capacity of only 3.2 litres.

The "standard" engine of the road-going M1 is the sort of device that would cost $A30-$40,000 to develop for a racing car in a local engine race-tuning shop. Even so, BMW extended the philosophy to the rest of the car, believing that the chassis must be "faster" than the engine.

Fully-independent racetrack suspension is about what you would expect. It includes dual-track control arms for front and rear wheels, light alloy wheel supports, gas pressure shock absorbers (Bilstein), concentric coil springs (adjustable for height), and thickish stabiliser bars (23mm front, 19mm rear). But BMW went even further. The whole arrangement is designed to allow for ultimate flexibility in tuning — a racing concept. In fact, all the suspension pick-up points were revised some 12 months after the car was first released in a special road-suspension development program by Lamborghini engineers (this company was originally to assemble the M1).

The important geometric considerations are alignment of the components to provide for 30 percent dip compensation at the front (which prevents the car porpoising under hard braking or acceleration), useful caster and camber, and negative scrub radius (to prevent tracking or "dodging" when the front wheels are braked or steered on uneven surfaces).

These aren't features that you can point to on a specifications chart and tally-up a value alongside. Instead they are control and safety reserves that enable the car to be steered or stopped in almost any situation without changing its basic neutral behavior. In other words, it won't run straight off a rough corner when braked hard, and the back won't step out when accelerated through undulations. BMW apparently believes most drivers consider a clear view of the road ahead is more important than an instant replay of the road just traversed.

Steering and handling balance extends to all the other components that keep the car in contact with the road — the big, aerodynamic 16in diameter wheels, amazingly only 7in (front) and 8in (rear) wide, yet producing handling up to the levels of supercars wearing 10in and 14in "fats" and requiring bulbous, encompassing flares.

The steering is a direct rack with a small, efficient tiller for the driver. The minimum of arm-overlap is required in the tightest corners, yet the steering is light in the traffic or at the kerb.

The "whoa" department features competition-style wide-section ventilated ATE discs, 11.8in diameter at the front and 11.7in at the rear. There's a pressure governor to prevent too much hydraulic servo locking the rears, and when the driver stomps hard on them, he'd better be belted in and holding on, or he'll get to meet that part of the scenery he's trying to avoid.

Balanced componentry is far more than all of this. It extends to the road rubber (Pirelli P7s), the lights (halogen headlamps with in-grille driving light boosters for high-beam), efficient wiper/washers, good visibility (at least through the front 180-degree arc), ideal cockpit ergonomics to minimise movements, eliminate distractions, and provide instant access to the controls and monitors.

The M1 has all of this, and alone among the supercars has a tacho that can be glance-checked with the steering turned into almost any position.

The final consideration is appearance: such a subjective issue for BMW. Ital Design's smooth lines were harmoniously transferred from drawing board to reality by the means of fibreglass — not your average garden surfboard variety, but the high-tech carbon-fibre style of glass trade-named as Kevlar. The moulding is flawless, allowing superb finish. Joins and fit of the panels and parts are as good as on the best hand-finished alloy machine, with the same appropriate weight-gains over steel, but vastly superior resistance to service damage.

But Kevlar does have some vulnerabilities: the self-colored bumpers can be etched by contact with some solid object, and a car-bra would be mandatory to prevent stone-chips when touring long distance on Oz highways.

The beauty of the glass body is that it does not affect the designed-in balance of the space-frame structure underneath and the mechanicals it houses. Fitted up, fuelled, and with a driver aboard, the machine nudges the rear scale slightly down for a 44/56 weight balance.

On any road it conjures up the image of a slot car. If you've ever watched one driven hard — particularly a competition slot car — its handling reserves are staggering. It screamspins the wheels down the straights, grinds viciously down when the power is lifted and flicks through corners at impossible speeds. The BMW will go through corners like that. The punch from the powerpack down the chutes is enormous. Leave it in gear and you can back-off, and stomp the anchors frighteningly late for a turn. Then hook it through under power. If you really overdo it, the tail will start to step gently out. Squeeze the trigger and it bores straight through the turn, just like a slot car. It *used* to be that good handling cars went around corners "as if on rails". That got changed to "like a slot car". . . now it's simply "like an M1".

State-of-the-art cars never come cheaply. Especially when they are acknowledged as classics in their own time. It is for sale at $180,000.

Achieving uncompromised performance does produce compromises in other areas. The M1 has some: most related to skinning a body shell as close as possible over purpose-built mechanicals. Rear visibility is one, although the front is excellent.

The limited turning circle is one the driver will have to come to grips with — a direct by-product of super-fast steering geometry — plus the combined difficulty of turning arc and visibility in parking. The racing transmission also earns demerits for road use. A race-style arrangement from ZF with five direct ratios (no overdrive for fifth), first is over to the left by itself with the four top gears arranged in the two straight-line gates. This is because in racing, you need first only to get off the line.

First is a little awkward, and sometimes notchy. It's also possible to ease past the weakish reverse-gear gate protector when manoeuvring in a tight spot. Both gears can require an extra clutch application or two to get in. Not that this is a chore with the super-light competition clutch (a rarity in exotics, let alone competition-bred ones).

No such compromises exist for the bulk of road motoring. The car loves traffic and ambles happily along in almost any gear. It will pull away evenly from as low as 30km/h in the ultimate ratio, and fairly surge forward in any of the lower gears. Second gear no-hurry starts are easy (eliminating some of the first gear drawbacks).

It is a pleasant car to drive at legal city or open road speeds, providing the law-abiding sport motorist with the sensational pleasure of almost totally ignoring the brake pedal at such limits in most corners. At 100km/h in the M1, a 40km/h advisory speed sign is almost a joke. You could drive through at 100km/h without backing off and not wake a dozing passenger alongside. Heavy bolstering of the seats helps, but fitting Recaros would give more comfort.

In the German tradition, the car presents an interestingly "low profile" — socially as well as physically. Unlike some supercars I've driven, which generate responses ranging from the Green Monster to full-time police escorts, the M1 seems tuned to the current social environment. Even little old ladies toddle up on sticks and benignly inquire about origins.

Our test car — the only one in the country at the time — came from Z & M Automotive, of Edgecliff, Sydney. Ironically, they are the Australian Alpina distributors — ironically, because it was Alpina that BMW wanted to continue assembly of the M1 when the production run necessary to meet European racing car homologation was completed. That was in December 1980, when the 400th unit rolled from the Marchesi (Italian) production lines, achieving BMW's targeted two-year production timescale necessary to qualify its cars for racing. A further 50 units were produced up until March 1981.

This car is No. 368, an absolutely original-condition, mint example of the marque which is already accelerating in value with the end of production. It has been converted from left-hand to right-hand drive by The Toyshop, Sydney.

It is for sale, at $180,000 now, but it will almost certainly cost more to obtain one next year, or the year after. State-of-the-art cars never come cheaply. Especially when they are acknowledged as classics in their own time.

PHONEFUN (continued from page 87)

It had all started one night when a man got the wrong number and Agnes had chatted him up.

"I can still smell some of those rooms. It was no picnic, Agnes, I can tell you."

"The only disease you can get at this game is an ear infection. Who's next?"

Sadie passed another letter to her.

"Bristol, I think."

"This one wants *me* to breathe. Good God, what will they think of next?"

"I hate their guts, every last one of them."

"Do you fancy doing this one?" asked Agnes.

"No. You know I'm no good at it."

"Chrissake, Sadie, you can breathe. I never get a rest. Why's it always me?"

"Because I told you. You are the creative one. I just look after the books. The business end. Would you know how to go about putting an ad in? Or wording it properly? Or getting a box number? You stick to the bit you're good at. You're really great, you know. I don't know how you think the half of them up."

Agnes smiled. She wiggled her stubby toes on the pouffe. She said:

"Do you know what I'd like? With the money."

"What? Remember that we're still paying off that carpet in the bedroom — and the suite. Don't forget the phone bills either."

"A jewelled cigarette-holder. Like the one Audrey Hepburn had in that picture — what was it called?"

"*The Nun's Story.*"

"No."

"*Breakfast at Tiffany's?*"

"Yes, one like that. I could use it on the phone. It'd make me feel good."

As Agnes dialled another number Sadie said: "You're mad in the skull."

"We can afford it. Whisht now."

When the phone was answered at the other end she said:

"Hello, Samantha here," and began to breathe loudly into the receiver. She quickened her pace gradually until she was panting, then said:

"He's hung up. Must have been expecting me. We should get a pair of bellows for fellas like him. Save my puff."

"I'll go up and turn the blanket on, then we'll have a cup of tea," said Sadie. Agnes turned another letter towards herself and dialled a number.

Upstairs Sadie looked round the bedroom with admiration. She still hadn't got used to it. The plush almost ankle-deepness of the mushroom-colored carpet and the brown flock wallpaper, the brown duvet with the matching brown sheets. The curtains were of heavy velvet and were the most luxurious stuff she had ever touched. She switched on the blanket and while on her hands and knees she allowed her fingers to sink into the pile of the carpet. All her life she had wanted a bedroom like this. Some of the places she had lain down, she wouldn't have kept chickens in. She heard Agnes's voice coming blurred from downstairs. She owed a lot to her. Everything, in fact. From the first time they met, the night they were both arrested and ended up in the back of the same paddy-wagon, she had thought there was something awful good about her, something awful kind. She had been so good-looking in her day too, tall and stately and well-built. They had stayed together after that night — all through the hard times. As Agnes said, once you quit the streets it didn't qualify you for much afterwards. Until lately, when she had shown this amazing talent for talking on the phone. It had all started one night when a man got the wrong number and Agnes had chatted him up until he was doing his nut at the other end. They had both crouched over the phone wheezing and laughing their heads off at the puffs and pants of him. Then it was Sadie's idea to put the whole thing on a commercial basis and form the Phonefun company.

"Agnes," she said and went downstairs to make the tea.

She stood waiting for the kettle to boil, then transferred the tea-bag from one cup of boiling water to the other. Agnes laughed loudly at something in the living room. Sadie heard her say:

"But if I put the phone there you'll not hear me."

She put some custard creams on a plate and brought the tea in.

"Here you are, love," she said, setting the plate beside the egg-timer. "He's over his time." Agnes covered the mouthpiece and said:

"I forgot to start it." Then back to the phone. "I can get some rubber ones if you want me to. . . But you'll have to pay for them. Will you send the money through?. . Gooood boy. Now I really must go. . . Yes, I'm listening." She made a face, half laughing, half in disgust, to Sadie. "Well done, love. . . Bye-eee, sweetheart." She puckered her mouth and did a kiss noise into the mouthpiece, then put the phone down.

"Have your tea now, Agnes, you can do the others later."

"There's only two more I can do tonight. The rest have special dates."

"You can do those. Then we'll go to bed. Eh?"

"Okay, said Agnes. "Ahm plumb tuckered out."

"You're what?"

"Plumb tuckered out. It's what my Yankee Doodle Dandy used to say afterwards."

"What started you on *him* tonight?"

"I don't know. I just remembered, that's all. He used to bring me silk stockings and put them on for me."

She fiddled with the egg-timer and allowed the pink sand to run through it. She raised her legs off the pouffe and turned her feet outwards, looking at them.

"I don't like tights," she said. "I read somewhere they're unhygienic."

"Do you want to hear the news before we go up? Just in case?"

"Just in case what?"

"They could be rioting all over the city and we wouldn't know a thing."

"You're better not to know, even if they are. That tea's cold."

"That's because you didn't drink it. You talk far too much."

Agnes drank her tea and snapped a custard cream in half with her front teeth.

"I don't think I'll bother with these next two."

"That's the way you lose customers. If you phone them once they'll come back for more — and for a longer time. Give them a short time. Keep them interested." She lifted the crumbed plate and the cups and took them out to the kitchen. Agnes lit another cigarette and sat staring vacantly at the egg-timer. She said without raising her eyes: "Make someone happy with a phone call."

"I'm away on up," said Sadie. "I'll keep a place warm for you."

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Sadie was in bed when Agnes came up.

"Take your rollers out," she said.

Agnes undressed, grunting and tugging hard at her roll-on. When she got it off she gave a long sigh and rubbed the puckered flesh that had just been released.

"That's like taking three Valium, to get out of that," she said. She sat down on the side of the bed and began taking her rollers out, clinking the hairpins into a saucer on the dressing table. Sadie spoke from the bed:

"Were you really in love with that Yank?"

"Yes, as near as possible."

Agnes shook her hair loose and rolled back into bed. She turned out the light and Sadie notched into her back. She began to stroke Agnes's soft upper arm, then moved to her haunch.

"I've got a bit of a headache, love," said Agnes.

Sadie turned to the wall and Agnes felt her harsh skin touch her own.

"My God, Sadie," she said, "you've got heels on you like pumice stones."

"Phonefun Limited" from *A Time To Dance* © Bernard MacLaverty 1982. Published by Jonathan Cape. Available in Australia. Recommended price $19.50.

"A goddamn troublemaker to the very end!"

THE MAIN EVENT

(continued from page 109)

In general, men seem to want sex less during the second part of a woman's cycle.

production of the sex hormones. From that point on, it controls the sexual and reproductive behavior of us all. It is, as we've said, a sort of command centre between the brain and the body constantly monitoring the state of both. When necessary, it calls up long-distance messengers from the pituitary to influence the working of the various organs of the body. In matters sexual, it does that by sending the pituitary a hormone called LHRH (luteinising hormone releasing hormone). LHRH causes the pituitary to release into the bloodstream two additional hormones, FSH (follicle-stimulating hormone) and LH (luteinising hormone), which then home in on particular targets. FSH in men starts up sperm production. And LH tells the testes to produce testosterone, which then travels to various tissues in the body and back to the brain.

All three hormones are more or less continuously produced in men, and those testosterone levels bounce up and down like a yo-yo several times a day. So it's very hard to tell how that system affects their sex lives — except, perhaps, by helping to maintain a consistent sex drive.

In women, it's a different story. For the three hormones are intimately involved with *both* the rigorous timing of events during their menstrual cycle *and* the ebb and flow of their sexual appetite. The way that this is done is complicated, but FSH is basically responsible for the production of estrogen, and LH for progesterone. And the rise and fall of those two hormones during the 29-day cycle of ovulation and menstruation are accompanied by subtle changes in sexual readiness and desire. The sex drive in women, in other words, is under particular hormonal constraints — part of their ancient evolutionary program.

The science of all that is still in its infancy. LHRH, for example, was discovered and synthesised only 11 years ago, and it took hundreds of thousands of dollars and literally millions of animal brains to do the job. Science is also strictly limited still in the number of ways it can look at human sex. It can show men and women erotic flicks while their penises and vaginas are decked out with strain gauges and measurers of blood-vessel constriction. It can measure the level of their hormones. It can wire up the heads of men and women making love or masturbating. It can look at men and women who suffer from sexual disorders and dysfunctions — because their supply of estrogen and testosterone or their hypothalamus or their pituitary or their adrenal glands have gone on the fritz. And it can then try out various drugs on them — including the hormones and chemical messengers it's found to be involved in the sex lives of animals.

All this is still very crude. But despite its crudeness, science is nevertheless, little by little, beginning to tell us a new story. It's beginning to tell us that deep within the chemistry of him and her — though there are mechanisms that dictate different sexual strategies — there are *also* ancient mechanisms yoking them together in the courtship dance.

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Back to the restaurant. One of the things that we can imagine about our heroine's presence here is that at some point she has painted her mouth, put on eye make-up and dabbed a drop or two of perfume behind her ears and between her breasts. That's something women have been doing on such occasions for thousands of years. Those are ancient sexual signals.

More important for our purposes is that they actually *mimic* hormonal events that take place in a woman's body. Lip paint duplicates the reddening of the lips during sexual arousal. Eye make-up reflects the old knowledge that our pupils dilate when we see something attractive — and that we become more attractive as a result. (Belladonna, which used to be part of a woman's cosmetic repertoire, produces the pupil-dilating effect directly.) And perfume — well, the odd thing about perfumes in history is that their most important ingredients have been secretions from the sexual scent glands of animals — musk deer, European beaver and the civet cat. We have those scent glands, too — in armpit, breast and pubic skin. So what we've been doing all these years is borrowing the powerful sexual smells of other species to overpower the grace notes of our own hormonal communications system.

She does all that leisurely dabbing and daubing because she's feeling good about herself, confident, subtly sexy. The reason, almost certainly, is that she's somewhere near the point of ovulation, in the middle of her cycle. Estrogen is roughly the hormone of the first part of the cycle. It prepares her body for the egg — and for sex. It builds up the lining of her womb and vagina and it makes her feel and look good. It subtly raises her temperature and gives her body tone and color. She glows. Then, around the time of ovulation, there's a rise in her progesterone level, the first impact of which is to make her receptive. And it's accompanied by a peak in adrenal-produced testosterone, which makes her clitoris more sensitive and increases her sex drive. At no other time in her cycle do these three hormones coincide in her in the same way. Only at ovulation do they conspire to give her that unique readiness for sex, as well as a heightening of three of her senses — sight, taste and smell.

There's no doubt that this is a hold-over from a very old mechanism that makes female primates receptive — in heat — only once in their cycle. But it continues to be part of our heroine's evolutionary program, and it continues mysteriously to affect the way our hero behaves toward her. Somehow or other, he can pick up on what's going on in her body. In general, men seem to want sex less during the second part of a woman's cycle, after her egg has come and gone. And though you may say it has to do with external signs, the change in her attractiveness and so on, that still doesn't explain some even odder things that go on between men and women. There's evidence that simply dating a man — or working with male hormones — alters a woman's cycle and makes it more regular. There's evidence, too, that when a man and woman live together their base levels of testosterone rise and fall in unison; the temperature changes characteristic of *her* cycle are also echoed in *him.*

How is such hidden information communicated? Probably by smell. And here we come to the mysterious heart of the *chemical* communication between him and her. Smell messages travel to the hypothalamus and to other areas of the brain known to be involved in sex. And it's quite possible that he and she still have inherited ability to appraise each other sexually by smell. At puberty, their sebaceous glands — in armpit, breast and pubic skin — started to put out substances that are by-products of their fluctuating *sex* hormones. And one of those substances, at least, has been shown to alter mood and attraction in men and women *even when they aren't aware of smelling it.*

It may be, then, as they sit in the restaurant, that our couple are communicating in a language they don't know they know, a language that affects how attracted they are to each other. He, way below the surface of consciousness, is vetting her hormonal state, seeing how close she is to producing his own reproductive goal, her egg. And to all her other collected information, she's adding news about the level of his testosterone. Testosterone levels are markers in animals of their relative position in the pecking order. And in human males they rise both after any success *and* when sex is anticipated. So they're a pretty good measure, if she can read them, of the promise of potential value of his genes — *and* of his interest in her.

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And so, as they say, to bed. To the roller-coaster of Master's and Johnson's EPOR — excitement, plateau, orgasm and resolution. What can science tell us about him and her at this stage? Well, until recently, the only sort of science that had anything to say at all was social science. And according to Kinsey, social science, after years of patient work, can tell us that she has an 89 percent chance of having more than three minutes' foreplay and a 22 percent chance of having more than 20. (The average in this society, according to two further studies, is between 12½ and 15 minutes.) It can tell us that their coitus will last an average of two minutes (Kinsey) or 10 minutes (Morton Hunt). And it can tell us that she'll take about eight minutes to reach orgasm, as against two minutes for him.

It can also tell us that he is unlikely to be very skilled at pleasing her. American men are by no means as good at that as the men of Mangaia in central Polynesia. There, youths at the age of 13 or 14 start their sexual education under the tutelage of older men, and then of older women. They learn the techniques for pleasuring a woman.

The difference between Mangaian men and American men is cultural, of course. Skills are learned, and he can always improve his performance. Again, though, we have to look below the level of such cultural differences if we're to find anything fundamental to say about the sexual possibilities that exist between two hypothalamuses, two pituitaries, two lots of 16-square-foot skin covering and two sets of genitals. As we've seen, hard science can tell us something about the nervous apparatus, the hormones, the glands and the chemicals that are involved, willy-nilly, in their bedroom encounter. But it still can't answer two important questions that are basic now to the difference between them. Why does one gaggle of human tissue — his — reach its peak of sexual activity at about the age of 18, while the other gaggle of human tissue — hers — reaches *its* peak much later, at around 28? And why is his orgasm universal — a foregone conclusion — while hers is various and sporadic?

Back again to evolution — to tie together in one bundle our couple's different evolutionary strategies and the sexual mechanisms that still mediate them. First, the facts. A man's sexual activity rises steeply immediately after puberty, reaching its height before he turns 20. From then on, it steadily declines toward zero — which is reached well after the age of 70. A woman, meanwhile, increases her sexual activity very slowly after puberty. She doesn't reach her peak until the age of about 28. She remains at the same level of activity until around 45, when a slow decline sets in.

"Then why," you're probably saying, "aren't 28-year-old women getting it on with 18-year-old men?" For all the old protective reasons we've given. Eighteen-year-old men are notoriously unreliable. They have little to offer in the way of resources. They're aggressive. And — equally to the point — they know very little about the complicated give and take of sex. If human sex were simply a branch of athletics, then of course 18-year-old men and 28-year-old women would be constantly cavorting. But sex isn't athletics. Contraception or no, it's about *reproduction,* and the considerable pleasures it offers are, in evolutionary terms, the glue that binds two humans together for the joint project of reproduction.

For that a woman needs intimacy, trust and consideration — precisely what a skilled older man can offer. Learning is indeed a crucial part of sex. Because of it, an older man can more readily understand her need for psychological commitment — he has one of his own to give. Because of it, he knows about courtship — the foreplay before the foreplay in bed. And because of it, too — once they're there — he knows how to help produce in her the ultimate learning experience, the final icing on the reproductive cake: the female orgasm.

"Orgasm," says Donald Symons, "isn't at all a common phenomenon among other female primates. In many of the species the most experienced male is the male who ejaculates fastest. And even among women, it's by no means universal. Some societies don't even have a word for it. They don't know it exists. And even in our own society between five and 10 percent of women never experience it; another 30 or 40 percent experience it only intermittently. The female orgasm, then, isn't a gift from God. It's not tied to reproduction, as the male orgasm is — the male needs the muscular contractions of orgasm to be able to eject his sperm. No, it's rather a potential, a potential that requires male skill and interest for it to be fully expressed.

A man's sexual activity rises steeply immediately after puberty, reaching its height before he turns 20. From then on it steadily declines.

"Why — if it's only a potential — is it there, though? The answer, I think, is that though it was favored by natural selection in males and not in females, it nevertheless survives in females the same way the nipples survive in males.

"That doesn't mean to say that female orgasm isn't important — anything that encourages the binding of a man and a woman is important. But it means that it is not *all*-important. The female orgasm has received a lot of press, usually linked to the idea of female insatiability. And I think it's thrown us off track. First, I don't believe that women are insatiable — it's not what one finds cross-culturally, and it's hard to imagine how it could have been favored by natural selection. And second, orgasm is simply *not* the be-all and end-all of sex for women."

What Symons implies is that in our culture women are being trapped into pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp — being persuaded that what's important to men is of the utmost importance to them. This doesn't mean that men shouldn't improve their performance and become more skillful and helpful lovers than they are. But the female orgasm, remember, is most likely to be experienced in the context of a stable, loving relationship. And if a woman pursues it through variety, then she is using an essentially male strategy — playing into male hands and probably undercutting her own satisfaction.

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Food contains substances from which the hormones and chemical messengers involved in sex are made. But you'd probably have to eat an enormous amount of cereal or starch or eggs to obtain the desired effect. A simpler and more direct way of taking these substances is by a hypodermic or a pill. And that's where science is heading. For the moment it's turning its findings to such important human uses as the treatment of impotence and infertility and the control of conception. But what science is discovering in the process are things that, in our pill-oriented society, could easily be put to quite different purposes. These are early days yet. But LHRH — which has a dampening effect on the male libido — has been shown, in unpublished studies, to have quite the opposite effect on women. And as for male impotence — well, a Canadian group is having "very promising results" with experiments involving the bark of an African tree — the yohimbe.

Scientists have known for some time that if a rat is allowed to stimulate certain parts of its brain electrically, it will continue to press the controlling lever until it dies of malnutrition and exhaustion. Researchers have also found that if you stimulate the hypothalmus of a male rat, it will have erections at the rate of about 24 an hour — and will ejaculate about 15 times an hour.

It's the *chemistry* of both phenomena that science is now, little by little, working out. And it's time to ask: do we want that chemistry for ourselves — for people who aren't afflicted by sexual disorders? Should we manipulate, for our own pleasure, the sexual behavior that our evolution has prescribed for us?

These are serious questions, because they involve the two ages that we talked about at the beginning of this report. One age leads us back to nature — to the place in nature, the constraints of nature, that science has recently understood us to have inherited. The other age heads forward to a technology of pleasure. And to the ultimate democracy of men and women. The question is, in such a democracy, would our hero and heroine find themselves marooned in their own selfishness?

JUMPERS

the humble pull-over is an australian institution

words: noel carstairs, photos: wendy adnam

YOU KNOW those ads on TV about the jumper she knitted him and he wore it for about 200 years and he died before it did but fortunately he had a keyman life insurance policy? No, wait. I've got it all wrong. He doesn't die — that's another ad — he just keeps wearing the bloody jumper. Well, anyway, you know the ad I mean? It's bullshit. Total barefaced bullshit. Jumpers do not

last a lifetime. They do not even last half a lifetime, nor even the somewhat abbreviated lifetime of, say, my dog Spot, vanquished by a Volvo before his time this summer past.

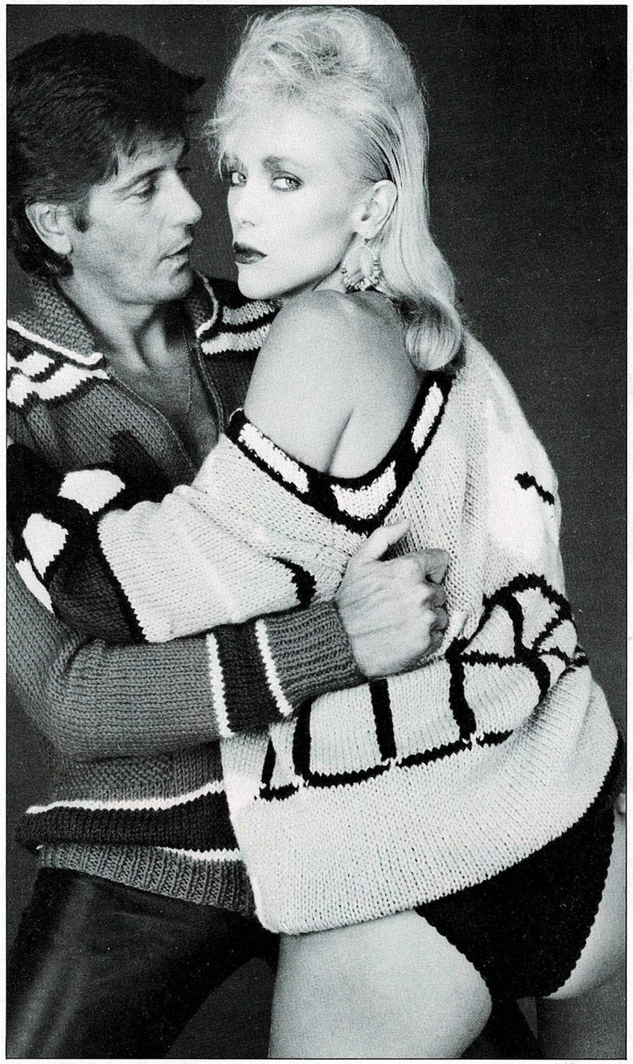
Jumpers last approximately two winters, given favorable weather conditions, minimal crowd unrest at the game and what is known in the jumper industry as napthalenus maximus during the summer months. I emphasise here that I'm talking optimum conditions. I've had brand new polo necks ripped off my back getting through the turnstiles for an evening pre-season workout in late February, for Chrissake! A bloke I know got in a blue at his local during an Australia Day cold snap and had a superb V-neck mohair in club colors shredded before his very eyes. And that's even before pre-season! Yes, these things happen.

But I'm not here to be negative. Au contraire, as they say in the fashion world, I've been asked to comment in the positive about that hardy perennial of Oz winter fashion, the humble jumper; that lowest common denominator of cold weather apparel.

Essentially there are two kinds of jumpers — home-made and shop-bought. The photographs you see here are of the latter type, in this case the produce of Flamingo Park. (Evidently this jumper shop takes its name from the home ground of a once-legendary but now almost forgotten football team about whom Manfred Mann wrote a song.)

These jumpers are slick, I admit, but they can hardly have the soul and throbbing, grinding sex appeal of a cable-knit crew neck sweated over through the latter half of a steamy summer by the likes of Mrs Carstairs. Which brings me to an important point about jumpers. If you're single you can have sex in them. Yes fellas, listen to your Uncle Noel, he knows a trick or two. A few years back when I was a young bloke and a bit of a devil at the sand dance they had on Saturday nights at the surf club, I clocked up a good tally of wellingtons down on the beach in a veritable gem of a McCalls pattern sloppy joe. The phrase, "but I'll get sand up me bum" meant nothing to your old trouser snake. Pathetic pleas of "haven't you got a blanket in the car?" fell on deaf ears. (Since the DUI bust I didn't have a car anyway, but that's another story I'll save for the motoring pages.)

No, there was never a problem with that sloppy joe. Whack her head through the hole and away you'd go. Anywhere, anytime. But perhaps the most fabled example of this instant privacy was a brief but passionate coupling passing through the Coalcliff tunnel on the Wollongong mail train. This is still spoken of at annual dinners of various sporting institutions as perhaps the best example of functional fashion known to man, although a mate of mine gave this title a bit of a nudge when he used his trusty Crash Craddock roll-neck (pink and black, natch) to put out a small fire in the SP shop on settling day, thereby preventing a lot of suffering down at the local. That jumper, by the way, has not lasted 25 years. My mate reckoned there'd never be a fashion to match it for classic suburban understatement, so his missus keeps making them for him.



Another example of the unique place of the jumper in our culture comes to mind. The Jumper That Came Back. A few years back I had a rather nifty flecked sloppy V-neck, a Barry Stanton model like I'd seen on *Bandstand.* Well, anyway, I was fairly lucky in love as they say, and I'd been using the jumper in the normal way come rain, hail or shine. And we'd had a bit of rain. Not to put too fine a point on it, the Stanton special was a muddy, sticky mess. After a particularly amorous evening around the back of the pub in early September, I hurled the thing into the creek, figuring warmer weather was on the way. A kindly soul fished it out and returned it to my mum the very next day. Before the October long weekend rolled around I had doused the bloody thing in kero and lit it, put it in the St Vinnie's collection box, and carefully stuffed it down a garbage disposal unit. People found it, recognised its advanced putridity and returned it. My albatross. I've still got it — a reminder of a mis-spent youth.

But those reckless days have past. In the Eighties sporting chaps like myself ask no more of a jumper than that it cover up what God, in his wisdom, has done to our bodies, bear up to the sauce stains and the brawls and see us through to the grand final. That's all. In the summer, while we're at the cricket, the little woman will be knitting another.

Pages 118, 119: his fawn Rosella's jacket, approx $225. Her denim Blinky sweater, approx. $235. Both by Flamingo Park, Sydney. His tan suede pants, $262, cream suede T-shirt, $90. Both from Gotham City Leather, Sydney. Lingerie from Raymond Castles, Sydney and Melbourne. Shoes from Evelyn Miles, Sydney and Melbourne. Earrings from Nice Things, Paddington. This page: his red K.K.K. wool jacket, approx. $225. Her wool Opera House dress, approx. $285. Both by Flamingo Park. Black leather pants, $260, from Gotham City Leather.

Right: his Indian wool sweater, approx. $225. Her Snake Goddess wool dress, approx. $285. Both by Flamingo Park. Black leather pants, $260, from Gotham City Leather.

ULTIMATE SKIING IN CANADA

the search for perfect powder continues

IT WAS 6.30 on a clear, cold Canadian evening in early March. Most sensible skiers were already in the hot tub soaking tired muscles, or in the bar exaggerating the day's adventures. As the light died behind the shadowed face of Tent Ridge, the skier dropped off the cornice and arced into the first turn.

Purposefully, like a pendulum, he repeated the curves in left and right ciphers until they hung motionless in a protracted, sloping pattern. More than 50 extended curves stretched between his skis and the departure point before he halted where I stood at a pause in the incline.

In the twin gully immediately to the north, I checked my tracks: a mirror pattern of his descent — fitting signatures on a perfect day's skiing. We whooped off through the fringe of the treeline until the slope gave out and the sheer depth of the snow meant we could not execute another turn.

Night fell as we rejoined the chopper for the return trip.

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There is really only one reason to take an overseas skiing trip. Sure, the prospects of discovering a different taste in beer or a

article and photos by bill bachman

In Banff, Geoff Palmer's candy-striped chopper gives guests the chance to experience heli-skiing.

new breed of woman (plus learn a little from the experiences) are appealing. But let's face it, the real reason to invest in a skiing trip is to find good snow. Ask any surfer why he might hit Bali or Hawaii on a regular basis. It's not his love of the local food. He's looking for quality waves. The rest is just a bonus. . . ambience if you like.

If you're seeking some adrenalin-firing incentive to send you running for a fast air ticket to Canada, catch a recent Dick Barrymore film, *Canadian Mountain Odyssey*. Half a dozen super-skiers and the finest virgin slopes in the Kootenay Rockies of south-east British Columbia are the stars of Barrymore's film. The snow is *so* deep and down-soft, and you'll need no greater compulsion as you watch those guys get into it. Form the queue here for tickets to British Columbia.

On my own Canadian mountain odyssey, I found no chin-deep powder, nor guys who surfed down the slopes on monos with nothing but a single board and a nose rope for stability. But then I didn't have Barrymore's budget or split-second planning. Instead, I picked two weeks spanning February and March to wallow in the rocky delights of BC and Alberta. I found good snow. In abundance. Every aspect of the trip was notable — the easy, sophisticated resort life, fine food, outrageous scenery, memorable people. But I'm not going to get bogged in bed counts, lift details or menus. Those things you can learn for yourself. What you really want to know is: "How was the skiing?"

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Whistler Village squats at the confluence of two mountains — Whistler and Blackcomb — in British Columbia's Coast Range, 120km north of Vancouver. Blackcomb is a separate entity owned by the Aspen Ski Corporation and was opened to the public in 1980. Whistler Mount has 61 trails spread over two faces and attracts the brave by claiming the biggest vertical drop (1305m) in North America. Blackcomb has 140 hectares of trails and accommodates the longest, uninterrupted fall-line runs in Canada. There is a lot of skiing to be done up on those two mountains and, judging from the shortage of crowds, the area is the last great secret in the skiing world.

Pick a number between one and 10 to choose your slope. I picked Whistler and three chairlifts later was following my companion (a chef dividing her day between skiing and work) down the entire south face of the mountain. Great scenery, but the run was too long for your correspondent (who hadn't skied in five months) and two-and-a-half miles of bumps and ice had my thighs locking up. Give me something easier for starters: soft snow with no bumps. Back at the mountain top, I discovered the T-bars into the powder bowls had just opened for the first time in a week. The snow was 20cm-deep perfection in many places, and the slopes beside the lifts had predictably been hacked up. But the view from the top was encouraging. The summit ridge stretched wide, offering bowls of sparkling powder. Some of the steeper southern slopes were closed by the threat of avalanche, but the ant-like skiers traversing the upper pitches of the Harmony Bowl suggested safe snow there.

There is no code of honor when it comes to powder. If you're not quick, somebody will ski it first. Don't worry about admiring the view. . . it's not going anywhere. There had already been a horde of skiers over the slope, but the terrain was so broad there was plenty of unskied snow. After traversing for a kilometre or more, I climbed a little and found a tidy unskied patch leading to an apparently gentle drop-off into the trees. I learned later the tree-gap was called the Gun Barrel, and has a reputation all its own.

Like fighter planes breaking formation, a band of Canadians dropped out of the traverse track behind me to leave their scrawl on the Harmony Bowl. Some take their powder standing up, others face first. These guys attacked it with relish and every style you can imagine, but there was no mistaking they were having a ball. The snow quality was outstanding. Smooth on the slopes and thick in the trees: creamy smooth, not ultra-light. A week exploring Whistler's many slopes acquainted me with expressway runs built for high-speed honking; acutely angled cuts with names like Upper Insanity booby-trapped with staccato bumps and shifting piles of thick snow, and gentle glades amid snow-covered firs. Just name your recipe for thrills and Whistler will accommodate.

The village itself is a pedestrians-only community built on the site of the former garbage dump. Buildings clad in British Columbian wood and stone cluster around three main squares with the lifts no more than three minute's walk from any point. The people are friendly — a cross-section of talented types attracted by Whistler's newness and well-planned facilities. It's bright without being too hip and rates highly for roof-top tubs, lovely women and some of the best rock 'n' roll in the country.

Overheard at 8am in the hotel ski room: "Doesn't it ever stop snowing here?"

"Not this year, lady."

Three days of snow culminated in an overnight fall of 30cm. At 8.30am, the powder pigs were heading up Whistler to carve the first tracks. I let them go and met Frank Hussey, a former mountain manager at Thredbo and now in charge of Winter Development in the BC Ministry of Tourism. With him was Ken Newington, director of the Blackcomb ski patrol.

The first chairlift leg of the four long Blackcomb lifts revealed the place was deserted. At the top the snow was so deep it would have been simple to get lost merely by standing still. Following Ken we traversed the base of the Blackcomb Bowl. Above, the snow on the cliffs looked just a few days short of becoming part of an avalanche. We stopped at the tree-line where the snow was knee-deep and unbroken. Falling away below us was a fun park of fir trees, falling snow and silence. Comparisons between powder skiing and other highs are futile because, like tube riding, illicit sex or Sumatra heads, powder offers a high all of its own. I concluded this was a powder paradise as I disappeared into a

Above: the Upper Hot Springs pool on Sulphur Mountain. Top right: Whistler Village. Bottom right: Frank Hussey and powder.

cloud of snow so fine and complete that I couldn't see out and I knew nobody could see me suspended inside. I emerged in time to see my companions being enveloped by powder increasing in quality with our descent. Open rolling glades sheared away to steep wilderness plunges which would have been an obstacle course of creeks, rocks and deadfall in summer, but in winter are transformed into the powder skier's idea of the ultimate steeplechase. It made the bush runs in Thredbo's Funnel Web seem like nursery hills. Tower-block-size rocks, dripping icicles as long as telephone poles, ran into blind drop-offs with mysterious mound complexes making way for narrow alleys through the pines.

In terrain this steep, the only way to ski is with your heart in your mouth and hesitation out of your mind. Here, adrenalin and instinct rule in a world where the route to death is via sheer exhilaration. This can be exhausting play. After one run we were sweating; after two we were drenched; after three we paused for pizza and beer.

At Blackcomb, the emphasis is definitely on vertical drop with a checklist of names depicting the thrills: Hooker Hollow, Staircase and Bannister. By day's end, we still hadn't skied much of Blackcomb proper because of Ken's habit of darting off catwalks into the trees to expose more of the mountain's delights.

Blackcomb offered so much variety and pure challenge I was left wondering what Alberta could possibly provide for an encore. I would soon find out.

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Negotiating the sawtoothed portals of the Canadian Rockies is somewhat more perplexing than throwing the phonetics around a name like Banff. If you can resist the temptation to keep sounding the final "eff", you'll be able to come to grips with Banff, a high-impact tourist town in a national park setting. The Rockies form an imposing toll-gate on the 130km run west along the Trans-Canada Highway from Calgary. The best way to appreciate Banff is by keeping your eyes fixed above roof-top level. The town has its charms but it is the surrounding peaks that give it distinction. Scenery aside, from those peaks suspend the three ski areas of Mount Norquay, Sunshine Village and Lake Louise. I'd intended to ski all three but never made it to Norquay, the main drawcard which has earned notoriety from the North Americans: a super-steep run rated as a real sphincter shrinker.

Looking for powder, I found a high alpine bowl called Sunshine Village set in the middle of the snow-belt and noted for its prime powder. I found 20cm of snow covering the previous day's tracks and the scene was nudged that much closer to perfection by the sun's appearance for the first time since I'd been in Canada. When there's powder about, the basic rule is to hit the lifts at 7.30. No one waits for the 9am starters to arrive. Everyone wants to be certain of grabbing a patch of powder. Don't worry, there is always untracked snow. . . if you know where to find it. I rode to the top of the Standish chair and ran my eyes over the scenery. Big mountains loomed to the east with Sunshine skewered below by the configuration of lifts spreading in all directions.

Tracing a trail of traverse tracks above the top station, I found the Headwall, a short steep pitch that was relatively untouched. Here the push-off was not followed by the familiar resistance of the snow under my skis. There appeared to be no impedence at all from the covering which floated under my skis like a dusting of cocaine — light and dry and totally habit-forming. That slope came in for a real messing up until I was left wondering what to do next. The answer came in the shape of Tim Shore, absenting himself from the local ski shop and asking if I was looking for someone to photograph. His local knowledge and pure ability made him an able leader. No need for conversation in his company: he let his trail down the mountain say it all. We chased down the remaining powder on the east-facing slopes with a local heart-starter called a B-52. If powder skiing doesn't set your blood thumping, try it with this mix of Kahlua, Bailey's and Tia Maria. From the Sunshine Inn we headed up the Great Divide Chairlift. The view was a 360 degrees swivel and the slopes of Lookout Mountain were as broad as Sydney Harbor. Turn me loose. It appeared there was little snow left but Tim's local knowledge proved this wrong as we powered through a half-metre thick covering on runs between the trees. There was just enough of it to last us the afternoon.

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Banff is cold, windy and a little dingy by day but shows its generous side after dark. The Upper Springs Hot Pool on Sulphur Mount is an open-air cauldron filled with disembodied heads drifting about in the steam. Its regular 40 degrees works wonders on abused limbs and loosens the body enough for any jaded skier to make the most of the plethora of bars and restaurants.

Lake Louise is the jewel of the Canadian Rockies but a weather shroud socked in around the 2500 metre level concealed most of the area's vistas. Nothing left to do but ski. Of all the resorts in the Banff area, Lake Louise is the biggest (1000 metres top to bottom) and most challenging. Louise rises straight up before spilling over into another mountain. Skiing is available on three broad faces and that means the newcomer has plenty of options to broaden his local knowledge. Every Canadian resort I visited offered a guide service for people new to the area. At Louise the guides are called Ski Friends and are volunteers. Barb Spear is a Calgary housewife and former *Powder Magazine* centrefold. When I saw her ski, I believed her. There were times when I had trouble keeping up.

The four members of our group assigned Barb to find the best snow. Between the top of the Summit T-bar and the top of the Ptarmigan chairlift runs a long summit ridge. It's a long hike to the top but it offers a spectacular drop over the backside to the valley floor. No lifts or trails but plenty of powder chutes fanning into broad flanks. The trees begin about three-quarters of the way down.

We found a Japanese group had skied the Eagle 1 chute, but Eagle 11 was unblemished. With 15cm of snow on the runs, it meant another full-tilt wallow in the powder.

We finished the day in Eagle 1V, the longest run of the lot, as a sudden blizzard whipped in on the mountain. The real truth about such a day is the more you descend, the higher you get.

It was on my final day in Banff when Geoff Palmer of Banff Mount Heli-Sports invited me to sample the exlusivity of heli-skiing. Instead of sharing a mountain with 3000 people, you can drop into as many as half-a-dozen locations in a day and ski in comparative solitude. It's not cheap but if you've got $2000 to spare on an all-inclusive week with one of the big operators it might provide the best skiing you've ever sampled. Some Western Canadian resorts, including Banff and Whistler, offer half-day excursions and even at $170 for a full day, it is money well spent.

A Japanese group joined me on the flight to the Spray Lakes region, just to the east of the continental divide forming the border between British Columbia and Alberta. The area is earmarked for development to accommodate the 1988 Winter Olympics alpine events and our first drop-off point was Mount Sparrowhawk, site of the proposed men's downhill course. Far below stretched the gleaming, scimitar shape of Spray Lakes and across the windswept distance stood the peaks of the Continental Divide.

Soon, Geoff Palmer returned to introduce another guide, Peter Aulik, who told us the mountain had been skied for the first time all year that morning. In the afternoon, we would ski it for the second time. Oh, yeah, and he said the snow was fantastic.

He was right. Varying between 20 and 30cm in depth, it sparkled in a great unspoiled expanse, seemingly waiting for our attack. I stood at the top watching the picture of swaying, weaving bodies against the perfect background. When it came to skiing powder, it appeared that the Japanese owed more to kamikaze than Kandahar, but what did technique matter? They were here skiing, fulfilling a lifelong dream, and that's all that counted.

Skiing that first long pitch was one of the crystalline experiences: cast in the memory to be recalled and remembered with pleasure. The movement was almost a dance as the skis flowed so smoothly from one turn to the next, unweighting occurring with a slight shrug of the shoulders. A cobalt-blue moon hung low in the sky above the summit, and the afternoon was just beginning.

It was a 3400-metre escalator plunge to where the chopper awaited our arrival half-way down the mountain. Next stop was the lost mountain-rimmed world of the Haig Glacier where the snow was dry and so thick we could hardly move. The run-out down into the French Glacier was smooth but slow and, as the shadows darkened in the valleys, we went in search of another slope.

In a flurry of blinding snow, the chopper dropped with an audible crunch on the craggy, wind-blown spine of Tent Ridge. A setting sun was sending a blush through the peaks as Al and Peter called up to say the snow was fine.

One by one we teetered off the mantle and into the best snow of the day. Steep and deep, it presented a power plummet like paddling onto the world's biggest wave just as it peaked. The Japanese were tiring rapidly and I could see them floundering good-naturedly back to the helicopter. I was tired too, but you tend to find hidden energy reserves when the conditions are this good.

It was 6.30 on a clear, cold Canadian evening in early March, and there was time for one more run.

MEANWHILE, HERE IN OZ...

RUN A RED line through your calendar from the Queen's Birthday long weekend in June through to the Labor Day holiday in October and you've pencilled in the Australian skiing season. It peaks in mid-July to early September when schools, colleges and universities empty and the slopes become more crowded. Not a bad period to avoid unless your kind of skiing shines in the crowd. The real problem about preparing for the ski season is that winter holidays are so short there is rarely enough time to cover all the angles. The smarter operators book at least a month or two in advance and minimise traumas by making it to the snow with the right gear.

If you haven't sorted out a checklist, try this as a guide — skis, stocks, goggles, gloves, boots, thick parka, bib and brace overpants, polo-necked skivvy, thick sweater, warm underwear, thick socks and a beanie or Balaclava.

As a few of the items like socks, sweaters, beanies etc are standard winter wear, you might as well buy them. But check your bank balance against retail prices and how much skiing you're planning on doing before you lash out on skis, bindings, boots and the expensive clothing items. Everybody's heard the stories about the rookies who lash out on the most exotic gear for the first trip to the snow then never go again. It's those sort of guys who keep the second-hand market nice and healthy. We know a lot of recently converted skiers who make their hire arrangements from their local city ski shop (confirming arrangements a day or two before they leave), take their clothing with them and pick up the reserved skis, stocks and boots at their destination. That system works well if you're travelling by coach, train or plane.

This quick check of current hiring costs might save you some time. It's based on the average weekend use. Skis and stocks — $22 plus $30 deposit, boots — $12 plus $10 deposit, parka and overpants — $18 plus $20 deposit, snow chains — $15 plus $30 deposit. Risk cases go for special medical insurance to cover accidents, personal liability and loss of equipment at $20 per person for three days or $25 for one week. Don't chase your insurance man because your tour operator should be able to arrange a suitable cover.

Our survey of the popular and more prominent packages was made on prices ex-Sydney, but you can check with your travel agent for costs from other centres. We found individual chalets and lodges offer varying rates during the season on a bed and full or half board basis. New skiers are advised to aim for the pricey end of the market for the first excursion. It sounds like a ploy for the sucker trade, but the guarantee of superior accommodation and easy access to the best discos, bars and restaurants is one way of fully appreciating the snowfields enough to decide whether you'll be back next year.

Agents returning from the field recommend Bushwackers' Night (Tuesdays) at the Snow Bunny Ski Lodge (Perisher), the discos at Rudi's Lodge, The Thredbo Alpine Hotel, Heidi's Bistro (Smiggins Hole), The White Spider restaurant in the Eiger Chalet (Perisher), The Man disco/bar (Falls Creek), The Chalet Restaurant (Mount Buffalo), The Kooroora Hotel wine bar and disco (Mount Buller), and the Perisher Valley Hotel for the full gamut of apres ski activities.

If you do everything but break your leg on the slopes, gravitate to one of the larger lodges where saunas and spas provide great therapy for tortured limbs and rumps. *Fly/Ski '82* — operates under the banner of Air New South Wales, Ansett and the NSW Department of Tourism. It's a seven-day package for those who love the snow enough to take it in such large doses. Fly from Sydney to Cooma and grab a Pioneer coach to the ski resort. Total cost includes flights, transfers, accommodation, dinners and breakfasts (room only, no meals at Jindabyne Hotel). Choice of Thredbo Alpine Hotel (from $498 per person, share twin), Smiggins Hole Hotel (from $388 per person, share four), Sponars Chalet (from $382 per person, share twin), Alpine Gables (from $412 per person, share twin), Lake Jindabyne Hotel (from $360 per person, share twin). Costs vary according to dates. *Mountains of Fun* — Perisher and Smiggin are the focal points for this program with 21 lodges and hotels participating in the package. Prices vary considerably but start from $27 per person per day for dinner, bed and breakfast at smaller chalets and range up to $880 per week for a multi-share suite during peak season. Full entertainment program organised, discount ski-lift and lesson prices, special celebrations for official start and close of season. Further details from Perisher/Smiggin Central Reservations (0648) 62184 or your travel agent.

Ski Australia — Comprehensive SnoAir and SnoCoach packages available to Perisher, Thredbo, Guthega and Falls Creek on weekend or one-week basis. Costs include flights or coach travel, accommodation, breakfasts and dinners and special "learn to ski" options for beginners (extra $39 per weekend for lessons, lifts and hire of equipment). Packages start from $129 for SnoCoach weekends and $398 for SnoAir (share twin, budget accommodation). Costs considerably higher during peak season. Further details from Sydney Snow Centre at Fleets (02) 231 1444 or your travel agent.

Ski Thredbo — AAT Coach Holidays offers weekend tours from Sydney for all-inclusive cost of $125 (or $210 if long weekend). Late Friday night departure, overnight accommodation at The Snowgoose Ski Lodge at Thredbo. Week-long holidays, $430 (high season) and $410 (low season), with shared accommodation, breakfasts and dinners. Further details from AAT (02) 669 5444 and offices in other capital cities.

1982 Snow Tours and Holidays — This coach program from Canberra Cruises and Tours includes Budget Weekends (from $99 per person, budget accommodation), Long Weekends Snow Touring ($137) and Snow Weekends (from $119 per person, superior lodges). Emphasis on sightseeing as well as snow activities, so suitable for non-skiers too. Further details from Canberra Cruises and Tours (02) 630 5913, (062) 95 0557 or your travel agent.

Ski Scene — Packages revolving around The Chalet resort hotel at Kosciusko are graded for beginners and more experienced skiers. Provide your own transportation. Costs include accommodation, all meals, use of ski-lifts, group lessons. All-inclusive package (operates June 14 — July 18 or Sept 12 — Oct 2) for 5, 6 or 7 nights includes hire of equipment. From $235 (multi-share) for five days. Special rates for long weekends, 50 percent discount for children under 12 from June 14-27. Further details from Ski Scene Holidays (02) 232 2911.

MARATHON

(continued from page 67)

If you don't pass the physical examinations at the checkpoints along the route, you're pulled from the race.

States 100 twice since his maiden run: "It gives you a chance to face your worst enemy, which is yourself, and to face your best friend, which is yourself. You face your worst enemy and deal with him as best you can, and you face your best friend and embrace him."

●

Michigan Bluff, elevation 3500 feet, is a one-horse town, a Gold Rush remnant, perched above El Dorado Canyon. It features a narrow asphalt tree-lined road that shimmers in the June heat. Each year on the occasion of the Western States race, the hamlet swells from maybe a dozen families to several hundred beer-carrying, solicitous support-crew people, numerous race officials and a radio communications contingent from the Search and Rescue component of the Placer County Sheriff's Department. Cars line both sides of the street for half a mile. This is a favorite checkpoint for runners' crews owing to its accessibility and runners' need for them here after negotiating two deadly canyons.

Doug Latimer was the first to arrive, floating in at 2.50pm with that fluid stride of his that is so admired, lifted by applause and encouragement from awed spectators. The runner was an image in incongruity. It was inconceivable he could appear so strong, seemingly unfazed, after 60 miles —almost 10 hours — in Sierra backcountry. When Ainsleigh made his precursory run in 1974, one of the Tevis Cup horses never saw this checkpoint. It died down in El Dorado Canyon.

Thirty-six competitors will not see this checkpoint today. Another 18 will manage to get here but will go no further, several receiving intravenous fluids from the medical staff. Six more will stop for the mandatory medical check, rest, head out again, think better of it, return and quit.

Latimer stopped to allow doctors to check his pulse, weight and blood pressure, a routine administered at the start, the finish and six times along the way. If you don't pass the physical you're pulled from the race.

The leader hastened up the road where his handlers provided — as per his detailed, written instructions given several days before the race — a Bodabelt (a plastic canteen worn about the waist) filled with ERG (Electrolyte Replacement with Glucose).

Latimer surrendered an empty Bodabelt in exchange. His crew also gave him — according to instructions — a fresh sockful of ice, which he placed atop his head beneath his Moosehead Beer cap. The temperature on the bluff was in the 90s, at least 30 degrees above optimal running weather, but cooler than in the canyons.

Latimer's crew padded along with him for 75 yards as he left the checkpoint after stopping for only three minutes. Jim Howard, who had checked in two minutes behind, was already on his way out too, 50 yards back.

"I don't think I'm going to win," Latimer said evenly. One of his handlers reminded him he wasn't out to win anyway. Just an enjoyable run, Doug. Another belt buckle.

"Howard is going to get away," Latimer insisted. "He's looking awfully good."

"Still a lot to go, Doug," said Jim Santy, Latimer's close friend and business associate. "Remember what happened last year."

"Yeah, I'm just trying to take it real slow," Latimer said reassuringly. "I'm not even thinking about racing."

As his crew fell off, Latimer trotted in solitude along a level dirt road and held private counsel. It's like a tennis game, he told himself. Just play defensively. Keep the ball in the other guy's court and let him make the error. Just keep going and see what happens.

McDermott, clad in a truncated Buffalo Bill T-shirt, white nylon shorts, running shoes, a white rain hat and dark sunglasses, rolled into Michigan Bluff 10 minutes after Latimer and Howard had departed. Complaining about the heat and his waning blood sugar, he drank a Coke, treated a blister, changed shoes, grabbed a banana for the road and was gone within nine minutes.

●

White Oak Flat, elevation 2000 feet, is a dusty, sparsely oaked, foothill locale in the middle of nowhere that serves as the 75-mile checkpoint. Latimer arrived two minutes behind Howard, who was leading now and setting a remarkable pace. Howard with that ridiculous-looking visor with white towelling hanging down the back of his neck. McDermott took one look at him earlier in the race and said: "Where's your camel, Jim?"

After his medical check, Latimer conferred briefly with his brother. About to leave, he searched for Howard. "Where's Jim?"

"Oh, gosh," John Latimer said. "He already left — about a minute ago."

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RESTAURANT

As Latimer left the checkpoint on a winding dirt road that leads into the river canyon, he was nagged by the fear that Howard had thought better of their agreement. Howard was the one who had suggested it, seven miles back in the hamlet of Foresthill after erasing Latimer's negligible lead. "How would you feel about running in together?" Actually, Howard and Catlin, who are room-mates, had discussed the notion of tying one night during an all-purpose bullshit session. Obviously, allowed Howard, they would both be in the hunt near the end, so how would Catlin feel about running it in together, sharing the victory? Catlin just about shit himself. "No way will I run one hundred miles to tie! Hell, I'd rather take second than tie! I'd sprint the last hundred yards to beat you if I had to!"

Latimer's reaction was the opposite. When Howard made the proposal as they ran through Foresthill he agreed unhesitatingly. "There's nothing I'd like better. It'd be terrific if you really want to."

Such assent was uncharacteristic for a man of Latimer's competitive bent. In any activity that can be construed as a contest, from trout fishing to Space Invaders, he comports himself with unrelenting zeal. But this circumstance was unique. Latimer and Howard had been within shouting distance all day. Indeed, they had run much of the race in tandem. And for three years they had tacitly commiserated over their mutual misfortunes in the Western States race, misfortunes that had probed the contest's farthest outposts of physical and mental evisceration. So Latimer understood the spirit in which Howard, who is doggedly competitive himself, had made the offer, and he accepted in the same spirit.

At the time, Latimer had felt Howard was the stronger runner, though he felt sure he could hold his pace to Auburn. The leaders agreed they couldn't afford to let up, not with McDermott and Catlin just a couple of miles back. So when Latimer stopped at the edge of Foresthill to collect a fresh Bodabelt from his brother, Howard kept going. "I'll just keep this pace," he said, "and we'll see how it's going at White Oak." But Howard hadn't waited at White Oak, and now, as Latimer arrived at the bouldered bank of the Middle Fork of the American River, it was obvious he hadn't waited here either. There would be no catching him now.

After fording the river, Latimer was joined by his pacer, Ed Wehan, who was a top finisher in the 1979 race and is intimately aware of Latimer's abilities. Latimer expressed pessimism about his chances. "Hey," enthused Wehan, "you're only a minute or two behind. At his pace, Howard can't be going much faster. Let's just see what happens." And they pressed on, unaware that Howard had been leaving messages at checkpoints indicating he still wanted to tie.

What neither Howard nor Latimer knew, had no way of knowing, was that Catlin had made it only a mile out of White Oak before turning back and withdrawing at the checkpoint with knee problems. McDermott was way off the pace — an hour back — and Pellon was even farther back.

On a sandy river bank somewhere around the 89th mile and into the 15th hour, Latimer and Wehan noticed footprints. Howard and his pacer's footprints. The strides were uncharacteristically short. Howard must be slowing. All competitors walk the steep hills in this race, but this was flat. It appeared as though Howard was walking, or barely running, where he should have been moving much faster.

This was exactly where Catlin had used the same technique to deduce Latimer was fading in the 1979 race. The irony wasn't lost on Latimer. He quickened his pace.

On an uphill stretch that leads to the 92-mile checkpoint, Latimer came around a bend and suddenly there was Howard just ahead, moving slowly with his pacer. Latimer shouted. The pacer turned and frowned. Latimer caught up easily and asked Howard how he was feeling.

Latimer and Howard stopped no more than a total of 15 minutes during the race and ran the final eight miles faster than the previous 92.

"I'm having a hard time," Howard admitted weakly. "I'm really dehydrated."

Latimer moved past. "Do you still want to tie?" he asked earnestly.

"I'd still like to if *you* want to," Howard said, forcing the words from a mouth that was so dry his tongue was cleaved to it.

●

Highway 49 checkpoint. Ninety-two miles and daylight on the wane. When the runners arrived, striding abreast, their crews set upon them immediately. John Latimer approached his brother. "Go for it, Doug! He's dying! He's dying!" Howard was getting much the same from a crew that was certain its 27-year-old stallion could put away a 43-year-old man in these last eight miles. Howard gulped Coca-Cola to slake his thirst and get sugar into his enervated body. Both runners shook off the admonitions with laconic replies. "We're going to run it together."

Mike Catlin was among the bystanders. Someone asked if he was going to head over to No Hands Bridge, the 96.5-mile checkpoint. Catlin replied tightly: "Why rush over to the bridge to see two guys who are gonna tie?"

●

John Latimer, who suffered with his brother in the emotional flotsam of the 1979 and 1980 losses, was still disappointed about the tie months later. "It may have hit me harder, because I didn't have a voice in the decision," he explained. Which is not to say his eyes weren't misty along with everyone else's when he saw the two runners emerge from the dusk and enter the illuminated Placer High School track stadium at 9.02pm. Some 150 spectators in the infield and bleachers applauded and cheered as the pair rounded the final turn, hands clasped and upraised as they marked the last 40 yards of their ordeal.

The time, 16.02.37, was a new record, breaking Catlin's old mark of 16.11.56, which was set before race officials took a careful measurement of the route and then lengthened it 4.8 miles to make it precisely 100 miles. Latimer and Howard stopped no more than a total of 15 minutes during the race and ran the final eight miles at a pace faster than they had run the previous 92.

Howard, looking moribund, eyes glassy, was asked by a race official if he wanted something to eat. "No," he whispered, "but I would like to go home." Fifteen minutes later he was slumped in a canvas chair on the track infield, dry heaving. His crew surrounded him and fended off press photographers, then led him to a cot.

Latimer, meanwhile, was wrapped Indian-style in a blanket, blithely talking with friends and reporters and showing little evidence of the physical toll. When he spotted Howard on the cot, he jested: "Jim, if I'd known you were going to be sick I would have pushed harder." Two hours later Latimer's blood pressure plummeted and he too was on a cot. He later calculated he consumed 46 pounds of fluids during the race while his body weight dropped two pounds, a 48-pound liquid displacement. Latimer is certain his patented moving urinations saved crucial minutes and enabled him to share in the victory. What he is uncertain of is whether he could have beaten Howard if they had raced to the stadium. Neither athlete has any regrets, but both will always wonder.

●

The day had come and gone, as had the night, and the next day was heating up as the last stragglers under the 30-hour cut-off struggled in and made no pretence of their emotions. Cowman, who had rolled in with Ainsleigh shortly before 4am, watched contentedly, looking more dishevelled than ever for having run 100 miles. Before the race he had announced his intention to turn around in Auburn and run the 100 miles back to Squaw Valley.

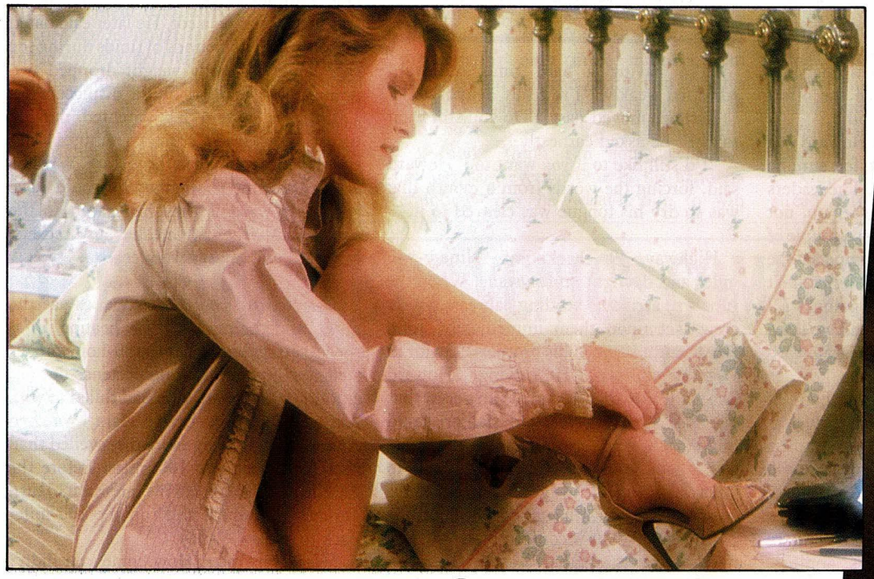
"Hey, Cowman! How come you didn't do the second hundred?" inquired an admirer.

Cowman offered a lazy smile. "Aw, just wasn't up for it I guess."

"Saving it for another day, huh?"

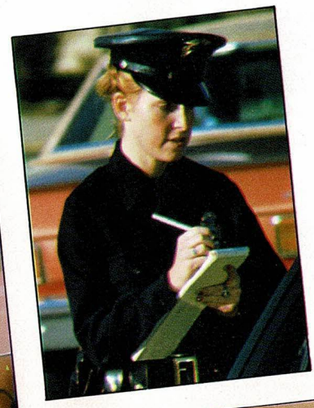
"Yeah," Cowman said, his smile broadening behind his bushy beard. "A *hotter* day."

BEAUTY & THE BADGE

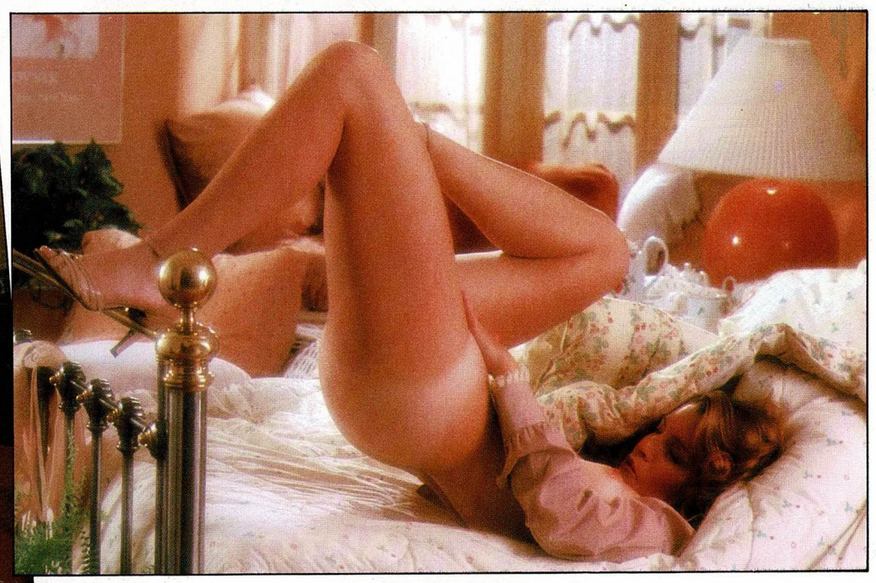


In the town of Springfield, Ohio, even the criminal element calls patrolwoman Barbara Schantz a very arresting officer. One of two women in the ranks (there are 148 men), Barbara joined the force in 1979, against the advice of family and friends.

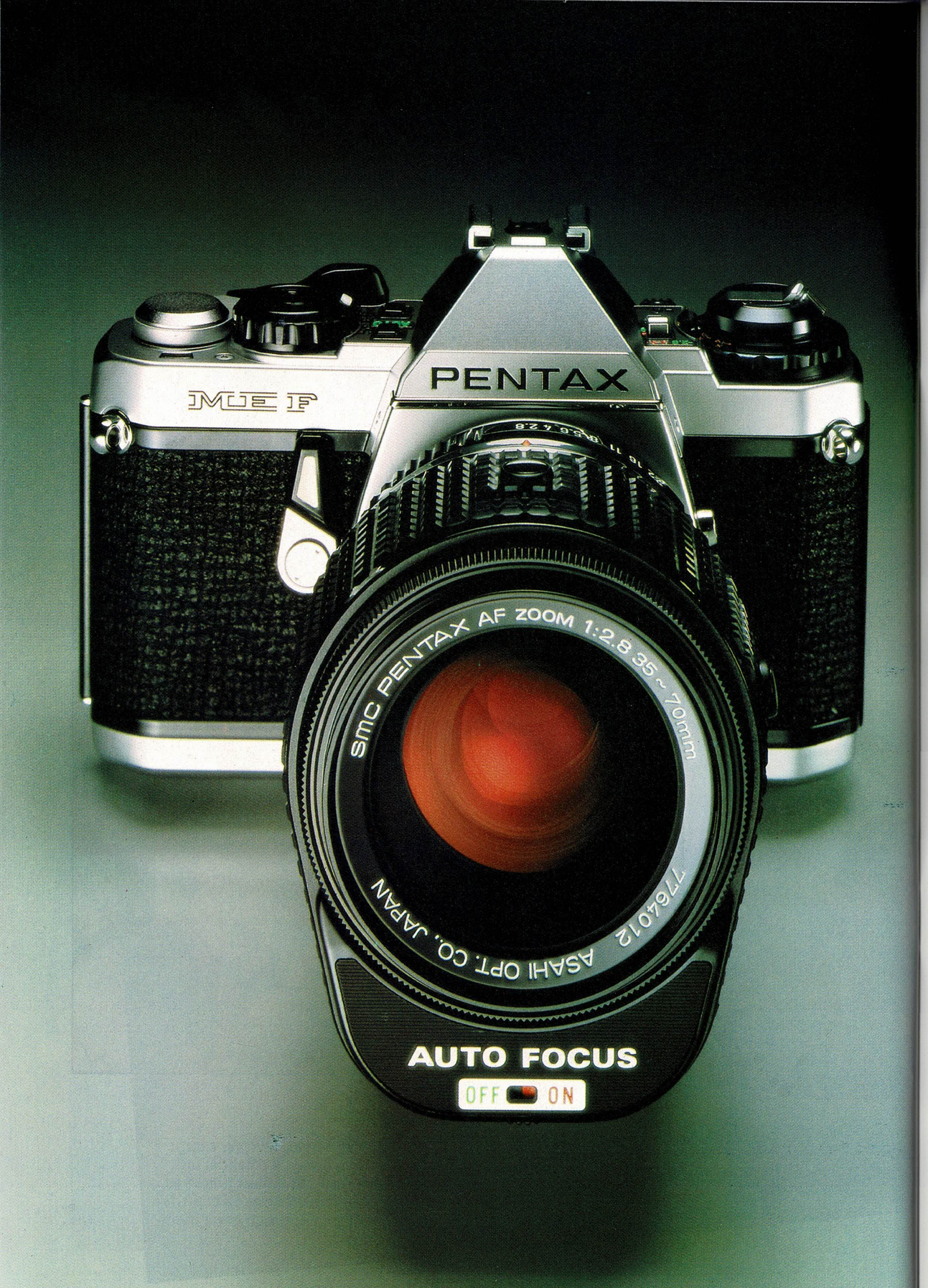
PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR



"I'm happy I joined the force," says Barbara. "I've always been one to go for it, to do something that took a little courage. Being a policewoman is part of that. So is appearing in PLAYBOY. I could lose my job, even though being in the magazine doesn't have anything to do with being a good police officer."



Barbara, who has never fired her service revolver except at the target range, says there is always a potential for violence when she goes out on a call. "But most times you have to calm down a domestic argument or take a dog bite report." A dog bite report? Angie Dickinson never did dog bites!



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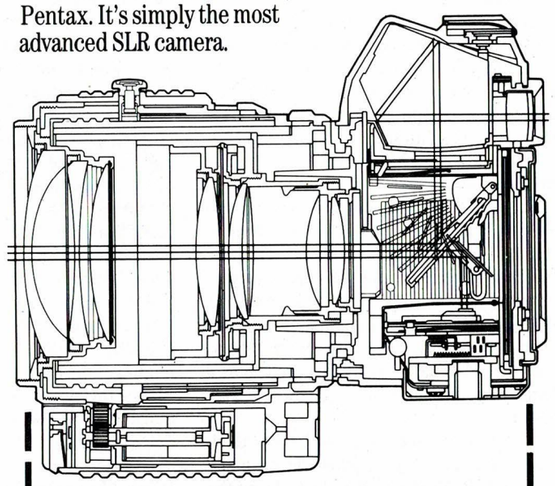

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THE BLUES

(continued from page 47)

Someone whistled, fingers rammed between beer-froth lips, climbing on to the bar.

him a fake, a bloody Yank imitation, a bludger, to whom he'd reply, dragging on his Camel, blowing it in their pimple-pocked faces: "How much money do you make, sonny?", to which they would turn their backs in disgust and walk out, leaving him with the hard lump of satisfaction that meant he'd won, he'd stayed, and the pimply kids were shamed into liking him. He was sure of it.

Without even thinking of those wonderful moments, Jarvis met the black, comforted by the hardness in his bed, happy enough.

•

Power's was quiet for a Thursday night with the office workers who formed a pie-crust around the walls in the dark, a source of invisible noise in the space between brackets.

Jarvis slid through a few standards, mind elsewhere, grinning absently at the regulars who dropped paper in the tray, an eye on Ralph timidly pouring beers and brandies. Never seen Ralph pouring without great flair and self-assurance.

"Seen anything?" asked Ralph, when he brought Jarvis' first beer.

Jarvis cocked his head, still playing, and Ralph went back to the bar. Jarvis entwined the end of an up-beat shuffle with the beginning of a long, slow 12-bar. Gently he pumped out the bass line and followed it in trickles and cascading runs with the treble, shaking down the keys with an open hand and spread fingers. He was bored, and a long, slow one gave him a chance to look about.

"Everybody oughta know," he called, laughingly, unplugging what was normally a quick B.B. King number, "why I sing the blues. . ."

Somebody hooted foolishly and Jarvis smiled.

"I've been 'round a long time, people, I've really paid my dues. . ."

They were stomping and he left off the treble for a second, filling in with his left, while he drank the rest of his beer and signalled to Ralph. From the beer tap, Ralph watched them stamping their feet, sick to death of the same old stuff, hating Jarvis for being such a bastard. He took a beer over to him as the song finished and Jarvis wound up on a ninth that had girls grinning slyly, as if they were all sharing a lewd secret with him. Only Jarvis didn't know the secret upstairs, or what the door-girl would never tell, or the snuffed kid bleeding in feathers. . . No, he doesn't thought Ralph, bitterly.

"Nice," he said to Jarvis, without emotion.

Jarvis saw him sweating.

"They know, Jarvis. Davies has got wind."

"Crap," said Jarvis, smiling at the crowd, hissing through his teeth.

"I think Bill knows. He's keeping clear. They're all scared. Even the girl at the door knows I know."

"Sure, Ralph."

"You got that number?"

"Under my pillow. Don't slobber, Ralph," he said through the cracks in his teeth. "Can't you see, I'm just a poor boy playing the blues?"

Ralph wasn't smiling. Jarvis played. They loved him.

Outside, in the break between sets, Jarvis lit a smoke and cricked his knuckles as he contemplated the vines with their green, hard little grapes that hung in clots and quivered in the breeze. It was hot and he thought it might rain again. He wondered why Ralph bothered — it happened everywhere these days. It was work. Nothing should get you down. Sure as hell, nothing got him down, except for a bum night on the keys. You had those, occasionally, hands like lumps of jarrah clumping on the ivory. Uprights were like that. But they had their appeal. Nobody liked hearing someone crying the blues from a baby Steinway.

Ralph was crazy, he thought, and still he was bothered by something tonight. Davies. Friendly tonight. Something was up. Ralph might get the boot. Or maybe it was serious. Maybe they were easing him — Jarvis —out quickly. Why else would Davies smile?

Ralph pulled the tap. Pouring beers for kids and drunks, that's all it was nowadays. It was all right for Jarvis, he had something creative to do. It was sort of artistic. It wasn't like watching the heads boiling upwards in glass after jug after glass, listening to the stupid girls, silly as his own, cracking the same jokes about screwdrivers and bloody marys, leaning on the shoulders of balding businessmen who tapped their feet to what Jarvis did, as if they realised what it was.

Davies had nodded openly, passing, earlier in the night. His hands weren't too steady on the tap, after that, and he gave wrong change twice, the second time undercharging a couple of dollars which he slid into the till a second later. Taking no chances. Can't take chances. . .

Ralph was almost detonating with fear and determination. No chances. . .

And then Jarvis was back at the stool, thumping them out. He sang: "Nobody loves me but mah deah ole mothur" with a cynical sneer that sometimes looked like a pained grimace. Sometimes, Ralph thought, you could almost think he didn't mean it. But Jarvis was very serious about his music. Ralph watched his face through the wafting blue smoke.

The crowd was getting rowdy and randy, with the office girls clinging a little closer, the Fasteeth grins of the businessmen widening, the body-wobbling of the Uni students a little more frenzied, and Jarvis did what he knew Jarvis would do; he started, at a canter, into Fore Day Rider, letting them stomp it up and howl gleefully as he let go the lines from over his shoulder, calling nasally:

"I'm 'fore day rider, bey-bey, Well, you oughto see me ride. . ."

Someone whistled, fingers rammed between beer-froth lips, climbing on to the bar. Ralph wiped around him, breathless, watching Sid move in. Sid bearing. . . down.

"Yes, I'm a 'fore day rider, bey-bey, O, you oughto see me ride. . ."

The feet were lifted from the bar. Ralph looked into the moist wrinkles of Sid's armpits. Forearms showed taut muscle. Carrying him out. Heels and flopping thongs over Sid's shoulder.

"Once I'm in your saddle, Mumma, You never want me from your side."

Roaring. Jarvis heard it in his ears. His blood it was, or the mob.

Ralph felt the tap gush, feeding the sucking, bellowing monster thumping its million fists and dollars on the slippery Laminex. Roaring.

•

By closing, Jarvis knew that Ralph had been dreaming. It was still his own job he was uncertain about. Why? Bugger it, he was good enough wasn't he? He dragged them in off the street, barrelled them all towards the bar, teased and pleased them with his music, with himself. They loved to hear him in pain (or a near enough imitation), and he loved to make bucks out of it, and Davies, he knew, loved — no needed — to make bucks out of him. It wasn't possible. And something else he knew — Ralph was losing his lid.

"I'm going to them, tonight," Ralph whispered into his hair as he put a chair up on the freshly-wiped table. "Tonight. I will."

Jarvis still sat at the keys, wandering up and down the boards with Irene Goodnight. He slopped handfuls of notes, slurred them like a drunk. He was drunk.

His glasses lay fogged and drained, some tipped and dripping down the front face of the upright.

Ralph staggered between tables, squelching cigarette butts underfoot.

"Can't hold out any longer."

"If you like," Jarvis said, stopping dead in the middle of the chorus. "Do whatever you like Ralph. But just piss off, eh?"

Ralph rubbed his arms with the towel, weaving back to the bar and its dark clusters of bottles hanging in the lifting smoke.

Jarvis went back to the song at the exact point from where he left off (or near enough. . .), staring vacantly at the upright face of the Wurlitzer, its faded, stained, smoke-tinged grain blank and impassive.

Bottles. A clash. Bottles shattering and skittering. Jarvis swung. An arm sliding behind the bar. A big arm. Ralph standing, almost vibrating. A head up. Sid standing, opening his hands, staggering along behind the bar.

"Singing that rotten fucking song, Jarvis. Help me!" Ralph hissed. "You deserve a chance."

Sid. Stalking, heavy.

"You're a witness to this, Jarvis," said Ralph as he made a duck from the swinging club of a fist. He was back against the cigarette machine.

Jarvis saw Davies' head back in the darkness of the hallway. Then a gun, Ralph had it. Sid was over the bar and out a side door.

Thunder. A piece of plaster showered away, high over the doorsill.

"Thank you, Jarvis," Ralph screamed. "Pros-"

Jarvis called out, feeble, as Sid came down on Ralph from behind, from nowhere, crushing him, grappling with fingers, hands. . . The Wurlitzer roared like an outraged choir, frontplate splintered. On his stool, Jarvis felt the strings vibrating into the floor, out of pitch with the dull note of the revolver. Davies and Sid on top of Ralph.

"You. . . are. . . do-"

Fists going, and going, in. Davies looked up.

"Play!"

Air coming out of Ralph. Boots. Chest. Jarvis sat, wafting.

"I said play something! Now!" Davies holding something up.

Turning his back, Jarvis faced the splintered timber and chorded. A tortured groan, discordant, lingering, came up from the torn bowels of the instrument. Jarvis' head was on the timber plate, forehead hard against the open, fibrous splinterings. He melted into it, slow, oblivious of key and silent notes, unwinding strings, rattlings. The bass-line crept through him like nausea, pulling at his innards, wrenching, filling him till it burst into a mournful wallowing on the treble keys, and each time he could decipher the turn-around on the bar for the verse, he opened his mouth but had nothing.

He couldn't remember. . . standards? freeform arrangements? something to borrow for a second, to fill the moment comfortably? Nothing.

Then he listened carefully each time he hit a note he recognised, hearing it unwind balefully, wailing. Cries altered pitch, coming and going, weeping loud and soft, groans, more cries. He didn't look over his shoulder; he daren't. Minor or major? Couldn't tell. A chair fell behind. Jarvis stared at his hands that were stiffening in knots that wrung more cries from the piano. In the wrong places. Beautifully. Again he felt something coursing through him, coming up from deep like a retch, more roaring, a solid, tactile chain of bass notes encircling his neck. . .

"Oh. . ."

Chain thicker and tighter.

"Oh. . ." It came up like vomit, short, pungent. "Aaooh. . ."

Another chair fell.

"Ohh. . . Ralph?" He was tearing from inside. "Mm. . .oh, God?" He opened his mouth to scream, to follow the aching pattern of the notes that punched into him separately, deliberate, then flailing indiscriminately, opened his mouth. . . to feel fingers, flat, wide fingers over his lips. Smothering him.

"Get out." Sid breathing, very heavy.

Jarvis could taste the sweat and blood on his fingers, as if he had bitten off his own tongue. He turned, was dragged from the stool, limp as they dragged him out, smashing his brow and knees and heels against the thighs of tables and chairs, lolled forward on to the pavement as he met the air of the street. He lay with his cheek against the wet stone, heard the slop-thump of Ralph coming down. It had been raining. Steam lifted around them. There was black above, expanding on itself, shapeless in its blackness.

Jarvis stared up into it, waiting to be swallowed. . . waiting. Ralph, trickling, was still. Jarvis heard the discordant melody, the long, bludgeoning bass notes boring sweetly into him, lilting with a series of throbs.

The black sky retracted, he chased it with his eyes. . . until he ached with wakefulness. He was aching, he felt it.

"The blues," he said quietly to Ralph.

Ralph trickled. Jarvis listened.

"It was right after the hairpin turn on the lower slope. Where did you *get mugged?"*

It's always open house at Jacob's Creek.

The remarkably mellow red from Orlando.

AB1770/82 069.P.036

SEX REGISTER

(continued from page 105)

It has been rumored that Woody Allen and Mia Farrow plan to marry. It would be her third and his third.

Elizabeth Taylor & Nicky Hilton

The 23-year-old son of the Chairman of Hilton Hotel Corp. lived in a huge Beverly Hills estate that looked very impressive to 17-year-old Elizabeth and her ambitious mother. Liz said there was no doubt in her mind that Nicky was the man she wanted to be with for the rest of her life. MGM had Edith Head design dresses for the bride and her attendants; more than 3000 nearly hysterical fans waited outside the church when Elizabeth wed Nicky on May 6, 1950. The European honeymoon was a disaster, with Nicky spending most nights in the gambling casinos. She became hysterical, he grew hostile, and "the thing that hurt her most is when he began refusing to go to bed with her". The marriage, Elizabeth's first, lasted exactly seven months.

Nicky Hilton & Joan Collins

Joan, who thought of Nicky as "a sexual athlete", recalls that he used to tell girlfriends that between himself, his brother and their father Conrad, they had "a yard of cock". Joan adds that this vital statistic was not strictly true. She actually thought Nicky a bit weird, noting that he kept track of his love-making on a scoreboard. Then there was the paraphernalia on his night-stand: a rosary (the Hiltons were devout Catholics), a gun, pornographic books and "an amazing array of pill bottles". A few years after she knew him, Joan reports, Nicky was dead of a drug overdose.

Joan Collins & Warren Beatty

Joan was 23 and Warren 21; both were new-comers to Hollywood. She caught him staring at her in a Beverly Hills restaurant. Someone told her his name was "Warren Something-or-other. . . Shirley MacLaine's brother". He had pimples but: "All in all, he looked rather appealing and vulnerable." He somehow found out her phone number and the next night they had dinner *together*. Driving home, Warren simply announced that he was coming up — for coffee. And so, says Joan, "the die was cast". They became inseparable, "up all night talking, laughing, exploring each other's bodies, and I would stagger to the studio to work on *Seven Thieves* and he would call me 18 times a day". In lovemaking, he was "insatiable". Joan was convinced he was the man she wanted, and they decided to celebrate their eternal love by getting married. "Only Warren would think of putting an engagement ring in a carton of chopped liver," writes Joan. But, alas, after nearly two years of "loving and fighting", Collins decided she had to end it.

(Back to WARREN BEATTY & BRITT EKLAND to close circle)

Circle # 4

Warren Beatty & Diane Keaton

Beatty, of course had a wide variety of liaisons with lovely ladies before he became *the* man in Diane's life. And she, of course, had had Woody Allen. According to one analysis, Keaton and Beatty might seem an unlikely pair: "But in reality, they have a lot in common. Like Diane, Warren moved to New York shortly after high school to pursue an acting career. . . he took odd jobs. . . he also got his start on the Broadway stage and then made the transition to movies." Also, both are reputedly very private people who prefer out-of-the-way places and quiet evenings at home.

Diane Keaton & Woody Allen

She was only 22 and performing on Broadway in *Hair* when she met cabaret comedian Woody, then 33 and almost an inch shorter than her 5'7". Keaton appeared in five films directed by and/or co-starring Allen, playing characters that are usually more dizzy than brainy — with the notable exception of her role in *Interiors*. Like Annie Hall, Diane *is* a kinky WASP Californian chick, and Allen *is* a neurotic Jewish New York intellectual. Anyway, what Allen and Keaton had together was obviously great while it lasted. And it lasted, more or less, until Beatty came along.

Woody Allen & Mia Farrow

The reclusive director and the rather flighty, publicity-shy actress have been seen a lot lately at Elaine's — the restaurant that is New York's papparazzi paradise. It has even been rumored that Allen and Farrow plan to marry. It would be her third and his third. *If*.

Mia Farrow & Roman Polanski

When the Polish/French director went on trial in LA for "unlawful intercourse" with a 13-year-old-girl, Mia was one of the many who sent the judge a character reference. At the time, Polanski was supposed to start directing her next film, *Hurricane*. (He didn't.) According to Polanski's biographer: "She had had a brief secret romance with Polanski in London the year before and looked forward to renewing it in more tropical surroundings."

Roman Polanski & Catharine Deneuve

The elegantly beautiful French actress gained her first international fame as a murderous psychopath in Polanski's *Repulsion*, made in London in 1964. Within days after the start of filming, Deneuve became a regular visitor to Polanski's flat.

Catharine Deneuve & Roger Vadim

Although she's now a famous *blonde* beauty, she had chestnut hair and "was dancing the Charleston" the night Vadim found her back in 1962. Mother of his only son, she took a giant step toward superstardom in Vadim's *Vice And Virtue* the same year. Vadim says he first saw her as "a flayed cat in an ermine coat." Their marriage plans were side-tracked, and his veiled irony hints that blonde ambition may have hastened the inevitable split. Writes Vadim: "She took the rough and the smooth with apparent serenity. I never noticed that she was quietly sharpening her claws.".

Roger Vadim & Brigitte Bardot

Bardot was Vadim's first major filmic creation — probably his masterpiece. He was a restless young bohemian with his eye on the main chance, Brigitte a teenage dance student whose extraordinary possibilities were still unplumbed. She preferred ballet to cinema, but found Vadim "as handsome as a god". Their clandestine love affair started under her bourgeois family's watchful eye, but to Vadim: "One night with her was worth a lifetime." They married in 1952. In 1956, he wrapped her in a sheet and made *And God Created Woman*. The moment she dropped the sheet, Bardot was Big Time. Which boosted Vadim's reputation too, though he paid a heavy price — losing his delectable wife to her leading man, Jean-Louis Trintignant. BB thought J-L looked like James Dean. (He didn't.)

Brigitte Bardot & Louis Malle

Brigitte fell in love with yet another director. Malle was at the helm of three of her films, including the quasi-autobiographical *Vie Privee* (about a suicidal sex symbol, made in 1961, the year after Bardot's own widely publicised effort to end it all), and *Viva Maria* (1965). Both Bardot and Malle went on to other conquests at home and abroad.

Louis Malle & Candice Bergen

After the French director began making movies in the US (starting with *Pretty Baby*, which put Brooke Shields in a brothel), he became Bergen's first and still-current husband. Malle had been married before and has two children born out of wedlock from earlier liaisons (one with actress Alexandra Stewart). He and Candy married suddenly in 1980 during an apparent hiatus in Malle's touch-and-go relationship with Susan Sarandon.

Candice Bergen & Jack Nicholson

The laid-back actor and Candy-cool-blonde were together in *Carnal Knowledge*, and they evidently shared some. But only for a little while.

Jack Nicholson & Michelle Phillips

The actress/singer was married to Dennis Hopper (a union that lasted for "about a week") when she met Nicholson. And Dennis remembers that he told Jack: "You'll probably be living with her in three months." Their live-in arrangement lasted roughly three years.

Michelle Phillips & Warren Beatty

It was (and still is) a rare thing indeed for Warren Beatty to set up housekeeping with *anybody* — but he and Michelle (and her daughter China from first husband, John Phillips) did have a big house on Mulholland Drive for a few years. (Beatty retained his penthouse at the Beverly Wilshire — to entertain out-of-town guests, don't you know.) This is one of the few recorded instances in which Beatty lived with a girl *after* she'd lived with Jack Nicholson — although it supposedly had happened the other way around. The boys have this sort of friendly competition going.

(Back to WARREN BEATTY & DIANE KEATON to close circle.)

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VIRGINIA HEY

(continued from page 93)

A TV career might offer security, but I'm the sort of person who thrives on uncertainty.

12.

PLAYBOY: You were born in June 1952, which means you did much of your growing up during the Sixties. How did that period effect you?

HEY: It made me very inquisitive. When I was very young my parents took us to England to live because my mum, who was an artist, knew we would benefit from different environments. Later, I went to boarding school in Sydney and I found the atmosphere very claustrophobic.

When the flower-power-peace-and-love thing happened in the late Sixties, I could see all these people expressing themselves in so many ways. I was just about to leave school and I couldn't wait to get out and do the same.

13.

PLAYBOY: Has travel helped?

HEY: It opens your mind to dealing with people, and that is very important for an actor. You have to be flexible, to see all sides of the argument, or you'll never be able to understand people. It is that understanding which lets an actor take on a different personality.

14.

PLAYBOY: Are there actors whose work you admire because of that?

HEY: Yes, particularly Gene Hackman and George C. Scott. They have that ingredient of never overstating the role. It means there is always something happening below the surface, and I like that.

Mel Gibson seems to understand that style. I never realised what a fine actor he was until I saw him in *Shorts*, his theatre presentation of short plays. He's very shy and it seems to give him a style where the power is internal.

15.

PLAYBOY: Are you shy?

HEY: [*Laughs*] I seem to swing between being extroverted and introverted. I can work very hard and enjoy myself, but when I want to really relax, I go home, take the phone off the hook, pull down the blinds and sleep.

16.

PLAYBOY: What has been the toughest obstacle in cracking it as an actress?

HEY: My height. I can remember somebody saying: "Gosh Virginia, you're too tall to be an actress. You'll dwarf everybody on the set." That might have applied once, but these days there are so many men well over six feet that I'm not very worried. I'm lucky to be evenly proportioned rather than skinny, which would only have accentuated my height.

17.

PLAYBOY: Your height must have been an advantage when you were modelling.

HEY: Yes. The agency always billed me as a six-footer, but I am really five-eleven-and-a-half. But my height has caused some problems. Once, when I was living in London, I had a boyfriend who was only five-two. He was a Persian and must have liked tall girls. We couldn't dance or hold hands, but everything else worked out all right.

18.

PLAYBOY: What about TV?

HEY: No. I couldn't accept a part in a soapy. I've always thought about those actors the soapy fans walk up to in the street and talk to as if they really are the character in the show. Some of them get abused. I never want to get typecast like that: it would mean I'd lose the chance to be versatile. A TV career might offer security, but I'm the sort of person who thrives on uncertainty. Modelling was secure because sometimes I could make $800-900 a week and at the end of a job I could take off to wherever took my fancy.

Now, I'm choosey about what I do. I'll have a crack at anything, but I'm wary about doing the same thing twice.

19.

PLAYBOY: Would "anything" include the Marilyn Chambers school of soft porn?

HEY: Well *almost* anything. I'd really like to play a tough, hard character and perform my own stunts. It's not that I'm super physical — I get exhausted just jogging around the block — but it would be interesting to portray someone who is anything but cute.

20.

PLAYBOY: What motivates you?

HEY: Certainly not fortune. I could always go into a business later, but right now I'm still too thirsty for knowledge to stop taking on challenges.

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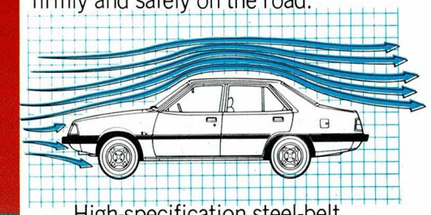

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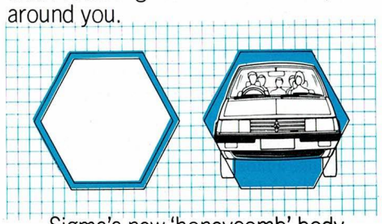

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OUR MAN IN SINAI

(continued from page 43)

There is something else you breathe besides the history and the greed — the hate.

your source) or spending PLO funds at the tables in Monte Carlo; the organisation is rolling in Arab millions, and runs the world's most successful public relations campaign.

I don't know about PLO finances or Arafat's sexual predelictions but I do know about PLO public relations. Its information department is just like any in the West: the chief spokesman, Mahmoud Labadi, is stretched out snoozing on the lounge in his office, the telephonist is planning his weekend on the phone, and the secretary is chatting up one of the girls from the printing shop. There is little or no information ("Sorry, we cannot help you at this particular time, maybe you try next week") but they do have a pamphlet, a little bit out of date, if they can find it amid all the rubbish and old newspaper clippings.

●

Jerusalem is holy to three religions: Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. For the Jews, it *is* Israel — its capital and heart; for 2000 years the prayers of the Jews scattered around the world always included Jerusalem. Even longer ago, by the rivers of Babylon, where the Jews sat down, yea they wept, when they remembered Zion (Psalm 137: Zion being another name for Jerusalem). When Israeli paratroopers captured the city in 1967, they again wept, and prayed, even as the sniper fire spat around them.

Its Christian history is well-known, although the Australian visitor may be a little taken aback by the variety of processions and rites indulged in by the various Christian groups represented here — it's like a pinball parlor of ritual.

At the beginning of last century, the city stood like a fabled Bedou lady high atop the hills: all shielded except for her hands and eyes. Jerusalem is a walled city, and only a few spires and domes could be seen from the barren windswept gullies below.

Four long walls, the longest maybe a mile, 40, 50 feet high, surround her. She still stands atop the same hill, but the surrounding hills are no longer empty crags. The modern pilgrim winds through suburb after suburb of tenements and scrubby "garden suburbs", through traffic jams and high-rise bank buildings, past the inevitable Hilton to gaze upon the Holy City through the haze of exhaust fumes.

Perhaps it's just me, a cynic at the monument, but looking at the scruffiness around her skirts, the scurrying touts and babbles of pink German tourists, the cheap trinkets for sale, and the fat priests holding their hands out for money, I don't think there are many visitors who are about to prostrate themselves in thankfulness for having come to Jerusalem.

It is a city of contrasts, of opposites, like Israel itself. A handsome Arab argues to the point of violence to extort more for a pack of cigarettes than its official price, which is printed on it; 50 yards further on a wizened ugly Arab, squatting on an ancient fruit crate, waves away the offer of money for two shallots and a sprig of mint, adding a few leaves of coriander to my loot, impassively, without a smile.

Ragged Arabs bustle by elegantly-dressed Israelis; urchins who last week were throwing stones at anybody who walked down their streets today are selling Coca-Cola to the armed Israeli soldiers who saunter through the crowds. A wizened Halucca Jew, in grimy threadbare garments and battered hat, exchanges friendly greetings with an Arab, dressed with distinction in a grey serge robe, plain brown leather belt, superbly cut pin-striped suit coat, and pure white kaffiyeh flowing from his head over his shoulders.

Every step you take has been made a million times before, but along with the ancient history, the visitor breathes in the smell of poverty and greed. Even at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, built on the spot where Jesus was crucified and buried, I found a grotesque travesty of a priest extorting money from the awed sightseers.

Jerusalem is the capital of the Jews, a spiritual as well as administrative centre. They say Israel without Jerusalem is not a real Israel. Yet Jerusalem — the old city at least — is an Arab town. That is something else you breathe besides the history and the greed — the hate. Hatred hangs in the air like fumes.

One reads in the government propaganda — of which there is seemingly no end — of the trade relations that have been built between the Israelis and Arabs in the occupied territories, and how this is "bringing these people closer together".

One sees in the market-place an Israeli businessman loading an Arab delivery man with frozen chickens. The Israeli is dressed in good slacks, a tweed coat and wears a fine gold watch. He barely conceals his contempt for the hunched small Arab, his filthy trousers held up by string, his calloused mis-shapen feet squeezed into ancient sandals. The Arab trundles off into the throng with his barrow, straining to lift it over the kerbstones. The Israeli strolls over to Moses' Bar and buys a beer.

●

The Israelis are proud of the fact that, whereas during the 20 years Jerusalem was in King Hussein of Jordan's hands, the Jews were denied access to the city, and their synagogues were razed and desecrated, under Israeli rule all holy sites, of whatever faith, are open to believers, and controlled by believers. So even the mosque on the old site of Solomon's temple is controlled by Muslims.

However, like so much of what the Israeli Government states, there are qualifications to the bald assertions. While the government cannot be blamed for certain rabid Jews who regularly attempt to invade the area of Omar's Mosque — even to the point of violence — the excesses of religious extremists are a constant goading of Muslim sensitivities.

Also, because I happened to have a minute to spare while in the area, I thought I'd have a look at the place where it is alleged Jesus was baptised. Well, so much for the constantly reiterated claim of "open access to all holy sites": it's surrounded by minefields and a high barbed-wire fence, and a soldier told me if I went there I'd be shot.

"For security reasons," is the usual answer. The Israeli leaders make great statements of wondrously humane philosophy, but tacked to the end is the ". . . except where the security of Israel is threatened. . ." With the result that, as even a school child doodling a Palestinian flag on his exercise book can be interpreted as a threat to Israeli security, the freedoms and ideals of Israel are everywhere trimmed and hedged — for security reasons.

"Where else in the Middle East can you read newspapers so critical of the Government?" says the Government spokesman.

Since March, many of the Arab language papers have been banned from certain Arab districts.

"Where else in the Middle East can reporters move so freely?"

The next day I'm engaged in a wrestling match with an Israeli sergeant who wants to confiscate my film because I was about to photograph his platoon moving burning tyres off the road.

"Yes, it is unfortunate, we had to shoot at the demonstrators who were threatening the lives of our soldiers. Awful. But how many innocent people have been blown up in bombings of buses in Tel Aviv in the last two years?"

Every government official seems to have a gun, soldiers throng the streets, even of the resort cities, their Uzis or Galilons or M-16s over their backs; there are even civilians who take their government issue machine pistols wherever they go.

Security reasons. At what cost is this security achieved? Is there to be another symbol added to the stereotype of the Jew — along with the hat and violin and university degree — the machine gun?

●

Two weeks in this country without a friend. (God knows why I want these assignments, the time is spent so miserably.) Finally, I make a friend with a hitch-hiker, a soldier. We agree to be friends after I politely ask him to point his fucking machine gun away from me, and maybe chuck the fucking thing in the back seat, as it's my fucking car and I don't like fucking machine guns, pointing at me or anywhere and he just as politely refuses.

But he's a nice lad, with enough English to support a robust and amusing conversation; about life, Israel, and women. And the army. I suggest that although the Israeli army has the runs on the board, it still strikes me as a rather rag-tag lot. You see it all the time, for there are checkpoints everywhere: a couple of spikes on the road and two gates; one soldier checking everybody's ID, a couple of others, more likely than not, sprawled out snoozing in the sun; they're long-haired, bearded, with pegged trousers and a slouch.

"Bah, these are our reservists, not our real soldiers. They are doing their annual duty; we don't put them where there is likely to be trouble. But don't worry, they can handle trouble."

And he chuckles.

(I later saw the reservists handling a spot of trouble — me. Though a couple had originally beckoned me to follow them as they went into an Arab village, they soon obeyed orders to chuck me out. That day they were properly rigged out: each with some 20 magazines — 700 rounds — strapped around his chest.)

Anyway, my Golani Brigade friend, the only person I've met so far who seemed likable, turns out to be a trained killer! Whether he has killed anyone on his mysterious night-missions, he doesn't say — security reasons. But he does tell me of his "test", which he had to pass before he joined his unit.

"When I joined I had been given this little dog, a collie, very young."

"A pup," says I.

"Yes, a pup. It was beautiful, and I raised it. Washed and fed it, and made it a good dog. Not tricks, just good, you know? After seven months with my unit, I was to er, leave?"

"Graduate?" I suggest.

"Yes, to graduate. We had a big exercise —running all the time, shooting at targets. They said 'Bring your dog here'. And, it was very hard. They ordered me, I obeyed. I am good soldier. I loved that dog, raised from nothing. I shot it. It was a test, you know?"

Security reasons?

●

Eliakim A'etzni, a lawyer and Zionist settler, lives in a settlement in the hills overlooking the ancient Hebrew capital Hebron, now an Arab town. In his small government apartment one wall is filled with books, a library which in many ways reflects our stereotypical Jew: they are in three languages — Hebrew, German and English; there are classics, and Pasternak, Puso, and Aldous Huxley; vast Zionist tracts; books on art, music, and antiquities; and there is also a book on what Hitler did to the Jews.

"After the holocaust, there was nothing else to do," Eliakim says. "We had tried to live apart, and they wouldn't let us — we had tried to assimilate — to be more Hungarian than the Hungarians, more German than the Germans, more Polish than the Poles — but they always saw us as Jews. What is this Jewish problem that must have a solution? I don't know, but Hitler thought there was one.

"So no more will we live with other people. Never. Never."

(One Australian reporter remarked that the Israelis were still playing on "this Holocaust bit, which is wearing a bit thin these days". But not with the Jews. A people who remember back 4000 years don't easily forget what happened 40 years ago. Especially when they think they hear the same words that were spoken by Hitler spoken by their neighbors in the Arab states.)

"We do not encourage people to become Jews," explains Mr A'etzni. "We discourage it. We tell them that to become a Jew is to take on a burden of suffering. We *are* a special people. You had to be special to stay with the Torah after all the hardship in the desert, and then you come to the Promised Land where the Canaanites said, 'here, you worship God, so do we', and they offered an altar and a beautiful lady priest with whom you could lay down and worship God that way. But we preferred the rigors of our way to the abominations of the Canaanites.

Into this cauldron of gun-toting Jews and discontented Arabs, where everyone's a soldier, comes our small band of Aussie lads.

"This is our homeland, Eretz Israel, here, in Judea and Samaria. You can still see the forts King David built down in the foothills to protect his kingdom. Now the Jews are in the land of the Philistines and those they call Filistinin are in Israel. In these hills we learned to be different, to be strong, so to remain different."

A'etzni is a leader of Gush Emunim (Bloc of the Faithful), which led the return of Jews to Hebron, where Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are buried, and whence the Jews, who had lived there ever since, were murderously expelled by the Arabs in 1929. Following the capture of the West Bank in 1967, Jewish settlement of the area was slow, and mostly military. The Government didn't want confrontation with the million Arabs living in the territory. When extremists like Gush Emunim moved in, the army was sent to dislodge them, but tried only half-heartedly. The squatters were then given squalid but protected residences, gradually expanded, and, with constant pressure on the government, have now achieved not only a large government-built settlement (home units), but also the right to build individual homes elsewhere in the area.

"Always," A'etzni says, "on vacant land. We do not dispossess the Arab landowners."

The next day I met the Israeli Minister for Justice, Moshe Nissim, in his securely-fenced office block just across the Green Line in Arab East Jerusalem.

A block down the road is the office of the Palestine Press Service, in one of whose papers I read of four Arab families complaining that their land in Bethlehem, for which they said they have title, was being expropriated.

"Cheap propaganda," said the Minister.

"This Government — *this* Government, does not expropriate land." But he adds later: ". . . except for security purposes."

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Just as I prepare to send this story back I hear on the radio of yet another Arab shot and killed: this time a woman, in Jerusalem, for not stopping when asked by soldiers to do so. She was by an army ammunition dump — either a terrorist, or just a woman picking herbs.

Give people guns and they're going to use them — simple law of human nature. Especially in a country where you are either for them, or a suspected terrorist, with a government that sees the PLO everywhere.

So that brings the score to, ah, let's see: Arabs dead, seven and Israelis dead, one, or is it two — well, we exclude the Arab policeman, because, poor bugger, they don't seem to count one way or the other. Whatever, in the three weeks I've been here Israel is a long way ahead in the body count stakes.

So into this cauldron of gun-toting Jews and discontented Arabs, where everyone's a soldier, comes our small band of lads, an Anzac contribution to yet another multi-national peace force, the MFO. After 34 years and four wars, Egypt and Israel are making peace, and the MFO is in the Sinai to make sure the provisions of that peace are kept. They go to work on Anzac Day — a quirk of fate. As I tap out this stuff by the light of a 40-watt globe in a dingy hotel, an even dingier Arabic calendar on the peeling paint wall tells me Anzac Day is still a fortnight away. Just enough time to finish this arac and go inspect the troops.

●

Next month the saga continues. Having put paid to 4000 years of history our correspondent confronts the present — the khaki realities of life in Sinai.

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FRED SCHEPISI (continued from page 39)

If you're going to have government money in a film, then it ought to go to Australians.

problems and they created some unfortunate friction.

PLAYBOY: In *Barbarosa,* Willie Nelson plays the lead. Is he an actor or a singer who acts?

SCHEPISI: He's an actor in my film.

PLAYBOY: You also had the famous old-time star Gilbert Roland working with you. What was he like?

SCHEPISI: He was so great. Tremendous ability. A man whose career spans the time from the silent era right up to now. He's been up in the superstar category and down again. He has such a professional approach to the business. He was always on the set on time, prepared, ready and he probably has more knowledge about the whole process of film-making than me, yet he was totally responsive to me as a director. He'd done it all before. He knew exactly when to turn his head, hit a certain line. And he knew instantly if I was capable as a director of protecting him — whether he could put himself in my hands. It was the kind of professionalism that I wanted to experience in Hollywood.

And you know he had the same costume fitting as he did 40 years ago.

PLAYBOY: Because of Australian Actors Equity regulations it's very difficult for overseas actors to work in Australia. Do you think this kind of protection is a good policy or does it get in the way of expanding the international appeal of our films?

SCHEPISI: I understand the reason for those attitudes. And I also take the point of those producers who believe an actor with some kind of international star rating is a plus when it comes to getting the money together for a film, although I doubt if their presence really helps sell a film. There are few bankable people in the world today and they change weekly. I can't see that paying someone a million bucks to appear in your film is going to result in a million bucks more in sales.

But to get back to the question. . . there's a fine line between what is good cross-pollination between cultures, and what kind of cross-pollination helps uplift our experience. I think each project should be considered on its merits. Australians should be looked after but there are also economic considerations and the benefits of good and appropriate casting. It's the excesses of the way they interpret these regulations that drive me mad and can be bad for the industry. When they try to say Robert Stigwood is not Australian. Or look at Tim Burstall's trouble with *Kangaroo* when they ruled that Olivia Newton-John was not Australian. You know what I call that? They're looking for extra ways to levy money out of pictures. Look I believe in protection and I believe that if you're going to have government money in a film, then it ought to go to Australians. And certainly I don't like the idea of Americans coming out here to play Australian parts. But let's be sensible and realistic in the interpretation of the rule.

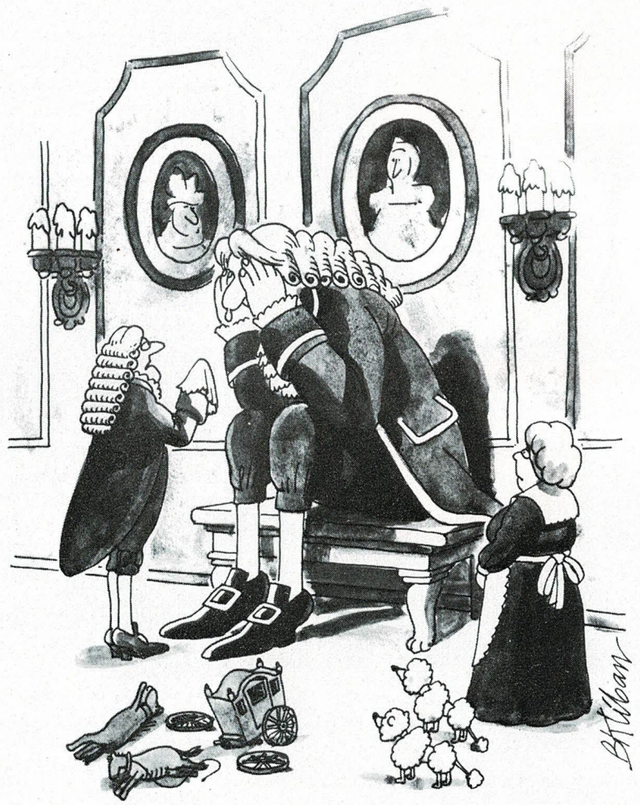
PLAYBOY: How do you find living in Los Angeles. Is there a great difference in the life-style?

SCHEPISI: I do tend to think of LA as Sodom when people are paying 14 million dollars for a house! There are seven or eight pages in the Sunday paper devoted to advertising properties worth one million dollars and over. It is the most expensive place to live in that I've ever experienced. I live in an old country-style house up the back of Beverly Hills and I'm alarmed at the rent I pay. It costs me $2100 a month and that is a bargain by their standards. Yet I'm still astounded that I have to pay that much. We've got a pool but it's certainly not the kind of house you'd expect to get for that sort of money if you use Australian criteria.

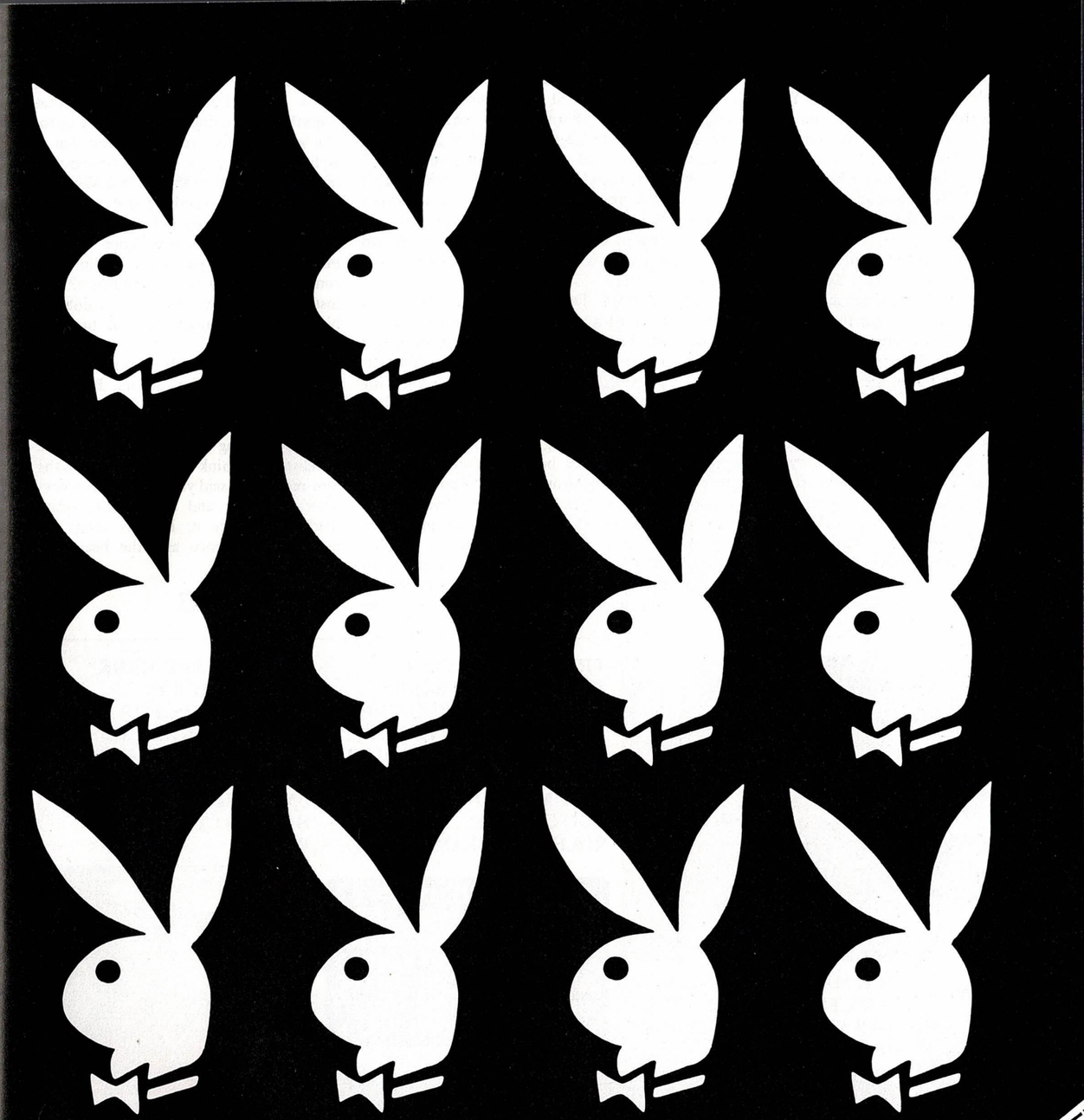
I just think that LA is so weird. It's got no centre, no focus. At first you're totally alienated. It's not so bad for the man of the family because he's out working and meeting people. But if you're at home. . . you hardly ever see anyone because people drive everywhere whenever they go out. There's few places to meet people. It's difficult for a woman and kids to get settled, make friends and make a life. It takes a long time to settle down and adjust. My little kids are five and three and they've already got American accents. They figured they couldn't communicate so they'd better learn how.

PLAYBOY: Is Hollywood still Tinsel Town?

SCHEPISI: No, that went in the Sixties when the studio system broke down. Maybe in some areas still where they hang on to the idea of the past — movie stars and contract players and all that sort of stuff. Hollywood can be a lonely kind of place. It's a company town so you tend, unfortunately, to be only involved with people in the industry. And I'm used to being involved with people on a much broader scale. So I have fewer friends there and few outside interests. You find you're always talking about box office and deals. There isn't the communication between writers and directors that I would



"Come now, your grace. . . big earls don't cry."



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have liked to be involved in. Whereas in New York. . . I love New York. It's much more exciting. There you talk about the theatre and the arts and the content of something rather than the deal. I wouldn't mind doing a play in New York or a musical on Broadway as an in-between thing.

PLAYBOY: Will you be doing any television work?

SCHEPISI: I've been offered a prestigious series about Robert Kennedy. But I don't want to do television at this point. And the reasons are that you have to compromise too much and you have to censor too much. You can't express yourself fully but you still have to put in the same kind of energy.

PLAYBOY: What projects are you working on at the moment?

SCHEPISI: At the moment I've got an office and a secretary provided by Warner Bros and I'm working on my script out of there. They have first right of refusal on my ideas and the work I produce. MGM is trying to negotiate a similar but more enriching deal and we're close to coming to terms on the Judith Ross screenplay — a very witty, sophisticated comedy on infidelity. And there's another development project about a Japanese World War 11 soldier who turns up in the Borneo jungle and returns to Japan and has to cope with all the changes that have taken place in Japanese society. I want Tom Keneally to write it. I want to get into multi-screen stuff. It's a wondrous thing. And there's another script written by James Goulburn, an Academy Award winning writer, about diplomacy under pressure.

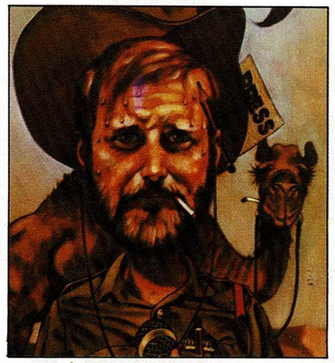
PLAYBOY: Do you have a special ambition for the future? A goal you set yourself?

SCHEPISI: By 1990, I hope to come out with an entirely different form of film expression. By then I will have served my apprenticeship and be confident enough to try something very special. My belief is that everyone is trying to make bigger and bigger films so they become an event and get people away from the box. And with cable TV coming on big and all the diversity that will offer, it's going to be harder and harder to attract film audiences. But if you can offer them a new experience, not just an event, but something much more involving, and complex and enriching but at the same time as simple as films are now. . . well that's where I'm heading, that's what everything I'm doing now is building up to. I'm going to give you something that is stylistically stunning on the simplest of levels but with more there if you want it. I want to deliver something that is stimulating and exhilarating with great emotional impact. A totally new experience.

PLAYBOY: When you make a film how conscious are you of your audience? For instance, a painter may just paint for himself and be aware only of his own personal vision.

SCHEPISI: Unfortunately you can't do that with 10 or 20 million dollars. But I do believe that a film has to be a personal expression. There's a great line from Nabakov talking about the role of the novelist, and I think the same applies to the film-maker. He said you have to be a storyteller, a teacher and an enchanter. And that's how I see it. Film is about the precision of science and the beauty of poetry.

NEXT MONTH



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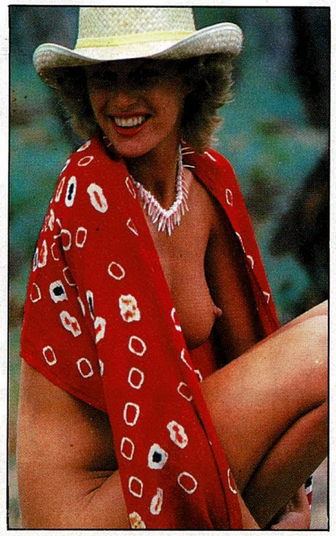

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